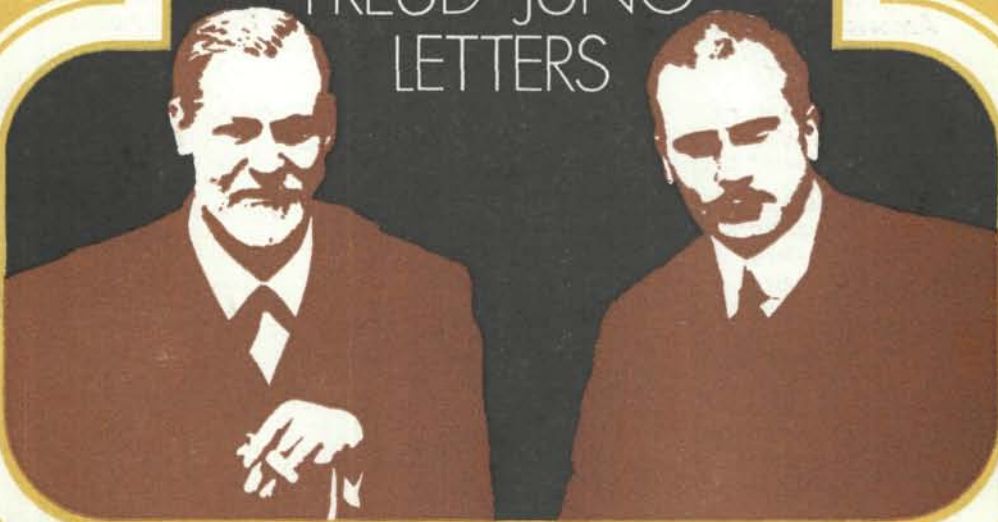


Encounter

June 1974 35p

THE FREUD-JUNG LETTERS



ALTERNATIVE POETRY JOHN WAIN

THE OXFORD INAUGURAL LECTURE

- ★ JAMES CHACE BISMARCK & KISSINGER ★
- ★ VLADIMIR MAXIMOV INTERVIEW ★
- ★ GOLO MANN HITLER ★ RENZO ROSSO STORY ★
- ★ P N FURBANK IVY COMPTON-BURNETT ★
- ★ DESMOND STEWART HEIKAL ★ CLIVE JAMES PHILIP LARKIN ★
- ★ RICHARD LOWENTHAL CONSERVATIVE UTOPIA ★

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L.C. (Brussels)

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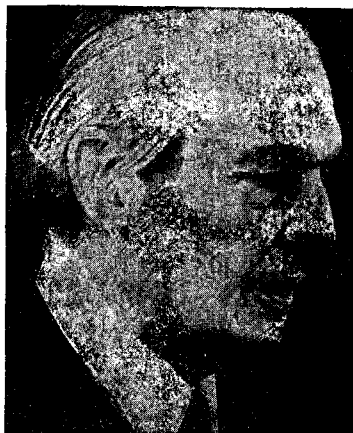
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The Rats

FABIUS PRISCUS to his dear friend Cornelius. Greetings!

If you enjoy good health, as it appears you do, I am pleased; I too enjoy it.

You were fortunate when you entrusted your letter to the freedman Macrobius; to make the crossing in under twelve days is not very common. He disembarked this very night and the sun had not yet risen when I read your words, happy in such a propitious awakening, on account of all the good news you give me of yourself.

So you have returned to Rome, embraced once more Priscilla and your friends, and resumed your studies. You say that my company is the only thing lacking to make you perfectly happy; and this, as you know well, flatters me. I too look forward to returning soon; and the passage of time should be pleasant for me, for no other reason than that every day brings nearer the end of my tour of duty. Yet I should be lying if I told you that longing for the fatherland devours me; the work that I do here at Caesarea is not demanding, I'm billeted in a comfortable house, the sea is at my doorstep, and (most important of all) Severus Rufus looks on me with great favour. He knew about the work that I was doing in Italy and, since he too is a man of letters, he has done all in his power to enable me to carry on with it here; and, as a result, I can truthfully say that since I left Italy I have hardly ever stopped occupying myself with it. He often gives me extra leave, in the course of which I carry out exploration of the interior—and even of the desert. He likes to say that he is my Alexander and I am his Aristotle.

The material I have collected amounts to a good deal, either gathered personally by

myself or from the stories that I have unearthed by continuous questioning at every time and place. I can't really say that this material is more interesting than that which I gathered in Italy; but more varied it certainly is (and you know better than I do the fascination that strangeness always holds for us—perhaps because, with your own domestic marvels, the fact that it seems easy to find them makes them, even when new, familiar to us). Here, on the other hand, there is something that justifies our feeling of wonder, and while it is hard to describe it to you—since we are not dealing with Minotaurs or Pegasuses, although the very air at times seems full of them—it is not for this reason any less real. Perhaps it is the nature of the place, the vegetation changing from region to region, the capriciousness of the winds, the brooding presence of the desert, or even the mixture of races which seems to be reflected in every kind of natural phenomenon; the fact is that everything is more complex, more turbulent, and more unstable. And of human affairs precisely, to the small extent that I have been able to observe them (and since you ask me about them in particular), I will try to satisfy your curiosity with some new facts.

The Jews of Rome you know—and you will already have formed an opinion about their dress and their character; the common judgment on them is that they are servile, from fear of missing a profit. I would say rather that they are so, not so much in order to benefit their business as from fear of their own pride. Here this pride is much less hidden; but, contrary to what one might expect, the arrogance that stems from it is the greater in proportion as their numbers

are less. You must remember that if riches are widespread, so is great poverty; and the lower classes, even though they work far harder than ours do at Rome, are in a state worse than slavery itself. The result of this is that such arrogance has an appearance both sordid and at the same time provocative. Our administration would resent it much less if, like fuel to the flames, they did not add their superstitions. The rigour that goes with these makes them extend to every act of daily life. Many are the duties, even more numerous are the prohibitions, and you would think that everything was done by the power of prayer. Their superstitions, all the same, are not in themselves opposed to the public good; and, to prove this, it would be enough to consider the punctilious obedience to our laws of the priests and the well-to-do. But it is exactly on account of that oddness (of which I have told you) that, while the superstitions induce in these an untroubled respect for our decrees, they give rise among the poor to frustrated plotting.

It is a well-known fact, too, that minds exacerbated by privation can transform piety itself—even to the extent of turning it into a violent passion. If, then, you consider that they firmly believe themselves to be created by one single god and to be appointed by him to rule over other nations, it will be clear to you how their present state can seem insupportable.

There is something more. On the sufferings and credulity of the plebs grow, like toadstools in woody country, the healers of all their wounds—those who announce themselves from time to time as masters of justice, prophets or sons of their god. These boast, that is, either a supernatural investiture or an actual divine nature. They recall, in the past, that Theogenius of Prusa of whom your father told us, a clever speaker rather than a charlatan, who made his way with his own followers into the modest temples of Latium—to practise with them I don't know what secret rites. In that case and in the many others of sects that flourish even today in Rome (centred on effigies of Isis or some other fantastic dream) there is perhaps more of civil disruption and dissolute habits than true religious scruple—which is the direct opposite to the sects of the Jews. The difference, besides, is not to their advantage,

since their fanaticism has as its setting a country of remarkable disorder. Their actions seem to be guided by strict precepts, that are also hallucinated, producing excesses that are directed either internally against their own people, or externally against others. It is enough for you to know that among their mad beliefs is the fable of a happy divine kingdom which without much difficulty could be established on earth; and so, to prepare for it and to hasten its coming, you see some fasting or whipping themselves or living apart from the world, others washing themselves all day long or passing the time in a visionary stupor. Others again will kill (only a matter of ten days ago the assassination took place of a certain Joseph of Samaria, a Roman citizen, brother of the High Priest of Jerusalem, in the middle of the square of the Temple). Obviously, there is no lack of magical practices, rites of purification and expiation, perhaps even blood sacrifices.

If there is much talk of these, and a good proportion of the news about them is undeniably invention, on the other hand that small part which one can see for oneself is enough to communicate a distinct feeling of unease. And so that you may have some idea of it without the benefit of my personal opinions, I will tell you of three events at which I happened to be present.

THE FIRST ONE happened at Jericho, just outside the walls, in the morning. I was coming back into the city with a troop of friends with whom I had accompanied Valerius Augellanus on the road for Syria. I was the last, since I had stayed behind to examine an anthep on the trunk of an olive-tree, and thus I could see what happened from close to. A crowd surrounded a man, insulting him and striking him with mad ferocity. He was naked, his whole body already swollen with bruises and his face streaked with blood. As always happens in such circumstances, the minds of those involved were excited beyond measure but, strange to say, the most excited of all seemed to be the man himself—the victim. He cried out, he raised his fists to heaven, he spat on the ground, he jumped like a grasshopper. He seemed, in short, to be suffering from an attack of religious hysteria. When he was pushed forward (for there was some distance

between them) he saw me and, speaking Greek, shouted that I wasn't to listen to them, that I don't know what god would never come; and that he himself, all the same, pardoned them—since he knew the deceptions practised by their idols and their false Messiahs. Then he began to speak his own language again and it seemed as though he threatened them; until one of them cut his Achilles' tendons and halted him. And then the stones struck him until he was left lifeless. I must confess to you that I did not sleep that night; perhaps because I had come to understand that this was an illegal execution, carried out by the fanatics of one of these sects upon a poor lunatic.

The second happening took place a month ago, at Jerusalem. There lives there an old friend of mine, Crito, a Greek of Thessalonica, known to me in Rome at the time of the trial of Apulius, a man who has been settled here for some years for business reasons. He helps me often in my researches and in fact on this occasion, knowing that I was in town, he had sent me news that a caravan had arrived from Thebes and that perhaps we might find something interesting. I go to his house and together we make our way towards the southern gate. The hour is already late and in order to get there faster (knowing the district well, as he does) he begins to cut through narrow lanes and courtyards and walled gardens. We make rapid progress; until, in one of the courtyards, a kind of lament slows our footsteps and brings us to a halt. Passing through a curtain, we penetrate as far as a small covered gallery; and here we stand opposite a window which by good fortune is half open. Inside the room, seated in a circle, are ten or twelve people. A man, still young, is in the middle, on his feet, with his arms stretched out straight in front of him and his eyes closed. He is the one making the lament and, although I know only a few words of their language, it seems to me that what he says is nonsense—and because of this you would say that he was wounded, or sad beyond measure, or seized by some delirium. The sight grips me too because it reminds me of the vigil for the dead, as they practise it in our country, in the districts round Naples.

Then all of a sudden the man on his feet raises his voice; at this some of those present

begin to shake and to tremble, imitated at once by their neighbours, until they are all moving violently like men possessed, a prey to the most incredible contortions. One rolls on the floor, another prostrates himself to kiss him; groans are mixed with orgasmic cries, and these again with curious visceral rumblings. But in a short time this tumult gives way to complete silence; they are all on the ground, stretched out rigidly in a circle, with their heads bent back so that they touch one another in a central ring. It is a state of collective catalepsy and, because its end does not seem imminent, we leave the place and go on our way. Crito explains to me what we have seen, and I repeat it to you: this was the mystical re-union of another of those sects, accustomed to behave in this way in order to summon from Hades the shade of their leader, executed as a criminal ten years ago or more, by whom or for what crime, nobody really knows.

THE THIRD EPISODE will complete the picture. It happened last summer, in Hebron. I was passing through, after delivering a letter from Rufus to the tribune of the cohort, Licinius Tadius, who was in camp with his troops about a mile from the city. You know my passion for market-places, above all for the small live animals that are very often found in them. At that time in Hebron they were holding the market of the grain of the new harvest; and, by good luck, the animals for sale were many and varied. Among others, in a cage a little removed from the rest, there were even two fine hyenas, earmarked probably for some rich man's private zoo. I strolled round, then, in the section where the birds were, attracted by some wonderful specimens of parrots from India; when, in the middle of praising the accomplishments of one of them, the merchant hastily put it back into the birdcage, covering it at once with a cloth. Bewildered beyond words, and resenting this (as you would guess), I should certainly have reminded him of his obligations and perhaps whipped him too, if his colleagues all round us had not begun to do the same, with the same great haste—as if an imminent danger threatened their winged merchandise. In fact a group of men and women were walking round the benches devoted to the sale of animals. They

were poorly dressed and bore in their faces the unmistakable signs of hunger. Without a single word spoken, not even by the man who was robbed (whose behaviour was manifestly dictated by fear), they picked up the cage of the two hyenas with a long pole and carried it off. I wanted to discover a reason for this strange theft, so I followed them. I imagined it was the stealing of food—but I was wrong. When they had covered a few hundred metres and reached an open space among the last houses, they opened the cage, tied the two beasts to the pole, and set fire to them.

This time, too, my curiosity was satisfied by Crito. It appears, then, that this sect, in addition to so many other superstitions, has the idea that Nature is dangerous and corrupt. It is not rare, in fact, to find communities of hermit farmers among whom women are totally absent. But even more than asceticism, this idea generates a profound hostility to some animals; and not so much because they threaten their dwellings or their crops, as because they are considered to be the images of inauspicious idols. Like the asp, held to be the physical form of a divinity of the underworld; the basilisk, of which they say that it burns with its breath plants and even stones; the lion, within which lies hidden the shape of an anti-god. To make the list complete for you, these demoniacal entities are also sheltered in the bodies of the wolf, the chameleon, the mantichore with the human face, the bear, the he-goat, the catoblepas, capable (they say) of killing with its eyes alone. In the body of the hyena, according to them, they all meet together—without any doubt; and since the worst crime for these Jews is basically lust, the hyena is its vessel. The hyena transmits lust, by contact, to female asses, female panthers and lionesses, with which it sometimes succeeds in mating, giving life to monstrous dragons. Of the hyena they say also that it changes its sex from year to year, in order to taste with more complete appreciation every pleasure; that it tries to couple in the presence of men, to corrupt them; that it imitates the human voice, with the same object in view; that if a man has been drawn into its lascivious schemes it is even able to change him into a herm of stone. You will see clearly, from this, the reason for the miserable end of those two poor beasts of Hebron.

RUFUS, FROM WHOM I hide nothing of what I learn on such subjects, is fond of saying that a wind of madness shakes this country; and that their various ideas of immortality and resurrection are innocuous fantasies compared to this aversion towards a part of Nature—a sign, according to him, of a depraved mind, and one that would remain so even if one beautified it with the most gentle cosmogony possible. As far as I am concerned, I would not deny that this animosity against animals has some effect even on me—if it is true (as it is true) that I devote myself to my researches with an enthusiasm that I never knew in Rome. You could say that they (the animals) restore, in my eyes, the balance of life—which men load with their stupidities. And I do not refer, please note, to the lions, the proud tigers, or the ingenious elephants, or (even less) to the domestic animals; but to all animals in general, including those of humble appearance and little importance. As, for example, rats; whose habits I am currently studying. I would like to tell you a little about them.

Almost all authors describe them as astute, greedy, thieves for the sake of thieving, provident, and not without a certain sense of mystery. Some consider them to be of an intermediate nature, neither wild nor domesticated, because of the repugnance men feel for them and, at the same time, their familiarity with men. From which they claim to understand their character, since they establish themselves, by preference, in the houses of the weak, the inept, and the unstable. One writer believes that they have extraordinary eyesight, and very sensitive palates and organs of taste; another that they are skilled in combat (according to one belief, against the polecat, their mortal enemy, they cover themselves with their own excrement, which is poisonous to it). Brutius swears by their medical knowledge, instancing the use that they make of ants as a cure for the bites of serpents, of hellebore for making torn limbs grow again, of rosemary as a purgative. You yourself will know, in addition, the place they occupy in the rites of the haruspex, and all the many tales about enterprises interrupted or ending badly as a result of their interference; or even those about threatened ships and cities. Whether all this is true, I

would not know, nor does it interest me; what as a result of my researches is becoming clearer to me is the lesser and more limited matter of their normal life. The first thing that must be said is that the different species into which they are divided—according to the dimensions of the body and the shape of the individual limbs—are with them like different animals; the second is that they live in communities, more or less large.

Balbillus, in his dissertation on Egypt, holds the view that each community (even if it exists in some faraway place) is linked to all the others; and that in imitation of the people of Egypt, who at one time venerated them as sacred, they have one single King, who lives apart from the masses, confined in a deep cave, not to be reached by men or any other animal. I do not understand how he can assert this, since all the evidence is against him. These communities rule themselves, on the pattern of the family, and the individuals of which each is made up take part in the communal life, but particular groups do not correspond to the different living quarters. Even the difference of sex tends to disappear. To such an extent that one could say that turn and turn about (excepting only the mothers who are suckling the young) each rat is worker, hunter, soldier, whether male or female. Unlike men and bees, in short, they have no caste system, and all duties are divided equally among all of them. At times of danger no one of them is forced to make a sacrifice that might benefit some single individual; but, within the limits of his or her power, each sacrifices himself for the benefit of all.

I would like to tell you of one brief episode—which will bring my letter to a close—and will illustrate clearly for you this aspect of their relationships. I was once, with Rufus and the men in command of the provincial cohort, on the hills of Beersheba, hunting wild boar. There were many beaters, and even more dogs. A male and two females were driven out of hiding, and the hunt was on: a short one for the two females, long and hard for the male. It happened, now, that in its last stages, when we were just about to take him, a group of hounds passed near the hole of some rats. They were of the kind that in Etruria is called “spotted” and in Samnium “dark-throated.” They have a rather

thick ash-coloured coat, with darker patches on the belly, a sturdy build, a short forehead and a prominent nose. Distracted by a prey so much less dangerous and so much nearer, the mastiffs turned their attention to the little beasts. Many of them managed to escape the hounds by flight, more still were at once torn to pieces. As the massacre was coming to an end, one group whose small size and slowness of movement showed them to be no more than two or three weeks old found itself separated from the main body, in the middle of the hounds who were pointing towards them. There was I, on my horse, when I saw appear suddenly from a bush a full-grown rat, a male. He crossed, without hesitation or fear, the space that separated him from the group and took up his position among them as they fearfully clustered round him for protection. He was seized first; but, although exhausted, he died last—after all the little ones had been torn in pieces. The explanations for this could be many—but only one, if you consider that he did not even try to defend himself.

ACCORDING TO BALBILLUS and his Egyptian chronicles, the Egyptians worshipped the moon and held in adoration various objects—such as a wheel, a comb, a bronze helmet; for the which reason, giving this as also the opinion of the priests, he held them to be idolators. What I have told you and recounted for you up to now is enough to place this in the category of fictions; for if they had been so, they would have shown themselves as fanatics, cowardly and aggressive. I can on the contrary bear witness to the simplicity of their lives, their hard work, the intelligent organisation of their homes and food, the wisdom of their morals—which made them adulterers only in periods of famine, with the clear object in view that increased breeding should save them from extinction.

We Romans too have the worship of ancestors, who knew how to play the man. I do not of course mean to say that in our days such virtue has vanished; and, in any case, too often we see that as soon as conditions become uncertain or the struggle is not carried on with a deep conviction, manifestations of cowardice appear. What a

marvel, on the other hand, are the rats! They know only courage, for they care for their own kind and subordinate every consideration to this; and the spirit that results is in every situation of the most extraordinary steadfastness. I know well that we could find nothing in them beyond harmonious physical necessity; nevertheless this strikes my mind and arouses my admiration. When I study them, even when I observe the common rats of the sewers, I feel myself at one and the same time both better and overwhelmed with bitterness; at such times I would go as far as to make the slave free and my equal, knowing well however that we will never succeed in thinking of and providing for others as we

think of and provide for ourselves. And this is for the simple reason that we do not carry the others within ourselves—as the rats do—from birth.

This is the news I have to give you, concerning the men and the beasts of this country—or, if we must admit the rightness of the aphorism of Gellius, of myself and my own ideas. It's possible (and this is what I hope) that my letter has not been boring for you. If so, answer me, now that you are again immersed in your beloved leisure. And write to me of the men—or, better, of the beasts—up there in green Latium.

translated by Gavin Ewart

Coming Down

Our cylinder of hushed steel tilts, slides down;
and lives contracted to the beating of the engines

see startling, iridescent laciness
spread on the waters of the night, lit London:

whorls and radials of orange, blue,
turquoise, an insubstantial rainbow-froth

that might swirl away down its black holes.
Yet flashes stammering there the motivation

of an electric train, and smaller lights
moving, speak of human purposes.

Unreal; till grounded and bussed in, and stood
jostled on hard pavement, a quarrel breaks

behind me: "I will." "You won't." "You'll see I will."
Giving back local scale and weight.

I check my map. Above me, bowed lamps roof
intricacies shutting out the dark waste spaces.

Andrew Waterman

Freud/Jung

Letters

Freud

30 December 1906

DEAR COLLEAGUE,

Perhaps you can make some use of this observation in spite of its sketchiness. I have been called in as a consultant in the case of a woman of 26, who gave birth to her first child 6 weeks ago and whose condition set in about the middle of her pregnancy. According to the family doctor, who is not too familiar with our ideas, the woman's explanation of her severe depression is that she had turned herself into an "imbecile" by the habit formed in childhood of retaining her urine so long that its discharge would provide her with sexual sensations. This she continued to do for some time after her marriage. Then she stopped (her illness probably began at that time). She married for love after an acquaintance of six years and a prolonged struggle with her family. She is very much in love with her husband (he is an actor), but has been totally anaesthetic in sexual intercourse. The patient adds that it has never occurred to her to blame her husband for her lack of satisfaction, that she is convinced it is her fault. Her depression was probably connected with her anxiety about her impending delivery. She had kept insisting that she would not be able to give birth normally, and gloated when a forceps delivery was required: she had been right. She maintains quite seriously that her child is a hopeless "imbecile." She has made repeated attempts at suicide (always taking her precautions) and written her husband mournful

letters of farewell. Once she actually left home, but only went as far as her sister's flat, where she played the piano. She has occasionally struck her baby. When asked if she loves the child, she says: Yes, but it's not the right one.

States of manic excitation have been noted. One is struck by megalomaniacal statements in reference to her illness: her condition is unprecedented, the doctors will never be able to help her, and it would take them years to understand her. She argues very acutely, it is impossible to reason with her. She claims to have only the dimmest memory of her life or even of the things she accuses herself of. She says that her brain is affected by "imbecility," that she cannot think clearly and is incapable of reflection, that only her illness is really clear to her. Though on the whole she gives an impression of dejection, there is an unmistakable affectation in her speech and movements. The family doctor says she behaves like an actress. And she does indeed accompany her speech with a perverse mimicry (eye-movements such as I have seen only in paranoia).

Formerly this would have been called masturbatory insanity, an abominable term. Don't you think it's Dementia praecox? Don't you find this revelation of the etiology so carefully kept hidden in hysteria interesting?

This is as much as I have been able to ascertain. It is an initial case, I shall probably see her again in a few weeks. Forgive me for taking up your time.

Yours sincerely, DR FREUD

Jung

Burghölzli-Zürich, 31 March 1907

DEAR PROFESSOR FREUD,

You will doubtless have drawn your own conclusions from the prolongation of my reaction-time. Up till now I had a strong resistance to writing because until recently the complexes aroused in Vienna were still in an uproar. Only now have things settled down a bit, so that I hope

THE collected edition of "The Freud/Jung Letters" casts new light on one of the most fascinating encounters and most dramatic disenchantments in modern intellectual life. Goronwy Rees has made this selection for ENCOUNTER; for a comment see R's column in this number. The letters of Freud (1856-1939) are translated by Ralph Manheim, and those of Jung (1875-1961) by R. F. C. Hull. The notes have been provided by William McGuire, who edited the volume for Princeton University Press and Hogarth Press/Routledge & Kegan Paul.

to be able to write you a more or less sensible letter.

The most difficult item, your broadened conception of sexuality, has now been assimilated up to a point and tried out in a number of actual cases. In general I see that you are right. *Autoerotism* as the essence of *Dementia praecox* strikes me more and more as a momentous deepening of our knowledge—where indeed will it end? Your criteria of the acute stage may be equally cogent, but any attempt at proof encounters great difficulties, chiefly technical: D. pr. allows us only limited insight into the personality. A given case may look quite different according to whether the “withdrawal of libido” takes place in a complex that is accessible to consciousness or in an unconscious one. The connections between infantilism and autoerotism also become increasingly clear. I now have to rely on my own independent thinking more than I did before, since Prof. Bleuler’s resistances are more vigorous than ever. In particular he contests the purposivity of dreams, which amounts to denying the masking effect of the complexes, the real core of dream interpretation. Bleuler has insuperable unconscious resistances to analysing his own dreams and associations. In my frequent discussions with him it has become quite clear to me that the expression “libido” and, in general, all the terms (no doubt justified in themselves) that have been carried over into the broadened conception of sexuality are open to misunderstanding, or at least are not of didactic value. They actually evoke emotional inhibitions which make any kind of teaching impossible. Thus I had to launch forth into a long discussion in order to make clear to Bleuler what you mean by “libido.” Is it not conceivable, in view of the limited conception of sexuality that prevails nowadays, that the sexual terminology should be reserved only for the most extreme forms of your “libido”, and that a less offensive collective term should be established for *all* the libidinal manifestations? Herr Rank* is another who simply takes the broadened conception of sexuality for granted, in such a way that even I, who have been studying your thought in-

tensively for more than 4 years, have difficulty in understanding this conception. The public Herr Rank writes for won’t understand it at all. The libidinal relation of hypersensitive persons to the object needs to be illustrated with countless examples of varying intensity. In this way the public would gradually come to see that your terminology is very largely justified. (Especially “pan-sexuality”!) One also has the uncomfortable feeling that Rank *jurat in verba magistri†* and lacks empiricism. In reading him I have more than once had to think of Schelling and Hegel. But your theory is pure empiricism and should be presented empirically too. At any rate this beckons me onward as my foremost task. I am therefore looking round for methods that would develop psychoanalysis as exactly as possible, hoping by this means to lay the foundations for a scientific popularisation of your teachings. One of my next tasks will be to document the wish-dreams in *Dementia praecox* with a larger amount of empirical material. Only when this and other such preparatory work has been accomplished can I hope to get closer to the heart of the sexual theory. Certainly dreams, as you have said, are best suited for subjective “confirmation,” as I have lately been able to demonstrate with some very fine examples. I am no longer plagued by doubts as to the rightness of your theory. The last shreds were dispelled by my stay in Vienna, which for me was an event of the first importance. Binswanger will already have told you of the tremendous impression you made on me. I shall say no more about it, but I hope my work for your cause will show you the depths of my gratitude and veneration. I hope and even dream that we may welcome you in Zürich next summer or autumn. A visit from you would be seventh heaven for me personally; the few hours I was permitted to spend with you were all too fleeting.

Riklin has promised to send you his piece on fairytales as soon as it is finished, though that will not be for some time yet.

Forel has recently been in Zürich, and I took the opportunity of having him interviewed by a friend. It turns out that he hasn’t the faintest idea who you are, and his objection to my work is that I *pay too little attention to hypnotism*. There’s the rub.

My wife and I thank you, your wife, and all your family most cordially for the kind reception you gave us,

Yours gratefully, JUNG

Freud

18 August 1907

DEAR COLLEAGUE
My personality was impoverished by the

* Otto Rank (1886–1939), born Rosenfeld, changed his name because of conflict with his father. 1906–15, secretary of the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society (the so-called “Wednesday evenings”). His *Der Künstler: Ansätze zu einer Sexual-psychologie* (The Artist: The Beginnings of a Sexual Psychology) was published in early 1907. Rank was the first lay psychoanalyst, and one of the five original members of the “Committee.” In the early 1920s he dissented from psychoanalysis; after 1935, in the U.S.A.

† = “Swears to the words of the master.”—Horace, *Epistulae*, I, i, 14.

interruption in our correspondence. Fortunately that has now come to an end. Though I myself am wandering lazily about the world with my family, I know that you are working again and that your letters will carry me back to what for both of us has become the centre of interest.

Don't despair; I presume it was only a phrase that cropped up in your letter. It doesn't matter whether we are understood by the official figures at the moment. Among the nameless masses hidden behind them there are plenty of individuals who *want* to understand and who at a given moment suddenly step forward; I have had that experience time and time again. Your lecture in Amsterdam will be a milestone in history and after all it is largely for history that we work. What you call the hysterical element in your personality, your need to impress and influence people, the very quality that so eminently equips you to be a teacher and guide, will come into its own even if you make no concessions to the current fashions in opinion. And when you have injected your own personal leaven into the fermenting mass of my ideas in still more generous measure, there will be no further difference between your achievement and mine.

I am not well enough to risk the trip to Sicily we had planned for September, because at this time the scirocco is said to blow without let-up. Consequently I don't know exactly where I shall be in the next few weeks. Until the end of August I shall stay here, hiking in the mountains and picking edelweiss; I shall not be returning to Vienna before the end of September. All in all you had better write to me at my Vienna address for the present, because the post is very unreliable in the mountains in the summertime. I have not made a single entry in my pocket notebook in the last four weeks; my intellectual preoccupations have just faded away. But I shall always be thankful for any reminder from you.

I don't believe that Germany will show any sympathy for our work until some bigwig has solemnly given his stamp of approval. The simplest way might be to arouse the interest of Kaiser Wilhelm—who of course understands everything. Have you any connections in those quarters? I haven't. Perhaps Harden, the editor of *Die Zukunft*, will sniff out the psychiatry of the future in your work. As you see, this place puts me in a jocular mood. I hope your enforced holiday has done you as much good as I am expecting from my intentional rest.

Ever cordially yours, DR FREUD

Annenheim, 2 September 1907

DEAR COLLEAGUE,
I know you are now in Amsterdam, just

before or after your perilous lecture, engaged in the defence of my cause, and it strikes me as almost cowardly that I should meanwhile be looking for mushrooms in the woods or bathing in this peaceful Carinthian lake instead of fighting for my own cause or at least standing by your side. I take comfort by telling myself that it is better for the cause this way, that you as the other, the second, will be spared at least a part of the opposition that would have been in store for me, that for me to say the same thing over and over would be mere useless repetition, and that you are better fitted for propaganda, for I have always felt that there is something about my personality, my ideas and manner of speaking, that people find strange and repellent, whereas all hearts open to you. If a healthy man like you regards himself as an hysterical type, I can only claim for myself the "obsessional" type, each specimen of which vegetates in a sealed-off world of his own.

Whether you have been or will be lucky or unlucky, I do not know; but now of all times I wish I were with you, taking pleasure in no longer being alone and, if you are in need of encouragement, telling you about my long years of honourable but painful solitude, which began after I cast my first glance into the new world, about the indifference and incomprehension of my closest friends, about the terrifying moments when I myself thought I had gone astray and was wondering how I might still make my misled life useful to my family, about my slowly growing conviction, which fastened itself to the interpretation of dreams as to a rock in a stormy sea, and about the serene certainty which finally took possession of me and bade me wait until a voice from the unknown multitude should answer mine. That voice was yours; for I know now that Bleuler also came to me through you. Thank you for that, and don't let anything shake your confidence, you will witness our triumph and share in it.

I am glad to say that I can no longer claim too much of your sympathy for my ailing state. I made my entry into the climacteric years with a rather stubborn case of dyspepsia (after influenza), but in these wonderful weeks of rest it has reduced itself to an occasional gentle reminder.

I made up my mind long ago to visit you in Zürich. But I see it as a Christmas or Easter excursion. Then I shall come straight from my work, stimulated and teeming with problems, not in my present almost somnolent state, with all my cathexes discharged. I too feel the need of chatting with you for a few hours.

With kind regards (and wishes!),

Yours, DR FREUD

Jung

Burghölzli-Zürich, 28 October 1907

DEAR PROFESSOR FREUD,

I immediately put your good advice about the case of obsessional neurosis into practice with good results. Heartiest thanks.

The Näcke* affair is most amusing. In any case N. is hardly worth bothering about. He is a queer bird who flutters like a will o' the wisp over all the backwaters of neurology, psychiatry, and psychology, and who must have popped up with uncanny frequency in your reading. He has just written an exceedingly strange, altogether crack-brained "historical" monograph on cramp in the legs. Ch. 1: Cramp in Ancient Egypt. Ch. 2: Cramp in Assyria, and so on. It doesn't surprise me that he couldn't refrain from sticking his nose into the great Freud debate. I don't know the critique as I haven't got the *Gross Archiv*.†

Your last two letters contain references to my laziness in writing. I certainly owe you an explanation. One reason is my work load, which hardly gives me a breather even in the evenings; the other is to be found in the realm of affect, in what you have termed my "self-preservation complex" — marvellous expression! And indeed you know that this complex has played many a trick on me, not least in my Dem. praec. book. I honestly‡ do try, but the evil spirit that (as you see) bedevils my pen often prevents me from writing. Actually—and I confess this to you with a struggle—I have a boundless



SIGMUND FREUD

admiration for you both as a man and a researcher, and I bear you no conscious grudge. So the self-preservation complex does not come from there; it is rather that my veneration for you has something of the character of a "religious" crush. Though it does not really bother me, I still feel it is disgusting and ridiculous because of its undeniable erotic undertone. This abominable feeling comes from the fact that as a boy I was the victim of a sexual assault by a man I once worshipped. Even in Vienna the remarks of the ladies (*enfin seuls*, etc.) sickened me, although the reason for it was not clear to me at the time.

This feeling, which I still have not quite got rid of, hampers me considerably. Another manifestation of it is that I find psychological insight makes relations with colleagues who have a strong transference to me downright disgusting. *I therefore fear your confidence.* I also fear the same reaction from you when I speak of my intimate affairs. Consequently I skirt round such things as much as possible, for, to my feeling at any rate, every intimate relationship turns out after a while to be sentimental and banal or exhibitionistic, as with my chief, whose confidences are offensive.

I think I owe you this explanation. I would rather not have said it.

With kindest regards,
Most sincerely yours,

JUNG

Freud

3 March 1908, Vienna, Berggasse 19

* Paul Näcke (1851–1913), Russian-born German psychiatrist, director of an asylum at Colditz, Saxony. He published prolifically, and is credited with introducing the term "narcissism."

† *Archiv für Kriminalanthropologie und Kriminalistik* (Leipzig), founded and edited by Hanns Gross (1847–1915), professor of criminology at Graz University.

‡ Holograph: *redch*, meaningless, crossed out and followed by (!) *redlich* (!).

DEAR FRIEND

Starting from obsessional neurosis I am approaching the choice-of-neurosis problem in the following way: the obsessional neurosis cases are transparent; they hinge on only three (or, if you will, two) basic instincts, the instinct to see and to know and the possessive instinct

(sadistic). Hence they can be classified according to predominance of obsessional thinking, i.e., rumination on the one hand, or of obsessional impulses (actions) on the other. It is interesting to note, however, that these are the only non-autoerotic components of the sexual instinct, the only components which from the start are directed towards an object. Hysteria, on the other hand, hinges on erogenous zones, it usually involves direct repression of genital impulses. In line with my idea of tracing the neuroses back to developmental disturbances of the libidinal vicissitudes, hysteria arises through disturbances (fixations and repressions) in the sphere of the erogenous components, while obsessional neurosis arises through disturbances in the sphere of the object components (which should probably be regarded as "anaclitic" instincts); in this context a predisposition to paranoia is created solely by a defect in the other part of the development, in the transition from autoerotism to object-love, whereas defects in the development of genital primacy predispose to hysteria and obsessional neurosis.

Which brings us to paranoia. Here I dimly perceive a distinction between a *reality-testing* and an *unpleasure-testing*, the former coinciding with our "judgment," the latter with our "repression." The main psychological characteristic of paranoia would then be the repressive *projection* mechanism by which it evades the reality-testing, since what comes from outside does not require such a testing. The clinical characteristics of paranoia which you stress, its stability and severity, are adequately explained by this projection. In hysteria and obsessional neurosis there always remains an awareness of reality; this is explained by the fact that contact with the outside world remains unimpaired while the libido-cathected complexes create the upheaval. In paranoia these same complexes approach the personality from the outside world; that is why the patients are so credulous and inaccessible, why they are so utterly overwhelmed by the complexes.

I am too dull-witted to follow these ideas through at present. It should also be considered that paranoia corresponds to an unsuccessful detachment of libido, since the libido returns in the projection with the intensity of cathexis transformed into certainty, very much as in the regression of the dream state it is transformed into palpable reality. Dem. pr. then corresponds to a fully successful return to autoerotism. In all

likelihood both are usually partial. Your shoemaker's fiancée proves that even after the most pronounced detachment *one* intensely cathected element of the old libidinal idea still remains.

Your ideas about "defence" are certainly correct but not only for paranoia. I believe that they apply to all neuroses and psychoses.

With kindest regards,

Yours, FREUD

15 October 1908, Vienna, Berggasse 1909

MY DEAR FRIEND AND HEIR,
The days we spent so auspiciously together in Zürich have left me in high good humour. Please tell your dear wife that one passage in her letter gave me particular pleasure.

I know you are still busy with your military duties and I really ought to leave you in peace, but an observation I made recently leaves me none. Yesterday, one of my patients, the anxiety man, a classic case, now well on his way to being cured, very intelligent, in every way the contrary of Dem. pr., and, incidentally, familiar with all our publications, offered the following idea, which he himself immediately classified as paranoid: I am an officers' corps. Doesn't that sound exactly like the formulas of your woman patient* which, as recently as Salzburg, you declared to be fundamentally different from those of a hysteria or obsessional neurosis case? Here is the explanation. He failed to become an officer and feels very badly about it; this is his compensation. The meaning is: first, that he is an officer's body, because his father always told him he was unfit for any other profession, and next that he is as handsome as only an officer can be—he was indeed a handsome young fellow and his good looks were his undoing; having been thoroughly spoiled at home, he expected to succeed in the army thanks to his looks alone, nothing could go wrong, he was sure to be everybody's darling, and at first he apparently was;—secondly, he is a "*Soldatenmensch*"—an officers' catamite. Immediately afterward he made the normal statement: The whole officers' corps can kiss my . . .† which only requires a projection and change of sign to express the correct paranoid idea of persecution. Obviously the case swarms with the finest hysterical condensation formulas. Here we have preconscious trains of thought in the process of regression as a preparation for their expression in symptoms. In him the "officers' corps," by way of *cor*, *cordis*, led to cardiac symptoms.

In other words, there is an unconscious paranoia that we make conscious in psychoanalysis. Incidentally, this case provides excellent confirmation of your *aperçu* that in analysis we

* In "The Psychology of Dementia Praecox," a typical formula of the patient B. St. is "I am a Switzerland".

† Holograph: *kann mich im. . .*

guide hysteria patients along the road to Dem. pr.

I also have an opportunity at present to study a true case of Dem. pr. A very intelligent young lady; so far the transference is still enormous.

Your chief and his wife called on us last Friday evening. He is definitely the more bearable of the two. He was as amiable as his stiffness permitted. He came out in defence of infantile sexuality, for which only two years ago he was

"without comprehension." Then both of them pounced on me, insisting that I should replace the word "sexuality" with another (on the model of autism); this, they claimed, would put an end to all resistance and misunderstanding. I said I had no faith in such a happy outcome; anyway, they were at a loss to provide this better term.

With kind regards to you and your wife,

Yours, FREUD

Jung

Küsnach bei Zürich,
15 November 1909

PATER, PECCAVI—it is indeed a scandal to have kept you waiting 25 days for an answer. From the last paragraph of your letter it is clear why the intervals need to be shorter: you seem to be very isolated in Vienna. Eitingon's company cannot be counted among the highest joys. His vapid intellectualism has something exasperating about it. If I appear to be such a sterile and lazy correspondent it is because I am positively wallowing in people and social life here. I spend much of my time with young Honegger—he is so intelligent and subtle-minded. Hardly a day goes by without an exchange of ideas. Thus I fill up my gaps and do not sense the passing of 25 days. Well, it is scandalous and shall not happen again.

I will arrange matters with Forel at once, and for you too. Bleuler, I hear, has already joined. He is chewing the cud of countless resistances.

His main grudge against us is that he is incapable of doing any ΨA [psychoanalysis]. He also seems to think that we back up Stekel in every particular. (I am very glad that we are in agreement on St A dictionary of dream symbols! Good Lord, that's all we needed! Too bad he's usually right.)

Now to better things—mythology. For me there is no longer any doubt what the oldest and most natural myths are trying to say. They speak quite "naturally" of the nuclear complex of neurosis. A particularly fine example is to be found in Herodotus: at Papremis, during the festival in honour of the mother of Ares (Typhon), there was a great mock-battle between two opposing crowds armed with wooden clubs. Many wounded. This was a repetition of a legendary event: Ares, brought up abroad, returns home to his mother in order to sleep with her. Her attendants, not recognising him, refuse him admission. He goes into the town, fetches help, overpowers the attendants and sleeps with his mother. These flagellation scenes are repeated in the Isis cult, in the cult of Cybele, where there is also self-castration, of Atargatis (in Hierapolis), and of Hecate: whipping of youths in Sparta. The dying and resurgent god (Orphic mysteries, Thammuz, Osiris (Dionysus), Adonis, etc.) is everywhere phallic. At the Dionysus festival in Egypt the women pulled the phallus up and down

on a string: "the dying and resurgent god." I am painfully aware of my utter dilettantism and continually fear I am dishing you out banalities. Otherwise I might be able to say more of these things. It was a great comfort to me to learn that the Greeks themselves had long since ceased to understand their own myths and interpreted the life out of them just as our philologists do. One of



C. G. JUNG

the most lamentable seems to me to be Jeremias (this time *lucus a lucendo*), who reduces everything to astronomy when the opposite is staring you in the face. Now I am laboriously ploughing through the components of the Artemis myth; it has been fearfully distorted by syncretism. Although the philologists moan about it, Greek syncretism, by creating a hopeless mishmash of theogony and theology, can nevertheless do us a service: it permits reductions and the recognition of similarities, as in dream analysis. If A is put in place of C, then one may conjecture a connection from C to A. One of the greatest difficulties is the dating of myths, so important for the genesis of the cults. It also seems to me extremely difficult to estimate what was folkloristic and widely disseminated and what merely a poetic variant, doubtless very interesting to the philologist but quite unimportant to the ethnologist.

I was most interested in your news about Oedipus. Of the *dactyls* I know nothing, but have heard of St Cosmas that people kiss his great *toe* and offer up wax phalli *ex voto*. Can you give me sources for the Oedipus myth and the Dactyls? A counterpart of the unlike Vestal Virgins would be the self-castrated priests of Cybele. What is the origin of the New Testament saying: "There be eunuchs which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake"?* Wasn't self-castration practically unheard of among the Jews? But in neighbouring Edessa self-castration of the Atargatis priests was the rule. In that same place, incidentally, there were 180 ft. high "spires" or minarets in phallic form. Why is the phallus usually represented as winged? (Joke: "The mere thought lifts it.") Do you know those early mediaeval lead medallions in Paris, on one side the Christian cross, on the other a penis or vulva? And the penis-cross of Sant'Agata de'Goti? (Inaccurate illustration in Inman.) There seem to be indications of early mediaeval phallus worship. . . .

With many kind regards,

Yours, JUNG

Freud

21 November 1909, Vienna

DEAR FRIEND,

At last you have realised how Vienna fare must taste to me now that I have been spoiled by my six weeks' absence. Then I need say no more about it.

Stanley Hall wrote me recently: "I am a very unworthy exponent of your views and of course have too little clinical experience to be an

* Matthew 19 : 12.

† Dactyls were finger-sized beings that were in attendance on Rhea when she gave birth to Zeus on Mount Ida.

authority in that field; but it seems to me that, whereas hitherto many, if not most pathologists have leaned upon the stock psychologists like Wundt, your own interpretations reverse the situation and make us normal psychologists look to this work in the abnormal or borderline field for our chief light." We are still very far from that in Germany. But coming from the old man such serious, thoughtful compliments are very nice.

Out of sheer gratitude I have already sent him three of the lectures and am working desperately on the last. I am making a few changes and additions, and also putting in a few defensive, or rather, aggressive, remarks. Deuticke wants to publish them in German, but I don't know if Hall would like that, and it troubles me that there is nothing new in them.

I am delighted with your mythological studies. Much of what you write is quite new to me, e.g., the mother-lust, the idea that priests emasculated themselves to punish themselves for it. These things cry out for understanding, and as long as the specialists won't help us, we shall have to do it ourselves.

E.g., the castration complex in myth. Since castration was of course unheard of among the Jews, I can't see the point of the New Testament passage. There is a monograph on the Dactyls by Kaibel: *Die idaeischen Daktylen*† (the Cretan Mt Ida). I shall read it as soon as I have time to breathe. In private I have always thought of Adonis as the penis; the woman's joy when the god she had thought dead rises again is too transparent! And isn't it odd that none of the mythologists, neither the prigs nor the lunatics, has seen the need for an interpretation on different levels! We really ought to shake them into consciousness. Oedipus, I believe I have told you, means swollen foot, i.e., erected penis. Quite by accident I recently hit on what I hope is the ultimate secret of foot fetishism. In the foot it has become permissible to worship the long-lost and ardently longed-for woman's penis of the primordial age of infancy. Evidently some people search as passionately for this precious object as the pious English do for the ten lost tribes of Israel. I have still not received the Knight book. I do wish I could show you my analysis of Leonardo da Vinci, I am desperately sorry not to have you here. It would be too long in a letter and I haven't the time. I am coming to attach more and more importance to the infantile theories of sexuality. My treatment of them, incidentally, is deplorably incomplete. How I underestimated the [illegible] theory for example!

In my practice I come across little that is new, little that was not already known to me. For the profound problems of choice of neurosis I must

wait for the rare cases in which an analysis is really completed. That is why I let myself be lured into amusing myself with side-issues and why most of my time is lost in rehashing the old material and working on papers such as those I am doing for Hall, etc. And yet slow progress is the best safeguard against error. A book on dream symbols doesn't strike me as impossible, but I am sure we shall object to the way Stekel goes about it. He will work haphazardly, taking whatever he can lay hands on without regard for the context, and without taking myth or language or linguistic development into account.

One might quote:

*"Woe unto those who lend the light
Of heaven to the eternally blind
etc."**

In my university lectures, which I am now reorganising as a seminar, I have arranged for a critical discussion of your "Father Destiny" paper next Saturday. So far I have had two of the case histories from the *Studies* brought up to the level of our present knowledge (*quinze ans après*). I will tell you how it turns out.

In my practice I am chiefly concerned with the problems of repressed sadism in my patients; I regard it as the most frequent cause of the failure of therapy. Revenge against the doctor combined with self-punishment. In general sadism is becoming more and more important to me, which does not prevent its theoretical relation to love from becoming more and more obscure.

Something to remember: the evil eye is an excellent proof of the contention that envy and hostility always lurk behind love. The apotropaea are entirely in our possession, they are always consolations through sexuality; as onanism is in childhood. It has also been explained to me why a chimney sweep is regarded as a good omen: *chimney-sweeping* is an action symbolic of coitus, something Breuer certainly never dreamed of. All watch charms—pig, ladder, shoe, chimney-sweep, etc.—are sexual consolations.

With kind regards to yourself and family,

FREUD

Jung

Küsnach-Zürich, 11 February 1910

DEAR PROFESSOR FREUD,

I am a lazy correspondent. But this time I

* From Schiller, "*Das Lied von der Glocke*." The "etc." stands for: "For him it does not shine, it only burns / Turning towns and countries into ashes."

† Knapp's Internationaler Orden für Ethik und Kultur.

have (as always) excellent excuses. Preparing the *Jahrbuch* has taken me an incredible amount of time, as I had to work mightily with the blue pencil. The bulk of the manuscripts goes off today. It will be an impressive affair.

Enclosed is the list of addresses. Please let me know if I have forgotten anyone from abroad. You will see that I am setting about it on a rather large scale—I hope with your subsequent approval. Our cause is forging ahead. Only today I heard from a doctor in Munich that the medical students there are taking a massive interest in the new psychology, some of them poking fun at the gentlemen at the Clinic because they understand nothing about it.

Meanwhile I too have received an invitation from the apothecary Knapp in Bern to join the I.O.† I have asked for time to think about it and have promised to submit the invitation to the Nuremberg Congress. Knapp wanted to have me also for lectures. The prospect appeals me. I am so thoroughly convinced that I would have to read myself the longest ethical lectures that I cannot muster a grain of courage to promote ethics in public, let alone from the psychoanalytical standpoint! At present I am sitting so precariously on the fence between the Dionysian and the Apollinian that I wonder whether it might not be worthwhile to reintroduce a few of the older cultural stupidities such as the monasteries. That is, I really don't know which is the lesser evil. Do you think this Fraternity could have any practical use? Isn't it one of Forel's coalitions against stupidity and evil, and must we not love evil if we are to break away from the obsession with virtue that makes us sick and forbids us the joys of life? If a coalition is to have any ethical significance it should never be an artificial one but must be nourished by the deep instincts of the race. Somewhat like Christian Science, Islam, Buddhism. Religion can be replaced only by religion. Is there perchance a new saviour in the I.O.? What sort of new myth does it hand out for us to live by? Only the wise are ethical from sheer intellectual presumption, the rest of us need the eternal truth of myth.

You will see from this string of associations that the problem does not leave me simply apathetic and cold. The ethical problem of sexual freedom really is enormous and worth the sweat of all noble souls. But 2000 years of Christianity can only be replaced by something equivalent. An ethical fraternity, with its mythical Nothing, not infused by any archaic-infantile driving force, is a pure vacuum and can never evoke in man the slightest trace of that age-old animal power which drives the migrating bird across the sea and without which no irresistible mass movement can come into being. I imagine a

far finer and more comprehensive task for ΨA than alliance with an ethical fraternity. I think we must give it time to infiltrate into people from many centres, to revivify among intellectuals a feeling for symbol and myth, ever so gently to transform Christ back into the soothsaying god of the vine, which he was, and in this way absorb those ecstatic instinctual forces of Christianity for the *one* purpose of making the cult and the sacred myth what they once were—a drunken feast of joy where man regained the ethos and holiness of an animal. That was the beauty and purpose of classical religion, which from God knows what temporary biological needs has turned into a Misery Institute. Yet what infinite rapture and wantonness lie dormant in our religion, waiting to be led back to their true destination! A genuine and proper ethical development cannot abandon Christianity but must grow up within it, must bring to fruition its hymn of love, the agony and ecstasy over the dying and resurgent god, the mystic power of the wine, the awesome anthropophagy of the Last Supper—only *this* ethical development can serve the vital forces of religion. But a syndicate of interests dies out after 10 years.

ΨA makes me “proud and discontent,”* I don’t want to attach it to Forel, that hair-shirted John of the Locusts, but would like to affiliate it with everything that was ever dynamic and alive. One can only let this kind of thing grow. To be practical: I shall submit this crucial question for ΨA to the Nuremberg Congress. I have abreacted enough for today—my heart was bursting with it. Please don’t mind all this storming.

With many kind regards,

Most sincerely yours, JUNG

Freud

Noordwijk, 10 August 1910

DEAR FRIEND,
Thus far I have respected your holiday, but yesterday you broke the peace, so now I feel free to write. I am sitting here by the most beautiful beach, watching a fabulous sunset, but I miss various things, and I can’t think of anything much to do on a flat beach. Besides, I have no little corner to be alone in and collect my thoughts. On the 29th of the month I am supposed—nothing has been settled yet—to board ship at Antwerp for Genoa with Ferenczi; we are planning to spend September in Sicily. Tomorrow the geographically most distant of our friends is expected here in Noordwijk, where a relative of his owns a villa: Jones from Toronto.

* *Stolz und unzufrieden.*—Goethe, *Faust I*, 2178.

He has risen a good deal in my affections this past year.

From the outside world I have received all sorts of news, which combine with what you tell me to give me the impression that we are going through a critical period, a negative fluctuation, in the history of ΨA . My suspicion is confirmed by the behaviour of men with instinct and flair like Marcinowski and Strohmayr (who, Stekel writes, does not wish to be named on the title-page of the *Zentralblatt*). Maybe I am to blame, but it is easy to find explanations after the event, and the outcome could not have been foreseen. All the same, when I look at the situation objectively, I believe I went ahead too fast. I overestimated the public’s understanding of the significance of ΨA , I shouldn’t have been in such a hurry about founding the I.A. My impatience to see you in the right place and my chafing under the pressure of my own responsibility also had something to do with it. To tell the truth, we should have done nothing at all. As it is, the first months of your reign, my dear son and successor, have not turned out brilliantly. Sometimes I have the impression that you yourself have not taken your functions seriously enough and have not yet begun to act in a manner appropriate to your new dignity. Probably all this comes from the impatience of old age. Now we must merely keep still for a while, let the unpleasant events take their course, and meanwhile go on with our work. I have high hopes for the new organ; I hope you will show no hostility towards it, but commit yourself and your closest associates to its support. One who wishes to rule must carefully cultivate the art of winning people; I thought you had great talents in that direction. As to reporting on the Congress, it strikes me as advisable that both journals should do so, the *Zentralblatt* in succinct form; its function after all is to inform readers of everything that goes on in ΨA , a function which the *Jahrbuch* has expressly rejected. Incidentally, I have only today received word from Deuticke that a copy of the volume published a week ago is on its way to me. We mustn’t let our publisher friend put us off like this again. August instead of February is too much.

My mood and the atmosphere have prevented me from doing any work here. And I am not capable of enjoying the rest. A number of things, e.g., the paper on the two principles of Ψ [psyche] functioning, are already tormenting me like a blocked bowel movement. (There is good reason for the metaphor too.) I discovered while still in Vienna that I have no need to plagiarise you, since I can refer back to certain paragraphs in the Ψ part of *The Interpretation of Dreams*. I have received some philosophical

articles here that I shall read when I am feeling more intelligent. In regard to symbolism, a hunch I have already mentioned to you has become a subjective certainty with me, to wit, its infantile, hence genetic origin. I must answer a silly letter of Löwenfeld's—he thinks I am offended by it. Quite mistakenly. I esteem him personally and don't expect him to understand anything. He wrote to me at length about the horror which my *Leonardo* aroused even in persons "favourably disposed." But on this score I feel quite easy in my mind, for I myself am very pleased with *Leonardo*, and I know that it has made an excellent impression on the few who are capable of judging it: you, Ferenczi, Abraham, and Pfister.—I have had no news or replies from America: in my most recent letter I had asked Putnam to put himself at the head of an American group. Jones will report to me on what they've been up to in Brussels.

As you see, nothing but petty worries and concerns. As for you, the captain will now be replacing the Augustus* in *partibus infidelium* for a while; I am a little put out with him, for obviously he is depriving me of your visit in Holland, and I should have liked to talk with you. Have I already written to you that the first volume of the *Papers on the Theory of the Neuroses* is appearing in a new edition and that Deuticke wants me to write a preface? *Do you think I ought to, and if so would you like to read it?* It would deal of course with the recent developments in psychoanalysis and with the opposing trends, but doesn't strike me as indispensable.

With cordial wishes for a restful end to your vacation,

Yours ever, FREUD

Jung

Küsnach-Zürich, 11 August 1910

DEAR PROFESSOR FREUD,

I realise now that my debut as regent has turned out less than brilliantly because of the resistances I contracted in Nuremberg to Adler and Stekel. I shall try to do better next time. So far as the Vienna organ is concerned, I have encouraged everyone in my vicinity to collaborate and shall myself contribute to the first number—nothing much as my hands are pretty empty. It was only to be expected that *Leonardo* would meet with opposition since the intellectual

freedom of this work far exceeds that of its predecessors. In the meantime, I have been reading about Leonardo so as to deepen my impression of your work and get down to the bed-rock—you are right on every point. If we can rely on the facts, it can only have been as you say. What the rabble say about it is neither here nor there; the thing is beautifully done and leads to exalted spheres of knowledge. Only simpletons will stumble over the difficulties of detail. It is a grim pleasure to be God knows how many decades ahead of these duffers.

I try to be as amiable with people as I can. But to get any results I would have to be on duty day and night. Hardly is my back turned than they start getting paranoid. This is not my fault, it's the fault of the progress of your ΨA . It is inevitable that a ray of light should break forth from occasional remarks, revealing the rapid advances in knowledge which till now we have enjoyed in silence. Each of these sparks is a threat and an insult in itself. I am well aware of that and am doing my best to keep quiet, but "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,"† though rarely. I heartily agree that we went ahead too fast. Even among the "favourably disposed" there are far too many who haven't the faintest idea of what ΨA is really about and especially of its historical significance. My ear is now cocked at our adversaries; they are saying some very remarkable things which ought to open our eyes in several ways. All these mutterings about sectarianism, mysticism, arcane jargon, initiation, etc. mean something. Even the deep-rooted outrage, the moral indignation can only be aimed at something gripping, that has all the trappings of a religion. Our ideal should also be μηδεις ἀμαθηματικός εἰσὶτω.‡ Might this become a phase, however unexpected, in the development of ΨA ? The keen interest of our theologians is suspicious. And finally, ΨA thrives only in a very tight enclave of like minds. Seclusion is like a warm rain. One should therefore barricade this territory against the ambitions of the public for a long time to come. So I am not in the least worried by this period of depression; it is a guarantee of unsullied enjoyment, like a beautiful valley high in the mountains not yet discovered by Thos. Cook & Co. Moreover ΨA is too great a truth to be publicly acknowledged as yet. Generously adulterated extracts and thin dilutions of it should first be handed around. Also the necessary proof has not yet been furnished that it wasn't you who discovered ΨA but Plato, Thomas Aquinas and Kant, with Kuno Fischer and Wundt thrown in. Then Hoche will be called to a chair of ΨA in Berlin and Aschaffenburg to one in Munich. Thereupon the Golden Age will dawn. After the first 1000 years

* Captain: Jung's military rank. Augustus: title of Octavian, the adopted son of Julius Caesar.

† Matthew 12 : 34.

‡ "Let no one enter here who is ignorant of mathematics"—paraphrase of the legendary inscription over Plato's door, the traditional word being "geometry."

ΨA will be discovered anew in Paris, whereupon England will take up the opposition for another 500 years and in the end will have understood nothing.

After this apocalyptic vision I turn back to the present. I have now been home for 3 days. On the 14th I go on military service until the end of the month. In September my wife will be confined. At the beginning of October (1–14) I am bicycling to Italy (Verona?). If only you were nearer in September I would visit you for a couple of days. But Sicily is too far. Furthermore, I have secret obligations to my unconscious (*"inconscient supérieur"*) as regards Rome and the south, which make a quick run through the country altogether impossible. Rome in particular is not yet permitted to me,* but it draws nearer and I even look forward to it at odd moments. . . .

Most sincerely yours, JUNG

Küsnach-Zürich, 12 June 1911

DEAR PROFESSOR FREUD,
Since last writing to you (too long ago, alas!) I have made good use of my time. I was at the Meeting of Swiss Psychiatrists in Lausanne and spoke on "forms of unconscious fantasy." These things are contributions to, and elaborations of, my paper in the current *Jahrbuch*, which, incidentally, is taking shape terribly slowly (because of the wealth of material). Everything I am doing now revolves round the contents and forms of unconscious fantasies. I think I've already got some really fine results. You will see that this investigation is the necessary preliminary work for the psychology of Dem. praec. Spielrein's case is proof of that (it's in the *Jahrbuch*). Often I longed for you to be here so that I could discuss an extremely difficult case: Dem. praec. with, one can well say, a tremendous unconscious fantasy system which I have to drag into the light of day with unspeakable effort and patience. On top of that, constant danger of suicide. A really devilish case, but extraordinarily interesting and instructive. The case is particularly painful because I am now beginning to see what I did not see with Honegger. It seems that in Dem. praec. you have at all costs to bring to light the inner world produced by the introversion of libido, which in paranoiacs suddenly appears in distorted form as a delusional system ((Schreber), as I have apparently succeeded in doing in the present case but failed to do with Honegger because I had no inkling of it. I tell myself that this lack of knowledge of mine led to his death. What if this view

* For Jung's unconscious taboo on visiting Rome, see *Memories*, pp. 287f/268f.

† Usually called Enkidu by present-day scholars.

should be confirmed? I have the feeling that I am practising vivisection on human beings with intense inner resistance. It seems that introversion leads not only, as in hysteria, to a recrudescence of infantile memories but also to a loosening up of the historical layers of the unconscious, thus giving rise to perilous formations which come to light only in exceptional cases.

My evenings are taken up very largely with astrology. I make horoscopic calculations in order to find a clue to the core of psychological truth. Some remarkable things have turned up which will certainly appear incredible to you. In the case of one lady, the calculation of the position of the stars at her nativity produced a quite definite character picture, with several biographical details which did not pertain to her but to her mother—and the characteristics fitted the mother to a T. The lady suffers from an extraordinary mother complex. I dare say that we shall one day discover in astrology a good deal of knowledge that has been intuitively projected into the heavens. For instance, it appears that the signs of the zodiac are character pictures, in other words libido symbols which depict the typical qualities of the libido at a given moment. . . .

I hope all is as well with you as with us.

Many thanks for your advice. The worry was real enough—but has proved to be psychogenic, since, as we know, women love to wheedle emotions out of a man.

With kindest regards,

Most sincerely yours, JUNG

Freud

13 October 1911, Vienna

DEAR FRIEND,
To you in your military solitude I send the following contribution to our conversations on the Gilgamesh material.

Though I do not contest the interpretation of Gilgamesh and Eabani† as man and crude sensuality, it nevertheless occurs to me that such pairs consisting of a noble and a base part (usually brothers) are a motif running through all legend and literature. The last great offshoot of the type is Don Quixote with his Sancho Panza (literally: paunch). Of mythological figures, the first that come to mind are the Dioskuroi (one mortal, the other immortal) and various pairs of brothers or twins of the Romulus and Remus type. One is always weaker than the other and dies sooner. In Gilgamesh this age-old motif of the unequal pair of brothers served to represent the relationship between a man and his libido.

These ancient motifs are always being reinterpreted (even, I concede, in terms of astrology); but what is their original source?

In regard to the motif under discussion it is not hard to say. The weaker twin who dies first is the placenta, or afterbirth, simply because it is regularly born along with the child by the same mother. We found this interpretation some months ago in the work of a modern mythologist [Paul Ehrenreich, a Berlin ethnologist] totally ignorant of Ψ A, who for once forgot his science and consequently had a good idea. But in Frazer's *Golden Bough*, Vol. I, one can read that among many primitive peoples the afterbirth is called *brother* (sister) or *twin*, and treated accordingly, that is, fed and taken care of, which of course cannot go on for very long. If there is such a thing as a phylogenetic memory in the individual, which unfortunately will soon be undeniable, this is also the source of the *uncanny* aspect of the "*doppelgänger*."

I just wanted to surprise you with the news that basically Eabani is Gilgamesh's "afterbirth." All sorts of ideas and connections still remain to be unearthed in this material. It's a pity we can only work together in such technical matters.

Very cordially yours, FREUD

Jung

*Barracks, St. Gallen (until October 31),
17 October 1911*

DEAR PROFESSOR FREUD,

Many thanks for your two letters and all their news. I was interested in the goings-on in Vienna. May we know the names of the dissidents soon? In my view this purge is a blessing.

Pfister—I saw it coming. He could no more have lifted his marriage out of the rut than Archimedes could have moved the world unless a solid point had suddenly materialised in empty space. It so happens that "a bird loaded with corpse poison" has been miracled into existence, which as the rules require bears a girl's name and is gently luring him into the ways of the ungodly. I know this charming little bird. But it seems that she only wants to lure him out of his cage, not to marry him. Still, the main thing is to lure him out. If she succeeds, Pfister can count himself happy.

Your contribution to the symbolism of the brothers, which you hinted at in Zürich, is extraordinarily interesting and very valuable. As I have discovered since then, symbolism is widely

*In "Wandlungen und Symbole der Libido" (*Jahrbuch*, 1912) Jung wrote: "Professor Freud has expressed in a personal discussion the idea that a further determinant for the motif of the dissimilar brothers is to be found in the elementary observance towards birth and the after-birth. It is an exotic custom to treat the placenta as a child!" In the 1952 revision this was worked into the text, without the allusion to Freud.

disseminated and age-old. I am most grateful for this contribution* since it fits in very well with certain other observations which have forced me to conclude that the so-called "early memories of childhood" are not individual memories at all but phylogenetic ones. I mean of course the *very early* memories like birth, sucking, etc. There are things whose only explanation is *intra-uterine*: much of the water symbolism, then the enwrappings and encoilings which seem to be accompanied by strange skin sensations (umbilical cord and amnion). Just now my Agathli is having dreams like this; they are closely related to certain Negro birth-myths, where these envelopments in slimy stuff also occur. I think we shall find that infinitely many more things than we now suppose are phylogenetic memories.

Up here I am pretty much cut off from the worldly bustle, I hear and see little. The evenings are perforce dedicated to conviviality. . . .

Many kind regards,

Most sincerely yours, JUNG

From Emma Jung

Küsnacht, 30 October [1911]

DEAR PROFESSOR FREUD,

I don't really know how I am summoning the courage to write you this letter, but am certain it is not from presumption; rather I am following the voice of my unconscious, which I have so often found was right and which I hope will not lead me astray this time.

Since your visit I have been tormented by the idea that your relation with my husband is not altogether as it should be, and since it definitely ought not to be like this I want to try to do whatever is in my power. I do not know whether I am deceiving myself when I think you are somehow not quite in agreement with "Transformations of Libido." You didn't speak of it at all and yet I think it would do you both so much good if you got down to a thorough discussion of it. Or is it something else? If so, please tell me what, dear Herr Professor; for I cannot bear to see you so resigned and I even believe that your resignation relates not only to your real children (it made a quite special impression on me when you spoke of it) but also to your spiritual sons; otherwise you would have so little need to be resigned.

Please do not take my action as officiousness and do not count me among the women who, you once told me, always spoil your friendships. My husband naturally knows nothing of this letter and I beg you not to hold him responsible for it or to let any kind of unpleasant effects it may have on you glance off on him.

I hope nevertheless that you will not be angry with your very admiring

EMMA JUNG

Küsnacht, 14 November [1911]

DEAR PROFESSOR FREUD

You were really annoyed by my letter, weren't you? I was too, and now I am cured of my megalomania and am wondering why the devil the unconscious had to make you, of all people, the victim of this madness. And here I must confess, very reluctantly, that you are right: my last letter, specially the tone of it, was really directed to the father-imago, which should of course be faced without fear. This thought never entered my head; I thought that, knowing the transference side of my father-attitude towards you, it would all be quite clear and do me no harm. After I had thought so long before writing to you and had, so I believed, fully understood my own motives, the unconscious has now played another trick on me, with particular finesse: for you can imagine how delighted I am to have made a fool of myself in front of you. I can only pray and hope that your judgment will not prove too severe.

There is one thing, however, I must vigorously defend myself against, and that is the way you take my "amiable carpings", as you call them. Firstly I do not mean at all that Carl should set no store by your opinion; it goes without saying that one recognises an authority, and if one cannot it is only a sign of over-compensated insecurity. So that is not what I mean, it was only the rest of it that made him anxious and uncertain which seemed superfluous to me. Truth to tell, I must confess that I have missed the mark here too, without suspecting it. Lately Carl has been analysing his attitude to his work and has discovered some resistances to it. I had connected these misgivings about Part II with his constant worry over what you would say about it, etc. It seemed out of the question that he could have resistances to his own work; but now it appears that this fear of your opinion was only a pretext for not going on with the self-analysis which this work in fact means. I realise that I have thus projected something from my immediate neighbourhood into distant Vienna and am vexed that it is always the nearest thing that one sees worst.

You have also completely misunderstood my admittedly uncalled-for meddling in your family affairs. Truthfully I didn't mean to cast a shadow on your children. I know they have turned out well and have never doubted it in the least. I hope you don't seriously believe that I wanted to say they were "doomed to be degenerate." I have written nothing that could even remotely mean

anything of the sort. I know that with your children it is a matter of physical illnesses, but just wanted to raise the question whether these physical symptoms might not be somehow psychically conditioned, so that there might for instance be a reduced power of resistance. Since I have made some very astonishing discoveries in myself in this respect and do not consider myself excessively degenerate or markedly hysterical, I thought similar phenomena possible with other people too. I shall be grateful for enlightenment.

That you should think it worthwhile to discuss your most personal affairs with me is something for which I thank you with all my heart. What you tell me sounds so convincing that I simply have to believe it, although much in me struggles against it. But I must admit that you have the experience and I do not, consequently I am unable to make any convincing rejoinders. You are quite right about one thing, though: despite everything and everybody, the whole affair is only a blessing in clumsy disguise which I beg you to forgive.

Please write nothing of this to Carl; things are going badly enough with me as it is.

EMMA JUNG

Freud

13 June 1912, Vienna

DEAR FRIEND,

About the libido question, we shall see. The nature of the change you have made is not quite clear to me and I know nothing of its motivation. Once I am better informed, I shall surely be able to switch to objectivity, precisely because I am well aware of my bias. Even if we cannot come to terms immediately, there is no reason to suppose that this scientific difference will detract from our personal relations. I can recall that there were profounder differences between us at the beginning of our relationship. In 1908 it was reported to me from various quarters that a "negative fluctuation" had occurred in Burghölzli, that my views had been superseded. This did not deter me from visiting you in Zürich, in fact it was my reason for doing so, and I found everything quite different from what I had been led to expect. Consequently I cannot agree with you when you say that my failure to go to Zürich from Constance was motivated by my displeasure at your libido theory. A few months earlier you would probably have spared me this interpretation, all the more so because the circumstances do not warrant it. They are as follows: Because of illness in my family my visit to Binswanger was definitely

decided on only a few days in advance. When I saw it would be possible, I wrote to you, so that you must have known at the time of my arrival that I would be in Constance. I then spent two nights and one day on the train, so as to be able to spend two nights and two days in one place. After a period of gruelling work that was just about enough travelling. To go to Zürich I should have had to sacrifice one of the two days and so deprive my host of half the time allotted to him. I had a special reason, unknown to you, for wanting to talk with Binswanger at that time.* But if you had come and spent half a day in Constance, it would have been a great pleasure for us all. I did not ask you to come, because it is an imposition to ask anyone to spend a holiday in such a way if he has something better to do or wants to rest. But I should have been pleased if you yourself had thought of it. Binswanger would not have taken it amiss, because he phoned Häberlin asking him to come—as it happened, he was unable to, because his wife was on holiday. Your remark pains me because it shows that you do not feel sure of me.

Here there is little to report. Our Wednesday evenings have stopped. . . .

Imago is thriving and already has 230 subscribers.

Adler's book *On the Nervous Character* appeared a few days ago. I am unlikely to read it but I have been made acquainted with parts of it. Perhaps he will capture the Viennese citadel that has resisted us so stubbornly. He can have it. Viennese interest in *Imago*, for instance, has been conspicuously small, whereas subscribers turn up in the unlikely small towns in Germany.

A big book by Rank about the problem of incest in literature is already in galleys.

With kind regards,

Yours, FREUD

14 November 1912, Vienna

DEAR DR JUNG,
I greet you on your return from America, no longer as affectionately as on the last occasion in Nuremberg—you have successfully broken me of that habit—but still with considerable sympathy, interest, and satisfaction at your

* Binswanger underwent surgery for a malignancy.

† In his foreword to the revised edition, dated September 1950, Jung wrote: "This book was written in 1911, in my thirty-sixth year. The time is a critical one, for it marks the beginning of the second half of life, when a metanoia, a mental transformation, not infrequently occurs. I was acutely conscious, then, of the loss of friendly relations with Freud and of the lost comradeship of our work together. The practical and moral support which my wife gave me at that difficult period is something I shall always hold in grateful remembrance."

personal success. Many thanks for your news of the state of affairs in America. But we know that the battle will not be decided over there. You have reduced a good deal of resistance with your modifications, but I shouldn't advise you to enter this in the credit column because, as you know, the farther you remove yourself from what is new in ΨA , the more certain you will be of applause and the less resistance you will meet.

You can count on my objectivity and hence on the continuance of our relations; I still hold that personal variations are quite justified and I still feel the same need to continue our collaboration. I must remind you that we first made friends at a time when you had gone back to the toxic theory of Dem. pr.

I must own that I find your harping on the "Kreuzlingen gesture" both incomprehensible and insulting, but there are things that cannot be straightened out in writing.

I am eagerly looking forward to an offprint of your lectures, because your long paper on the libido, part of which—not the whole—I liked very much, has not clarified your innovations for me as I might have wished.†

My letter to Riklin, written before I could have known you were back, has given you the information you ask for about developments at the *Zentralblatt*. For the sake of completeness I shall tell you a little more. I presume that you now know why I withdrew as director, instead of changing the editor. I saw that I did not have the power, that the publisher sided with Stekel and would find some indirect way of forcing me out, which would have had grave disadvantages. For a whole year I should have had to take the responsibility for a journal which Stekel manipulated at will and on which I could exert no influence. And by next September we should have been left without an organ. That was intolerable. And so I jettisoned the journal along with the editor.

You ask not unreasonably: But what about the official character of the journal? Naturally this was the first point I made in my discussions with Stekel. I suggested that we settle our dispute by letting the local groups (or the Viennese alone) vote on it. I spoke of his obligations, but he was puffed up with possessive pride and my appeals had no effect. His only answer was: It's my journal and none of the Association's business. At this point I should have taken the logical step of submitting the matter to the President for an official decision—if said president had been within reach. But you had left for America without delegating anyone to attend to your presidential business; we had not been informed either officially or privately when you would return, and rumour had it that you would be

gone a long time. If I had known you would be back on 12 November, I should have been glad to wait, to leave the decision to you as my superior, and to let you convince yourself that Stekel was not living up to his contract, that nothing could be done with Bergmann, and that we needed a new organ. As it was, I had to attend to it myself. The only other central authority provided for in our statutes, the council of presidents of the branch societies, did not exist; you had not activated such a council—a point which we ought perhaps to press at the next Congress.

If I had waited indefinitely for your return, precious time would have been lost. With all the negotiations between Vienna, Zürich, and Wiesbaden it would have been impossible to launch the new organ at the beginning of 1913; we should have had to wait until the middle of the year.

Thanks to my prompt action, we shall have an organ of our own again as of 15 January, with a new name and a different publisher, but otherwise, I trust, no worse for being edited by Ferenczi and Rank. I shall soon send you all the details concerning this new journal. But please don't forget that if I am to put your name on the masthead I need a formal statement from you renouncing the *Zentralblatt* and endorsing the new journal.*

In this letter and my letter to Riklin I have acquainted you with the state of affairs. I now expect the president to take over all further negotiations with Bergmann. I know there are complications; the worst that can happen is that each member will receive a worthless journal for a whole year and have to pay an additional 15 marks for his usual one. The sacrifice would be bearable I think. If the central organisation wishes to spare the members this expense, it can draw on a fund that was set up for the official organ. Of course we should like best for the title of Association organ to be withdrawn as soon as possible from the *Zentralblatt* and transferred to us. But if necessary we can wait for the *Stekelblatt* to die a natural death. We trust that even in an unofficial capacity we can make ourselves indispensable to analysts.

It may interest you to hear about a letter which was shown around at the Vienna Society, in which Adler describes his impressions at the Zürich Congress. He writes that he found the Zürich people in a state of panic flight from sexuality, but is unable to prevent them from making use of his ideas. Maybe that will be a lesson to Riklin, who praised him quite unnecessarily in his report on the Congress.

Requesting your prompt attention to the

* Jung's name did not appear on the masthead of the *Zeitschrift*.

matters here mentioned and wishing you well in your work, I remain

Sincerely,

Your colleague, FREUD

Jung

Küsnach-Zürich, 15 November 1912

DEAR PROFESSOR FREUD,

Your letter, just arrived, has evoked in me a Ψ A attitude which seems to be the only right one at the moment. I shall continue to go my own way undaunted. I shall take leave of Stekel's journal because I refuse to go on working with him. I dare not offer you my name for your journal; since you have disavowed me so thoroughly, my collaboration can hardly be acceptable. I should prefer to meet you on the neutral territory of the *Jahrbuch*, which I hope you will enable me to go on editing by not imposing too strict a regimen. I propose to let tolerance prevail in the *Jahrbuch* so that everyone can develop in his own way. Only when granted freedom do people give of their best. We should not forget that the history of human truths is also the history of human errors. So let us give the well-meant error its rightful place.

Whether my liberalism is compatible with the further conduct of the Association's affairs is a question to be discussed by the Association itself at the next Congress.

Adler's letter is stupid chatter and can safely be ignored. We aren't children here. If Adler ever says anything sensible or worth listening to I shall take note of it, even though I don't think much of him as a person. As in my work heretofore, so now and in the future I shall keep away from petty complexes and do unflinchingly what I hold to be true and right.

With best regards,

Most sincerely yours, JUNG

Küsnach-Zürich, 18 December 1912

DEAR PROFESSOR FREUD,

May I say a few words to you in earnest? I admit the ambivalence of my feelings towards you, but am inclined to take an honest and absolutely straightforward view of the situation. If you doubt my word, so much the worse for you. I would, however, point out that your technique of treating your pupils like patients is a blunder. In that way you produce either slavish sons or impudent puppies (Adler-Stekel and the whole insolent gang now throwing their weight about in Vienna). I am objective enough to see through your little trick. You go around sniffing out all the symptomatic actions in your vicinity,

thus reducing everyone to the level of sons and daughters who blushing admit the existence of their faults. Meanwhile you remain on top as the father, sitting pretty. For sheer obsequiousness nobody dares to pluck the prophet by the beard and inquire for once what you would say to a patient with a tendency to analyse the analyst instead of himself. You would certainly ask him: "Who's got the neurosis?"

You see, my dear Professor, so long as you hand out this stuff I don't give a damn for my symptomatic actions; they shrink to nothing in comparison with the formidable beam in my brother Freud's eye. I am not in the least neurotic—touch wood! I have submitted *lege artis et tout humblement* to analysis and am much the better for it. You know, of course, how far a patient gets with self-analysis: *not* out of his neurosis—just like you. If ever you should rid yourself entirely of your complexes and stop playing the father to your sons and instead of aiming continually at their weak spots took a good look at your own for a change, then I will mend my ways and at one stroke uproot the vice of being in two minds about you. Do you *love neurotics* enough to be always at one with yourself? But perhaps you *hate* neurotics. In that case how can you expect your efforts to treat your patients leniently and lovingly *not* to be accompanied by somewhat mixed feelings? Adler and Stekel were taken in by your little tricks and reacted with childish insolence. I shall continue to stand by you publicly while maintaining my own views, but privately shall start telling you in my letters what I really think of you. I consider this procedure only decent.

No doubt you will be outraged by this peculiar token of friendship, but it may do you good all the same.

With best regards,

Most sincerely yours, JUNG

Freud

Vienna, 3 January 1913

DEAR MR PRESIDENT, DEAR DOCTOR, I share your opinion that the circulars of the editors of this journal [*Internationale Zeitschrift für Ärztliche Psychoanalyse*] (not my circulars as you put it in your letter) ought to have been submitted to the President, and will inform them of your recriminations. There can certainly be no question of ill will. . . .

Burrow's paper arrived today. Your wish that he be included in the masthead of the journal will be respected both by the editors—whom I have not seen in the last few days—and by myself.

Both your suggestions are most welcome as a sign of your interest in the new organ.

I can answer only one point in your previous letter in any detail. Your allegation that I treat my followers like patients is demonstrably untrue. In Vienna I am reproached for the exact opposite. I am held responsible for the misconduct of Stekel and Adler; in reality I have not said one word to Stekel about his analysis since it was concluded some ten years ago, nor have I made any use of analysis with Adler, who was never my patient. Any analytical remarks I have made about them were addressed to others and for the most part at a time when we had ceased to associate with one another. —In building your construction on this foundation you have made matters as easy for yourself as with your famous "Kreuzlingen gesture."

Otherwise your letter cannot be answered. It creates a situation that would be difficult to deal with in a personal talk and totally impossible in correspondence. It is a convention among us analysts that none of us need feel ashamed of his own bit of neurosis. But one who while behaving abnormally keeps shouting that he is normal gives ground for the suspicion that he lacks insight into his illness. Accordingly, I propose that we abandon our personal relations entirely. I shall lose nothing by it, for my only emotional tie with you has long been a thin thread—the lingering effect of past disappointments—and you have everything to gain, in view of the remark you recently made in Munich, to the effect that an intimate relationship with a man inhibited your scientific freedom. I therefore say, take your full freedom and spare me your supposed "tokens of friendship." We are agreed that a man should subordinate his personal feelings to the general interests of his branch of endeavour. You will never have reason to complain of any lack of correctness on my part where our common undertaking and the pursuit of scientific aims are concerned; I may say, no more reason in the future than in the past. On the other hand, I am entitled to expect the same from you.

Regards,

Yours sincerely, FREUD

Jung

Küsnach-Zürich, 6 January 1913

DEAR PROFESSOR FREUD, I accede to your wish that we abandon our personal relations, for I never thrust my friendship on anyone. You yourself are the best judge of what this moment means to you. "The rest is silence."

Thank you for accepting Burrow's paper.

Yours sincerely, JUNG

Rodney Pybus

Blinky Pop

An ancient bugle to his lips, he sounds
his charge on spent-up housewives, pounds
their peeling doors in mock heroic rage;
and leaves with flea-pit woollens (greased *potage
de jour* of hawkers' diet), cast-offs trussed
with laddered tights, "yer ferrous", bleeding rust,
"yer non-ferrous"—copper, brass—that might afford
a "handful" for journeys into space aboard
the Brown Ale special: his stubble-banked
canal awash to the gills, the skipper tanked
way out past Hang-over Bay, Goliath-framed
in Sally Pally reach-me-downs. Untamed,
his right glass eye with marbled hustler's gaze
surveys a world that's ripe for Blinky's *fais ce
que voudras*—the eye he lost "lookin for work"—
and winks. "Hey, got owt, Missus?" He will talk
at greater length to few. He scours the sheds
of not so law-abiding folk, and beds
(or what's left), carpets, washers, irons, all
the household jetsam stacked in yards, he'll haul
out, slam on the waiting cart, and later break
down into classified armfuls to take
for weighing. Sid, the aggro son, between
trips to and from the Borstal, spits and leans
against the horse to cadge a tab, a *quid
pro quo* for filial service rendered. "Did
yer see owt like it—gan on, bugger off,
yer lazy git!" and Blinky scowls and scoffs.
For forty years he's worked the fairs, the streets,
and swears he's happy. Scorns police and hates
the middle classes. Prefers the coarse smog-grey
estates to posh suburbs, prefers to stay
among no-hoppers, "Blackies n' Pakis", and
the ghettos where a bunch of kids'll stand
to shout "Balloons, Steptoe, balloons!" He gives
them all away to bait the trap, and lives
for chance: still hovers in the rain, a hawk
half-blinded, stooping to scrap. Across the park
where the garbage flowers in concrete beds, his Last
Post hails the Tyne as Blinky mocks our waste.

Alternative Poetry

An Oxford Inaugural Lecture

OF ALL THE HEROES of ancient Ireland, none has achieved a brighter or more lasting fame than Finn MacCumhail. For seven hundred years, the men and women whose language was Gaelic clustered eagerly to hear stories of the high deeds of Finn and his Fianna or band of chosen warriors.

These stories, known to scholars as "the Fenian cycle", appear to have supplanted the earlier and more starkly heroic "Ulster cycle" in the imagination of the Irish people some time in the 13th century. They are presented as if both the narrator and his listeners believed in the historical existence of Finn and his companions; their setting is in the 3rd century A.D., during the reigns of King Cormac Mac Art and his son Caerbre. The Fianna are represented as a band of warriors who pay homage to the High King of Erin, but in other respects live independently, according to their own laws and traditions. They accept the hospitality of the people of Ireland and in return defend them against foreign invaders.

In the days of Cormac and Caerbre, Ireland had no foreign invaders, and the probability is that if the Fenian Cycle has any nucleus of historical truth, the original of Finn MacCumhail may have been some local war-leader who offered resistance to the Scandinavian invaders of a later day, such as the diabolical Magnus Barelegs who brought fire and sword through the Hebrides in the late 11th century and extended his marauding as far as the Isle of Man and Anglesey before being killed, I am glad to say, by Irish warriors in 1103. This would be borne out by the fact that the most deadly of the enemies against whom the Fianna defend Ireland are "the men of Lochlin", the name given to the North of Germany east of the Elbe and later to Denmark and Norway.

While such speculations are interesting, they concern us not at all when we approach the Fenian stories as literature. Their tone is consistently marvellous and other-worldly. Enchanters, giants, animals with human attributes, lakes and groves haunted by spirits of peculiar

power, occur everywhere. Most of the principal characters in the stories have some magical attribute or trace their descent at least partly from supernatural beings.

Thus Finn as a youth had put himself to school to an old Druid who lived beside the river Boyne. In a pool of that river, under a hazel tree that dropped on to the stream the nuts of knowledge, lived a salmon. Anyone who could catch this salmon and eat any part of its flesh would gain universal wisdom. The Druid had never succeeded in catching it, but after Finn became his apprentice he managed to do so, and gave it to Finn to cook, with instructions not to eat any of it himself. When Finn served the dish a change had come over his face, and the Druid asked him if he had eaten any of the salmon. "No", he replied, "but when I was turning it over on the spit I burnt my finger, and put it into my mouth to cool it." On hearing this the Druid set the salmon before Finn and told him to eat it, and having done so to leave his service and go out into the world, for there was nothing left that the Druid could teach him. And for the rest of his life, if Finn wanted to foretell the future, or know what was happening at a distance, he had only to put his finger into his mouth and bite on it.

Finn's wife, Saba, he first encountered in the form of a deer, fleeing from his hounds. Ordinary hounds would have killed her, but Finn's dogs, Bran and Skolawn, were the children of Tyren, sister of Murna who was Finn's mother. A woman of the Fairy Folk, having fallen in love with Murna's husband, had changed her into a hound, and in that form she had given birth to the hounds who were Finn's inseparable companions and had human knowledge. Instead of killing the fawn, they lay down beside her and began to lick her face and limbs, which alerted Finn to the fact that something magical was going on. He took the fawn to his stronghold, whereupon she changed into the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and told him how she had been put into the form of a deer by an enchanter whose love she had refused. Finn married Saba,

and they lived in great happiness, but one day while Finn was away doing battle with the Norsemen in Dublin Bay the enchanter reappeared, changed Saba back into her former shape and drove her away, never to be seen again. Finn, wild with grief, searched but never found her; and one day, more than seven years later, he was hunting on the slopes of Ben Bulbin when his hounds discovered a naked boy. Once more, the hounds of ordinary breed would have killed the child, but Bran and Skolawn kept them at bay until Finn came up. Struck by something in the boy's face and bearing, Finn took him home and had him clothed and taught language; whereupon he told how he had known no human mother but a gentle fawn, who had lived in fear of a dark enchanter who had sometimes visited them, and how one day the enchanter had come and taken the fawn away, since when he had been alone. Finn named his son Oisín (Little Fawn), and the child who had known no human speech grew up to be not only a warrior but a poet, so that tales of Finn and the Fianna were commonly attributed to Oisín, son of Finn; and Oisín became a poet in whom men believed as they believed in Homer.

THE FENIAN CYCLE acted as a powerful focus of Gaelic imagination and sentiment. Finn and his followers enjoy a free and roving life in the open air, hunting and feasting, and the tales are shot through with a nostalgia for the freedom and beauty of the wild forest that places them beside the English stories of Robin Hood. More importantly, they channelled to the people the ideals of chivalry. The Fianna are protectors and rescuers, bound by an elaborate code of service and a discipline like that of the Samurai. Before a man can be numbered among them he must prove himself a prodigious warrior; he must be buried up to the waist in the earth, and defend himself with a shield and a hazel stick against nine others who throw spears at him; if he is wounded, he has failed in his test. He must be able to leap over a stave level with his brow, and run at full speed under one level with his knee, and pick out a thorn from his foot without slackening his pace; he must be learned in the Twelve Books of Poetry, and skilful himself in making verses. With all these accomplishments, he must be brave and generous. Of Finn himself it was said that he gave away gold like the leaves of the forest, and silver like the foam of the sea.

Finn and the Fianna are indeed the Gaelic counterpart of King Arthur and the Round Table. There is even, within the cycle, a parallel to the story of Lancelot and Guinevere. Finn, advancing in years but still a mighty warrior, is betrothed to Grania, daughter of Cormac the High King.

To the palace at Tara come all the heroes of the Fianna to attend Finn's wedding feast; Grania, not welcoming the prospect of her marriage, surveys them and her choice lights on Dermid the brown-haired, a character who occupies in Celtic folklore something like the position of Adonis in Greek, irresistible to women, the hero of innumerable tales of love. Against his will she compels Dermid to flee with her, and the inevitable result is war between Dermid and Finn.

This war does not, however, lead to the breaking of the Fianna as the war between Arthur and Lancelot leads to the breaking of the Round Table. The Fianna are ultimately crushed by the power of the High King, to whom they have become a burden. Caerbre, who has succeeded to the throne, resolves to provoke a battle by making demands that the Fianna will never agree to fulfil. The battle duly takes place; Finn is not present—in some versions he afterwards arrives by sea to visit the battlefield, which may indicate that he has passed to the overseas kingdom of the dead. The Fianna are led by Oscar, son of Oisín, a man known for his hardness in war; but they are defeated, many of them are killed, and Caerbre and Oscar, in single combat, die by one another's hands. After the death of Oscar, Finn knows no more happiness; and for Oisín, too, his son's death is a theme of ceaseless lamentation. The story of this battle, which took place in the pass of Gavra, is more realistic and elegiac than the bulk of the Finn cycle; in its sadness and heroic awe, we hear a fitting swan-song for so noble a body of legend, and it is recorded that as late as the middle 19th century the shepherds and crofters who recounted the story of the battle at Gavra and the death of Oscar would do so with uncovered heads.

MANY OF THE STORIES of the Fenian cycle have no doubt been lost, but those that survive are abundant and various. Together, they form an imaginative statement of the highest possible quality: piercing in their beauty, profound in their wisdom and symbolism. Familiar as the material is, it is not yet familiar enough, and I cannot forbear two examples.

The first is the story of how Dermid, the Adonis or Lancelot or Tristram of the cycle, became marked with the love-spot which no woman could see without becoming enamoured. Dermid was out hunting with three fellow-warriors of the Fianna, Conan, Goll, and Oscar. At night, they came to a hut, in which were an old man, a wether sheep, a cat and a girl. They asked for shelter and were admitted. But when they sat down to dinner, the sheep got up on the table. One after another the warriors struggled

to cast it down, but none could do so; even the mighty Goll, who actually succeeded in flinging the sheep off the table, was overpowered by it. The old man then ordered the cat to lead the sheep away and lock it up, which it did forthwith. The warriors, bitterly ashamed, were for leaving the hut, but the old man explained that they had no need to feel disgraced. The sheep they had been fighting was the World, and the cat was the only power capable of bringing it to subjection, for the cat was Death. They retired to sleep in a large chamber, which the young maiden shared with them, her beauty making a light on the walls like that of a candle. One after another the heroes went to her bed (chastity, incidentally, is not an ideal in these stories), but she repulsed each in turn with the words "I belonged to you once, and I never will again." Last of all Dermid made his approach. "Oh, Dermid", said the girl, "I belonged to you once, and I never can again, for I am Youth: but I will set a mark on you that no woman can see without loving you." And she touched his forehead, which henceforth bore the love-spot that drew women to him while he lived.

My second example is the story of the Chase of Slievegallion.

The story begins, as usual, with a hunting expedition. One day Finn's hounds started a fawn on the slopes of the Hill of Allen, and followed it northwards until they reached the mountain of Slievegallion. Finn, becoming separated from the rest of the party, found himself beside the small lake at the top of the mountain, and beside it he saw a beautiful lady weeping bitterly. She told him that a gold ring she greatly loved had fallen from her finger into the water. Immediately Finn plunged into the lake, and after searching its every recess he found the ring and handed it up to the lady before leaving the water. She took it and disappeared, which (once again) alerted him to the presence of magic. On getting out of the lake, Finn was suddenly transformed into a very old man, feeble, dim-sighted, snowy-haired, so that even Bran and Skolawn did not know him, but ran round the lake searching for their master. The rest of the party now came up, and paused to ask the pitiable old fellow if he had seen Finn go by. Finn managed to convey to them that he was Finn and that he suspected the enchantment had been put on him by one of the daughters of Cullen the Smith, one of those magical smiths who abound in folk-lore, who lived in the Fairy Mound of Slievegallion. Immediately the Fianna hurried to the Mound, carrying Finn on a litter, and when they got there they dug furiously for three days and nights, until they were deep inside. There, a maiden confronted them offering a drinking-horn of red gold. Finn drank from it,

and at once his youth and strength were restored. His hair was still white; another draught would have restored this too, but he chose to leave it as it was.

Surely this story is great literature. Its symbolism is as profound and as beautifully imagined as that of, say, *The Winter's Tale*. At the behest of a woman, and also of his own code of conduct, Finn plunges into the waters of knowledge and suffering. On emerging, he undergoes a period of weakness and despair; as a result of further quest and effort, his strength comes back, but he carries on him the mark of that painfully-won experience which makes him fit to command and counsel his fellow-men.

THE PREDOMINANCE of the Fenian Cycle in Irish literature begins with the compilation, in about 1200, of the "Colloquy of the Ancients." This is a collection of prose tales; the dominant form of Irish mediaeval literature is the prose tale which breaks into verse at heightened moments, usually in the form of a short lyric poem uttered by one of the characters in the story.

The "Colloquy of the Ancients" is a large collection, amounting to eight thousand lines even in the incomplete manuscript which has survived. It takes the familiar mediaeval form of a collection of stories contained in an envelope of narrative and situation. Long after the Battle of Gavra and the dispersal of the Fianna, two surviving members, Caoite and Oisín—both warriors, both poets—meet and consider their situation. Each is attended by a band of eight followers, all that are left of the Fianna. Melancholy survivors, they talk over the glories of the past, then agree to part. Oisín, of whom we hear little more, betakes himself to the Fairy Mound to rejoin his mother, while Caoite journeys until he reaches the dwelling of St Patrick and his monks. (St Patrick's arrival and the conversion of Ireland are represented as happening long after the exploits of the Fianna, though in terms of historical fact they probably happened some six hundred years before.) At first the monks are terrified by the appearance of these enormous men with their wolf-hounds, but Patrick sprinkles holy water over them, whereupon a thousand legions of demons who have been hovering over them fly away and are lost in the mountains and glens. Then they settle down to talk; St Patrick asks what manner of ruler Finn was, and Caoite sings his praises and launches into a story. At first the saint is reluctant to listen to these idle tales when he should be praying and meditating, but soon he is listening eagerly, and greets each new tale with "Success and benediction attend

thee, Caolte!" They journey through Ireland; Caolte sees in every hill, wood or spring an association with Finn, and the collection has a topographical framework. Relations between St Patrick and Caolte are fair and courteous, and the saint thinks it probable that the poet will be rewarded in heaven for his art.

Thus the Colloquy of the Ancients.

The characteristic form in which the Fenian Cycle has survived, however, is in an enormous mass of ballads, sometimes written down but mainly handed on by oral tradition. And the ballads give a very different picture of St Patrick, and of the relationship between Christianity and paganism. As they tell the story, it is Oisín who confronts St Patrick, and receives grudging hospitality; St Patrick has small patience with the old blind giant, scolding him for clinging to pagan beliefs and recounting pagan stories. He assures him that his beloved Fianna are all in hell for their pains, and often contrives heartless practical jokes intended to terrify Oisín into accepting baptism. At times the two break into a grotesquely humorous flyting. Oisín, irritated by Patrick's nagging and by his interminable prayers and psalms, threatens to twist his bald head off; Patrick has a good mind to beat Oisín with his holy bell.

THESE BALLADS, widely dispersed and long remembered, form the overwhelming bulk of the Fenian Cycle as we actually have it. They are a popular, oral form, and the isolated moments when they happen to be written down are the momentary lifting of a curtain, when we glimpse them in their progress through the centuries. In 1626-27 an Irish soldier of fortune, Captain Sorley O'Donnell, employed a scribe at Ostend and another at Louvain to copy out a vast collection of ballads known as the *Duanaire Finn* ("the Poem-Book of Finn"). But long before the Fenian ballads thus wandered to the Continent, they had spread all over the Gaelic-speaking world. For many centuries, little or no racial distinction was drawn between the inhabitants of Northern Ireland and those of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. One name, Scotia, covered both; one language was spoken across the whole area. Over a century before O'Donnell's collection, one James MacGregor, a clergyman of the island of Lismore near Oban, wrote or caused to be written a collection of over eleven thousand verses of Gaelic poetry, subsequently known as *The Dean of Lismore's Book*. Twenty-eight of these poems are short, detached ballads belonging to the Fenian cycle; above several of them MacGregor has written, *Auctor hujus Ossin*.

When the methodical study of folklore began in the 19th century the collectors were out again,

and one of the most energetic and scrupulous of them, J. F. Campbell of Islay, took down from the lips of cottagers poems which differed scarcely at all from those in *The Dean of Lismore's Book*. As late as 1860 a Fenian ballad attributed to Oisín was taken down from recitation in the Isle of Barra. Back and forth across the water the ballads moved. Douglas Hyde, the friend of Yeats and historian of Irish literature, heard one of the Dean of Lismore's ballads from a peasant in County Roscommon in 1890. And so the age-long story comes down almost to living memory.

OVER MUCH THE GREATER PART of this time, the Fenian stories, in common with most Gaelic legends, remained firmly enclosed in the comparatively narrow geographical area which is their locale. For century after century, the European literary sensibility showed no awareness of their existence. The Europe of Dante and Chaucer, of Boccaccio and Shakespeare and Cervantes, of Villon and Racine and Dryden, knew nothing of Finn and Oisín.

But historical forces move in a mysterious way, their wonders to perform. In the latter half of the 18th century, the legends of the Fenian cycle made a sudden appearance on the wider stage of European literature: an appearance that was at least partly an illusion; in which they were seen and not seen; famous, yet still unknown; discussed and debated loud and long, yet in an atmosphere more remarkable for heat than for light; present to men's minds, yet present in a shape that was not their own.

This is how it happened.

IN THE HIGHLAND VILLAGE of Ruthven, on the banks of the river Spey, there lived a poor farmer named Andrew MacPherson, who was blessed with a bright, quick-witted son. This boy, James, had shown so much aptitude at the village school that his father decided, come what may, to take him from the fields and put him to a learned profession. Since the only learned profession at that time open to a boy from so humble a background was the ministry, a minister James MacPherson should be, and with this aim he attended King's College, Aberdeen, and subsequently the University of Edinburgh. In 1756, at the age of about twenty, he had finished his studies at Edinburgh, or taken them as far as he could afford, and, still too young to enter the ministry, kept for a time the charity school in his native village. Clever and ambitious, he yearned to attract notice; he wrote poems and sent them to the *Scots Magazine*, at that time the only literary periodical north of the Tweed; by some means or other, he obtained a post as tutor

in the family of Mr Graham of Balgowan, and supervised the education of the young Graham who afterwards became Lord Lynedoch, one of Wellington's ablest generals. In the summer of 1759, MacPherson accompanied the Graham family to the fashionable spa of Moffat, and there he made the acquaintance of John Home, author of the play *Douglas* which had been a success both in Edinburgh and London. Home took to MacPherson; they had many interesting literary discussions; he declared the young tutor to be a good classical scholar; and when their talk happened to turn on the ancient Gaelic poetry of the Highlands, Home, a Lowland Scot, found himself increasingly interested in what MacPherson had to say on that subject too.

Perhaps it was Home who brought up the subject. He was, without knowing anything about it, interested in the imaginative world of the Celtic Scot. One of the earliest poems in English literature to strike a chord responsive to that world is William Collins's *Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland*, considered as the *Subject of Poetry*—and Collins had been moved to write this poem after a conversation with Home, whom he had met at Winchester. Home was convinced that the poetic imagination of the Highlander was splendid and beautiful. But it was locked away in its (to him) impenetrable language. When MacPherson, who had grown up in a Gaelic-speaking village, mentioned that he knew the Gaelic poems and even had some of them in his possession, Home pressed him to translate a specimen. MacPherson demurred; the task was enormous, and he lacked confidence. But Home persisted in his request to the point where MacPherson felt it impossible to refuse. He undertook to try; for the next few days he spent much time closeted in his room; finally he came down and handed to Home a short narrative and elegiac composition, in highly cadenced and versicular prose, entitled "The Death of Oscar."

AS MACPHERSON CAME DOWN those stairs, and handed over to Home what he had written, European literature crossed one of those frontiers that mark off one era of sensibility from another. Home responded vibrantly to "The Death of Oscar"; it had all the qualities which he had long surmised the ancient Gaelic poetry to possess, if he could only lay his hands on it in translation; he asked for more and MacPherson obliged. On his return to Edinburgh, Home took several of the pieces with him and showed them to Hugh Blair, Professor of Rhetoric at the university and a man whose learning, taste, and sensibility were respected in England as well as in Scotland. Blair, too, admired the compositions; he made

the acquaintance of MacPherson. Determined to help the poems reach the wider public they so much merited, he contributed a Preface to the small gathering of quasi-Fenian poems that MacPherson published in 1760 under the title, *Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Gaelic or Erse language*.

MacPherson continued to publish his versions, and Blair continued to sponsor them. In the first flush of the enthusiasm aroused by the *Fragments*, MacPherson made it known that he had heard of the existence of a complete epic poem, *Fingal*, which might still be claimed for the written culture if speedy action could be taken. It was preserved in the memories of certain residents of the Highlands; he mentioned in particular a country doctor in Lochaber who knew it by heart from beginning to end; and this was sufficiently remarkable, for it was nine thousand lines long.

Scottish vigour and practicality came at once into play. A dinner was held; subscriptions were quickly raised; and MacPherson was sent on a tour of the Highlands to gather material. He returned with good news. He had found the epic of *Fingal*, preserved in its entirety. He published his translation of it in 1762, and followed it with *Temora* in 1763. In the latter year, Blair came out with his widely influential essay, *A Critical Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian, Son of Fingal*. (Ossian was what MacPherson called Oisín, and Fingal was what he called Finn.) Blair's essay presents the ancient bard as a poet the equal of Homer, and in many respects the superior of Virgil.

Both poets are eminently sublime; but a difference may be remarked in the species of their sublimity. Homer's sublimity is accompanied with more of a solemn and awful grandeur. Homer hurries you along; Ossian elevates, and fixed you in astonishment. Homer is most sublime in actions and battles; Ossian, in description and sentiment. In the pathetick, Homer, when he chuses to exert it, has great power; but Ossian exerts that power much oftener, and has the character of tenderness far more deeply imprinted on his works. No poet knew better how to seize and melt the heart. With regard to dignity of sentiment, the pre-eminence must clearly be given to Ossian. This is indeed a surprising circumstance, that in point of humanity, magnanimity, virtuous feelings of every kind, our rude Celtic bard should be distinguished to such a degree, that not only the heroes of Homer, but even those of the polite and refined Virgil, are left far behind by those of Ossian.

Blair also remarked the classical regularity of Ossian's poetry, as exemplified by the six-book epic *Fingal*, when judged by the canons laid down in Aristotle's *Poetics*.

Examined even according to Aristotle's rules, it will be found to have all the essential requisites of a

true and regular epic; and to have several of them in so high a degree, as at first view to raise our astonishment on finding Ossian's composition so agreeable to rules of which he was entirely ignorant. But our astonishment will cease, when we consider from what source Aristotle drew those rules. Homer knew no more of the laws of criticism than Ossian. But guided by nature, he composed in verse a regular story, founded on heroic actions, which all posterity admired. Aristotle, with great sagacity and penetration, traced the causes of this general admiration. He observed what it was in Homer's composition, and in the conduct of his story, which gave it such power to please; from this observation he deduced the rules which poets ought to follow, who would write and please like Homer; and to a composition formed according to such rules, he gave the name of an epic poem. Hence his whole system arose. Aristotle studied nature in Homer. Homer and Ossian both wrote from nature. No wonder that among all the three, there should be such agreement and conformity.

As reasoning, this is perfectly sound: if we accept Blair's account of how Aristotle arrived at his critical principles, it should follow naturally that any unspoilt primitive poet would reach the same point by the same route; indeed, the position is a familiar one in neo-classic criticism ("Nature and Homer were, he found, the same"). It is merely an accident that the truth happens to be even simpler—that the author of *Fingal* had learnt the precepts of Aristotle from Blair's own lips in the classrooms of the University of Edinburgh.

FOR MACPHERSON, strange to relate, had himself concocted nine-tenths of the material which he offered as a modern English version of ancient Gaelic. Even stranger to relate, he had invented out of whole cloth the very first poetic narrative he showed to Blair, "The Death of Oscar."

As we know, the tales and poems of the Fenian cycle represent Oscar as having been killed in the battle at Gavra in which the Fianna had gone down to its heroic end. The stories also tell of another character named Oscar, and he too was killed at Gavra, fighting on the side of the High King. MacPherson, who presumably knew the authentic story, chose to weave a tale of romantic love. He has Oscar and Dermid in love with the same maiden; neither can break free of her, but equally neither can bear the thought of injuring his friend; they fight, each hoping to be killed, and when in the end it is Oscar who kills Dermid, he has no further use for life and contrives a picturesque suicide at the hand of the damsel herself. Of all this, Gaelic tradition knows nothing. Nor does MacPherson's fragment make any recognisable gesture towards such tradition. It is lachrymose and elegiac in the fashion of mid-18th-century pre-romanticism.

Why openest thou afresh the spring of my grief,
O son of Alpin, inquiring how Oscar fell? My eyes
are blind with tears; but memory beams on my
heart. How can I relate the mournful death of the
head of the people? Prince of the warriors, Oscar,
my son! shall I see thee no more?

He fell as the moon in a storm, as the sun from
the midst of his course, when clouds rise from the
waste of the waves, when the blackness of the storm
inwraps the rocks of Ardanmidder. I, like an ancient
oak on Morven, I moulder alone in my place. The
blast hath lopped my branches away; and I tremble
at the wings of the north. Prince of the warriors,
Oscar, my son! shall I see thee no more?

Dermid and Oscar were one; they reaped the
battle together. Their friendship was as strong as
their steel; and death walked between them to the
field. They came on the foe like two rocks falling
from the brows of Arden. Their swords were
stained with the blood of the valiant: warriors fainted
at their names. . . .

By the brook of the hill their graves are laid; a
birch's unequal shade covers their tomb. Often on
their green earthen tombs the branchy sons of the
mountain feed, when midday is all in flames and
silence is over all the hills.

IN HIS SUBSEQUENT COMPOSITIONS, MacPherson did not always follow this policy of totally original invention. Often, he incorporated into the work fragments of material to which parallels exist in the authentic tradition. But while he was not totally averse to using genuine Gaelic material, he remained obstinately averse from the flavour, the style, the *haecceitas* of anything that he found either on the lips of the people or in the manuscript collections. His taste was entirely that of the 1760s: or rather, to be more precise, it was that of the 1770s and '80s, manifesting itself a few years before it was fully accepted and acknowledged.

To anticipate the next swerve of taste is exactly what every popular writer longs to be able to do. MacPherson did it, and his success was immediate and spectacular. No best-seller ever best-sold like the works which he proffered as those of "Ossian", slightly modifying the bard's name to make it easy for the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

AND NOT THE ANGLO-SAXON TONGUE only. Very soon the name was being enthusiastically mispronounced in every corner of Europe. In the next few years, translations appeared into German, Italian, Spanish, French, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Polish, Russian and Greek. European men of letters as diverse as Klopstock and Lamartine took up Blair's suggestion that a fruitful comparison might be drawn between Ossian and Homer; both preferred Ossian. The youthful Goethe, apparently prompted by Herder, translated copious extracts from Ossian, and introduced his poetry at a crucial point of *The Sorrows of Werther*; it is the last book from which Werther reads aloud to Charlotte, the

night before he commits suicide. The immense vogue of Goethe's book carried the vogue of Ossian along with it. Napoleon Bonaparte was passionately fond of both. Napoleon read the works of Ossian in the Italian translation of Cesarotti; he is said to have modelled some of his despatches on their style, which must have made them less effective as despatches; he showed his admiration by founding an academy of Celtic studies in Paris, and by rewarding Cesarotti. The Ossianic impulse erupted into drama in Arnault's five-act tragedy *Oscar, fils d'Ossian*, in 1796, and even into music; when a composer named Méhul wrote his opera *Uthal*, in the Ossianic style, he dispensed with violins in the orchestra and used instead a chorus of tenor voices, to heighten the effect of numinous melancholy.

The treatment of Ossian by the sprightly Mme de Staël in her *De la Littérature, considérée dans ses rapports avec les institutions sociales* (1800) may fairly be taken as typical of the Continental approach. She is a strong believer in the influence of climate and habitat on the literary imagination; to her, as to Herder, a literature is primarily an expression of the deeper emotional and spiritual nature of a people. Distinguishing two traditions in Europe, *la littérature du midi* (the achievement of Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, and the French of the epoch of Louis XIV) and *la littérature du nord* (mainly English and German, with a side-glance at Danish and Swedish), she finds the origin and fountainhead in Homer and Ossian respectively.

Mme de Staël wisely declines a direct literary comparison between Ossian and Homer. She sees them as representing different stages. Ossian is like one of those primitive singers who made the rough popular ballads on which Homer based his poems; his work is, so to speak, pre-epic, closer to folk-material. For a somewhat similar reason, Ossian's poems, though she has claimed them as the pure paradigm of "northern literature", do not in fact contain that wealth of philosophical ideas and original speculation which, again according to her own account, distinguish *la littérature du nord* from *la littérature du midi*. This, too, is owing to their early date; being of such antiquity, they represent the human mind at a stage before the power of speculation was developed; but they provide, in their intense and brooding melancholy, the essential precondition and groundwork of speculation.

Altogether, Mme de Staël shows more caution and good sense than was common among the admirers of MacPherson's "Ossian" in the British Isles. She side-steps the question of the exact place occupied by "Ossian" in the family tree of Northern literature, of which poets were, and which were not, directly influenced by him, and contents herself with the statement that,

whatever were the historical contours of the matter, Ossian is the perfect diagram of *la littérature du nord* in its pristine state:

Les chantes d'Ossian (Barde, qui vivait dans le quatrième siècle) étaient connus des Ecossois et des hommes de lettres en Angleterre, avant que MacPherson les eût recueillis. En appelant Ossian l'origine de la littérature du nord, j'ai voulu seulement... l'indiquer comme le plus ancien poète auquel l'on puisse rapporter le caractère particulier à la poésie du nord. Les fables islandaises, les poésies scandinaves du neuvième siècle, origine commune de la littérature anglaise et de la littérature allemande, ont la plus grande ressemblance avec les traits distinctifs des poésies Erse et du poème de Fingal.

Mme de Staël, writing before the colossal effort of research made by the 19th and 20th centuries, is understandably vague about the family tree of European literature in the Dark Ages. But in her tastes and preferences she is perfectly clear-cut. She enjoys the poems of Ossian and finds them venerable, stimulating, authoritative. And so did Home and Blair; so did Goethe, Napoleon, Herder, Lessing, Schiller, Novalis and Chateaubriand. Only very slowly did the belief die out in Continental Europe that "Ossian" was the Homer of the British Isles, and MacPherson his true and selfless intermediary.

SUCH, IN BARE OUTLINE, is the story of how MacPherson transformed Oisín into Ossian, and made of the Fenian stories a dish that pleased the palate of all Europe for a generation. It is a familiar story enough, and my excuse for recounting it once again must be a contemporary one.

I believe there are lessons to be drawn from the story of MacPherson and his Ossian: that the literary upheaval of the 1760s has been very exactly paralleled by the literary upheaval of the 1960s: that the tolerance we extend, in retrospect, to those eminent critics who took "Ossian" for the equal of Homer may have to be extended likewise to those critics of our day who are impressed by the outbreak of psychedelic and improvisatory verse, or versicular utterance, in the same years of our century.

Let me be specific. The years since 1960 have seen a mass turning away from the notion of poetry as an art that used to have something in common with music, and towards a more or less improvisatory style which aims at one of two objectives: either to simulate the ravings of a drug-addict, or to inculcate very simple political and social messages. In either case it represents the deliquescence of a tradition. The former is a degeneration from the tradition of Surrealism, and the latter from the tough and urgent "committed" poetry of Mayakovsky, Brecht, or the

early Auden. What the two styles have in common is an impoverishment, a rejection of resources. Most of the instruments and strategies that poets have used immemorably are cast aside. Form, which used to hold the precious liquor of a poem as a jug holds milk, is broken for no other purpose than to allow the milk to spill on to the ground. Verbal nuance and literary allusion are rejected as "élitist", the implied directive being that what all cannot achieve, no one must. The result is a poetry which can minister only to a warm feeling of togetherness, a collective *frisson*. Understandably, it flourishes better at "poetry readings" (or, more flamboyantly, "read-ins") than on the printed page, being written not for those who wish to read, and ponder, and re-read, but for those who need each other's company in a crowded space, and a poet up on the platform dealing with the latest important experience, glorifying the latest idol, in lines simple and porous enough to be rewritten, in a few minutes, to meet the demands of next week's political *dénouement* or social current.

THE COMPARISON HOLDS because MacPherson, too, proceeded by the route of simplification and impoverishment. Of the richness he found in his sources, he retained very little. The whole of the narrative element went out of the window for a start. The Fenian stories as he found them were swift, colourful, full of invention and symbolism. Their tone was often melancholy and elegiac, but almost equally often gay and rejoicing, full of appreciation of nature and love of life. MacPherson flattened all this into a monotonous lachrymosity. In doing so he hammered at exactly the right point to produce a sharp reflex jerk from the literary nerve-centres of his generation. His work is in fact very similar to the prose churned out by advertising agencies. A few stock responses are walloped again and again. And the poetry of our present-day MacPhersons can be shown, by an elementary critical exercise, to exhibit the same resemblance. What we are discussing is the difference between depth and shallowness, between rich complexity and impoverished pattern-making. The real poet evokes the deep, universally shared archetype; the ad. man rings Pavlov's little bell.

It is not—perhaps I ought to underline, here—a matter of conscious charlatanism. MacPherson was convinced that he was offering something valuable. He was, in his way, as firmly in the grip of a *δαίμων* as the most authentic poet. This

is proved, I think, by the fact that his first offering to Blair, "The Death of Oscar", was invented out of whole cloth. If MacPherson had been an astute opportunist, he would have used in that first exercise such authentic material as he had to hand, trusting that more would come his way. The fact that he pushed aside such genuine material as he possessed, and went ahead with the insipid contents of his own mind, indicates that he, as much as any great poet, wrote what he had to write.

Nor was it, in MacPherson's case—and here we note a parting of the ways between MacPherson and the equivalent figures in our own time—a question of issuing a direct challenge to the prevailing literary modes and assumptions. MacPherson, faced with the established literary culture of the eighteenth century, wanted not to lick it but to join it. This is the significance of the skirmish between him and Samuel Johnson. Johnson represented Augustan literary culture, and he repulsed MacPherson's attempt to be taken seriously within the citadel of that culture. This was fair, because MacPherson had tried to get in at the front door. Augustan culture set a very high value on the epic poem, yet was itself unable, because of its prevailing rationalistic and urbane atmosphere, to nurture an epic poet. The gap was filled by translations of ancient epic poetry into the Augustan mode. Hence the constant lip-service, and perhaps more than lip-service, to two great translations, Pope's Homer and Dryden's Virgil. To these two, MacPherson wished to add a third—MacPherson's Ossian.

No rebel he; in fact he can stand as the type of the perfect *apparatchik*. His career was a model of discreet and rapid climbing. He was patronised by Bute; went to Florida as secretary to Governor Johnstone; on his return became active in controversy on the government side; was elected to Parliament for a Cornish borough; received a pension from Lord North's government; became confidential agent to the Nabob of Arcot, and by so doing amassed considerable wealth; finally retired to his native heath, where he built a splendid mansion and was a beneficent landlord. He left instructions that he was to be buried in Westminster Abbey, and the instructions were carried out.

MACPHERSON'S INVOLVEMENT in the pseudo-revival of ancient Gaelic literature was an affair of his youth. His work was finished by the time he was twenty-six, though at various times in later life he was forced to spend some energy on defending his position or evading detection.¹

¹ The episode of his threatening Johnson with physical harm, and receiving in reply the famous letter of 20 January, 1775, belongs to one of these later periods.

But, like many men who later wander far from the paths of literature, MacPherson was, for a few years in his youth, genuinely in the grip of an imaginative impulse.

The nature of this impulse is easy to see. He was one of those who received advance warning of the seismic upheaval of Romanticism. They were a mixed band. We are sometimes apt to imagine, under the influence of the all-pervading notion of "progress", that the most advanced artist, the one who most clearly anticipates the next stage in the history of his art, is the best. But this will not stand examination. In 18th-century poetry, for instance, it is clear that Johnson and Goldsmith, who are conservative in style and attitude, are better poets (in any sense that I can attach to the word "better") than Collins or the Gray of the *Odes*, though it is these poets who point towards the new developments. Certainly they are far better than MacPherson. The privilege of receiving a special message from the *Zeitgeist* is, like Grace as imagined by the Jansenists, distributed with no regard for merit. MacPherson, within his limitations (and they were formidable), was stimulated into writing by the message of the *Zeitgeist*.

The *Zeitgeist* was also, of course, responsible for that astonishing wave of antiquarian energy that fuelled the literary research of the second half of the 18th century. Mediaeval literature, both polite and popular, lay waiting to be discovered after the studied neglect of the centuries of the Renaissance. The collectors went out, after ballads, after minstrel poems, after romances; and where the material they found did not match up with their imaginative vision of what mediaeval literature should be like, they unhesitatingly altered it.

Nowadays, with our scrupulous and quasi-scientific standards in these matters, we shake our heads over the buccaneering approach of the 18th-century connoisseur. An editor like Percy, confronted by several versions of a ballad, made his own recension by picking out the verses he enjoyed most, and could seldom resist the temptation to prettify the result still further in the direction of 18th-century taste. The result was not scholarship, but it did something which a purer scholarship might not have been able to do: it attracted a mass public towards certain facets of mediaeval literature, and this public gave crucial support to Romantic poetry in its first phase.

The procedure of a man like Percy was governed mainly by a genuine curiosity about the material he was uncovering, and partly by a desire, unconfessed and perhaps not fully admitted to consciousness, to contribute to the imaginative literature of his own day. We can

see the elements at work in many figures of that time. Occasionally, the impulse to fabricate overcame the impulse to preserve and edit so completely that the results have been called "forgeries"; such are the works of MacPherson and Chatterton, and of that strange character Robert Surtees, who sent to Sir Walter Scott a series of ballads which he claimed to have had from the recitations of aged peasants, some of them his own servants, and as to whose provenance he gave minute particulars. Surtees himself, though Scott never suspected it, was the author of every syllable.

Obviously what we have here is the impulse to write a certain kind of poetry, an impulse overwhelming in its intensity, yet not sufficiently self-confident to offer itself as that alone. To claim for one's own compositions that they are interesting, venerable survivals, invested with the mystery and beauty of a remote past, is to give them the protective colouring of something larger and more impersonal than one's own individual imagination.

FOR AN INTERESTING PARALLEL, we might profitably glance in the direction of Iolo Morganwg, who performed for Welsh literature something like the same spectacular disservice as MacPherson did for Gaelic, but was in all other respects entirely different. MacPherson's escapade, as I have noted, was an affair of his youth; Iolo Morganwg spent the whole of his long life in the passionate study of Welsh literature and antiquities. Far better than anyone else in his day (the late 18th and early 19th century) he understood the nature of Welsh poetry from the 14th century onwards. But, exactly as in the case of MacPherson, he was afflicted from the beginning with a wish to intervene, to participate, to raise his own voice in the chorus of the great poets of the past.

As a youth, Iolo Morganwg made the acquaintance of a clergyman, Thomas Richards of Coychurch, who had published a Welsh-English Dictionary. This important work of scholarship contained many examples of the diction of the old bards, accompanied by illustrative quotations from their works. Iolo Morganwg made a careful study of these words. At the same time he coined hundreds of new ones, and for these too he provided illustrative quotations, made up by himself and attributed to bards whose names he found in the manuscripts he was already beginning to collect.

So it went on. Having noticed a resemblance between the work of the Troubadours and that of Dafydd ap Gwilym, he formed the theory that the Bards of Glamorgan in the 12th century had

been exposed to the influence of the Troubadours during habitual visits to the Norman Castles in the Vale. If he could have stopped there, he would have been a scholar. But he was also a poet, of the demented and underground type represented by MacPherson. He invented a poet, Rhys Goch ap Rhicert ab Einion ap Collwyn, and to this figure he attributed fifteen poems of his own composition.

Later in life, Iolo Morganwg became interested in the Druids, whom he regarded as the ancestors of the bards. He began to put together a vast comprehensive account of the Druidical thinking, and into this account he wove ideas he had come across in books on the Jewish Cabbala, Brahminism, Hinduism, theosophy, and mysticism. Himself a man of the age of Rousseau, a believer in the political and social ideas which found their outlet in the French Revolution, he saw a connection between the Druids and the advanced thinkers of his own day. To a friend in London he wrote, "I am giving you the patriarchal religion and theology, the divine revelation given to mankind, and these have been retained in Wales until our own day. . . . I am giving the venerable remains of the theology and economy of the primitive world." And again: "I am describing a state of society wherein the noblest and most benign of human affections had obtained the ascendancy." And yet again: "I have inherited the traditions of a world that had not been corrupted by wealth and civilisation."

Thus did Iolo Morganwg fuse two white-hot elements—his vision of the revolutionary or quasi-Pantisocratic future and his equally ardent vision of the lost, but recoverable, Golden Age. The sheer amount of information he marshalled in this process makes MacPherson look like a child. So inextricable is the blend of learning and fantasy that he muddled the waters of scholarship for a hundred years. What is more to our immediate purpose, the impulse to learn, to discover and to disseminate was, in Iolo Morganwg, identical with the impulse to create. The two formed a seamless fabric.

SO IT WAS with MacPherson. He had already failed as a poet within the accepted mid-18th-century conventions. When his imagination boiled up again, it did so within a form which would never have been taken seriously unless he had presented it under the umbrella offered by Home and Blair.

His interest in the Gaelic originals was minimal. In so far as he knew them at all, he disliked them. Since MacPherson never visited Ireland and had no contacts there, it is unlikely that he knew of the prose tales which were preserved in Irish manuscripts. His own research was mainly field-

work, conducted in that one hurried visit to the Highlands and Islands in 1759. What he found was a mass of modern balladry, which he disliked both in matter and manner. This wretched stuff could not possibly have been the utterance of an ancient epic bard. It must be late, degenerate, an importation from Ireland (for MacPherson, naturally, wished to believe and therefore did believe that Oisín was a Scot like himself).

The melancholy tone of the Fenian cycle, the grieving over departed glories, he retained and grotesquely magnified. But the other characteristic which virtually all the stories have in common, their preoccupation with the marvellous, he rejected with sarcasm. Indeed, the chief argument by which he sought to demolish the authenticity of the Irish Fenian ballads, and thus preserve the tradition intact as a Scottish possession, was that the Irish poems were marked by absurdities which they must have collected during their passage through the Middle Ages, a period for which he felt as much scorn as any Renaissance humanist.

I have just now in my hands, all that remain of those compositions [sc. "the Irish poems concerning Fion"]; but, unluckily for the antiquities of Ireland, they appear to be the work of a very modern period. Every stanza, nay almost every line, affords striking proofs, that they cannot be three centuries old. Their allusions to the manners and customs of the fifteenth century, are so many, that it is a matter of wonder to me, how any one could dream of their antiquity. They are entirely writ in that romantic taste, which prevailed two ages ago. Giants, enchanted castles, dwarfs, palfreys, witches and magicians form the whole circle of the poet's invention. The celebrated Fion could scarcely move from one hillock to another, without encountering a giant, or being entangled in the circles of a magician. Witches on broomsticks were continually hovering round him, like crows; and he had freed enchanted virgins in every valley in Ireland. In short, Fion, great as he was, passed a disagreeable life.

Just as MacPherson poured polite urban sarcasm on the subject-matter of the Fenian poems, so he held austere aloof from the actual form in which he encountered them, which was that of the ballad. Even if he had had the skill to write convincing ballad-poetry while completely altering the stories of the originals, he would not have done so. The ballad was firmly identified with a tradition for which MacPherson had as little use as he had for the prevailing tradition of polite poetry. It was associated with folk-art, and MacPherson would have none of that. True, Ossian's poetry embodied the very spirit of a people, as Mme de Staël was to confirm when she saw in it the essential outlines of *la littérature du Nord*; but this embodiment was a matter of a stately art, highly-charged and elevated. Somewhat later than MacPherson, but very much

under his influence, the German writers of the *Sturm und Drang* were to elaborate the theory of the *Volkslied*: but *The Volkslied*, if people's song at all, was no rude or homespun lyricism but works of an enormous grandeur among which they numbered the epics of Homer, the Bible, the *Nibelungenlied* and, inevitably, the works of Ossian.

In Iolo Morganwg, we find the same current of feeling on which MacPherson, some thirty years previously, had launched his Ossian. But whereas Iolo Morganwg had kept his fabrications within the original language, MacPherson had launched his into the wide sea of European letters by the medium of English. And, to recapitulate, he had (1) exploited a widespread dissatisfaction with prevailing literary modes without issuing a formal challenge to those modes, seeking acceptance and inclusion rather than collision, and (2) avoided tissue-rejection by passing off his original work as translation.

BOTH THESE PROCEDURES survived into our own century. When, round about 1914, a new generation of poets began to find the accepted modes of European poetry no longer possible to work in, they infiltrated their new procedures partly under the guise of translation, and partly under the umbrella of a criticism which set out to re-group the major works of the tradition without ceasing to pay attention to them.

The classic period of modern poetry, at any rate in the English language, began about 1914. (When it ended is slightly less clear-cut, but that it *has* ended will need no demonstration.) Its central critical document is T. S. Eliot's essay "Tradition and the Individual Talent", written in 1919. In that statement, made on the threshold of his life's work, Eliot faced the problem of an entrenched literary taste and a culture whose arteries were beginning to harden.

In the orthodox literary opinion of that time, the classics were the classics, they were established beyond dispute, all that was needed was to take the most recent of them as one's starting-point and continue the line with a few minor and allowable variations—this was the "continuous literary decorum" from whose adherents Robert Bridges foresaw a resistance to Gerard Manley Hopkins. Intent himself on innovation, Eliot urged that the relationship of the classics with the modern original mind was a fluid one. Not only did the past, as everyone knew, influence the present; the present could also influence the past, since the backward look modifies the object. The order of precedence among the established classics was not immutable; it could be altered by the appearance of a new masterpiece, causing some

to be shifted slightly to one side, others to be brought nearer to the centre, as the new work modified the sensibility with which we regarded them. We continued to need them all, but the intensity of our need and the direction of our gaze could vary; it was a living and reciprocal process. Tradition, in Eliot's words,

cannot be inherited, and if you want it you must obtain it by great labour. It involves, in the first place, the historical sense, which we may call nearly indispensable to anyone who would continue to be a poet beyond his twenty-fifth year; and the historical sense involves a perception, not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence; the historical sense compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in his bones, but with a feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole of the literature of his own country has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order.

It is this simultaneous order which is constantly open to change and adjustment, constantly responding to the developments of the original and contributing mind, constantly open to what Matthew Arnold called in another connection "the soft play of life."

This attitude found, I think, its first systematic formulation in Eliot's essay. But it was not totally new. It had long been accepted as a working principle by the European literary mind. When Blair or Mme de Staël went over the history of literature with a mental crowbar in order to find a place for Ossian beside Homer, and having established that relationship went on to define and discuss it, they were being traditional in Eliot's sense; they were arguing that they, and everyone else, would henceforth live in a slightly altered relationship with the Greek and Latin epic.

MacPherson's other strategy, the avoidance of tissue-rejection by introducing the new material as translation, is equally in evidence in the early years of classical modern poetry. When Arthur Waley's *170 Chinese Poems* appeared in 1918, Waley certainly intended them to be taken seriously as literal translations, which they were. But the effect of these poems, coming as they did at the moment when the new modes of English and American poetry were just struggling into existence by means of Imagism and its kindred impulses, was profoundly encouraging. Waley did not present his translations as free verse; he had a definite system, which was, he explained, that

Each character in the Chinese is represented by a stress in the English; but between the stresses unstressed syllables are of course interposed. In a few instances where the English insisted on being shorter than the Chinese, I have preferred to vary the metre of my version, rather than pad out the line with unnecessary verbiage.

The result was a poetry that was bound to give crucial encouragement to the new approach to verse in English. The level diction, the detached, ironic tone which could yet adapt to the expression of profound emotion, fell refreshingly on ears hardened to such trumpeters as Kipling, Newbolt and Chesterton. A poem like this, for instance—"Civilisation", by Yüan Chieh.

*To the south-east—three thousand leagues—
The Yüan and Hsiang form into a mighty lake.
Above the lake are deep mountain valleys,
And men dwelling whose hearts are without guile.
Gay like children, they swarm to the tops of the trees;
And run to the water to catch bream and trout.
Their pleasures are the same as those of beasts and
birds;
They put no restraint either on body or mind.
Far have I wandered throughout the Nine Lands;
Wherever I went such manners had disappeared.
I find myself standing and wondering, perplexed,
Whether Saints and Sages have really done us good.*

Another important statement in Waley's Introduction was this:

Above all, considering imagery to be the soul of poetry, I have avoided either adding images of my own or suppressing those of the original.

The next few years saw a poetry which attempted to pare away all discursive elements and proceed almost entirely by images, grouped together as a painter might group them, and conveyed in unceremonious, immediate language. How could such Imagist poetry fail to take strength and comfort from Waley's collection, rich as it was in poems like this one?—"Flowers and Moonlight on the Spring River", by the Emperor Yang-ti.

*The evening river is level and motionless—
The spring colours just open to their full.
Suddenly a wave carries the moon away
And the tidal water comes with its freight of stars.*

But there is no need of conjecture. Three years before Waley's book, an original poet with no more than the most impressionistic notion of Chinese had published a small but supremely important collection of poems which used the protective colouring of "translation-from-Chinese" to introduce a diction and a rhythm that appeared strange at the time but soon became accepted and then conventional.

This was Ezra Pound's *Cathay*, published in 1915. Pound was not a scholar like Waley; but he was a poet who had heard something. Perhaps it was his own voice that he heard; but the Chinese originals, however travestied, gave him the enduring cliff-face from which his voice could echo back to his own ears. And no young English or American poet, reading Pound's version of "The River-Merchant's Wife: A Letter", would be able afterwards to get that rhythm quite out of his head.

I HOPE TO HAVE ESTABLISHED, by now, that MacPherson's procedure in offering an "alternative poetry" was one that survived, in all essentials, to the threshold of our own period of literary history. His methods, which we have surveyed, were two-fold. Neither is alive today. There has been a radical change in the situation of poetry, and this is the focus of that change.

When Blair or Mme de Staël re-wrote the history of European literature, when the young MacPherson or the young Ezra Pound heard a new melody and a new rhythm inside their heads, it was necessary immediately to confront the problem of domesticating the strange in the company of the familiar. They faced a public, a "world of letters", which recognised certain assumptions and procedures and was unwilling to let go of them or to modify them very radically. Now, there is no such public, no such world of letters. The habits and expectations which bound them together have melted away, in the last twenty-five years—not a result of hostile action on the part of innovators who did not accept them, but simply as a result of the changes in the whole structure of our civilisation.

These changes, as no one will need to be told, have been brought about by technology. Without argument, without appeal to any body of opinion, the vast reorganisation in our circumstances has quietly, while we were looking the other way, dismantled anything resembling a "tradition" either in the old-style conventional sense or in the refined sense postulated by Eliot. We see this in all the arts. In the world of Mozart, a composer during his formative years had very little opportunity to hear music other than that produced within his own society, springing directly from its physical and social conditions, played by orchestras made up of musicians who had learnt their techniques in a direct father-to-son manner, on instruments made by craftsmen whose skills were equally local and traditional. After recognition and fame, the composer might be enabled to travel, and perhaps hear music from outside his own area. But by that time his sensibility was formed. And *mutatis mutandis* this was the case in the visual arts. Compare our own time, when the budding composer has only to walk to the record-shop on the corner to be deluged with the sounds of every civilisation, every epoch, every corner of the earth, with no one of them "predominant"; where the developing painter or sculptor grows up in the feverishly mushrooming jungle created by the total availability of all styles.

It is M. Malraux who has given us the basic metaphor for this aesthetic environment by coining the phrase "*le musée imaginaire*." And it would be vain to imagine that where music and

painting and sculptures have gone, literature could avoid following. Of course language is a more dense medium than sound or colour, and a poem or a novel cannot overleap national frontiers without some effort and delay; but the notion of a central core of tradition has crumbled just as effectively in literature as in the other arts. The imaginary museum has no walls. Any young poet growing into his art, from now on, will be saturated with everything from Greek tragic choruses to Beowulf, from Tu Fu to Baudelaire, from the oral tradition as we were considering it at the outset to the popcrete/concrete photo-poem as constructed by Shimizu Toshihiko—and *simultaneously*. In the face of this, it is not surprising that so many of them are afraid to grow up at all, retreating into a know-nothing infantilism by comparison with which MacPherson's *Ersatz* would actually seem rather interesting.

THE RIGHT WAY TO MEET the situation created by the imaginary museum is, of course, the same as the right way to meet any situation: to exploit its advantages as well as putting up with its defects.

For the poet of today, virtually anything is possible. No one starts from a more favoured position than anyone else, no one is closer to or further away from the centre than anyone else; no one (outside the busy but unimportant coteries who recruit our literary Secret Police) is in fashion or out of fashion. A good poet writing in English today might with perfect reasonableness choose from among a wide range of approaches and methods. He might be drawn towards surrealism, which has survived best in the Latin countries; or to the all-digesting long poem that comes down ultimately from Pound through channels as diverse as Charles Olson and David Jones; or he might go to the other extreme and meditate the possibilities of the short, intensely radiating poem, haiku or cynghanedd. Or he might turn to the English alliterative line as developed with classical tightness in Anglo-Saxon poetry and loosened in the Middle Ages until it becomes the supple and resilient medium of *Piers Plowman* and *Gawain and the Green Knight*; or he might look outside Europe towards the rich possibilities of a form like the ghazal, which occupies something like the same place in Islamic literature as the sonnet in that of Europe, but with the great advantage of not being tied to a fixed length. And so on. All these forms have been used by great poets, but even that greatness did not necessarily exhaust them. There is room

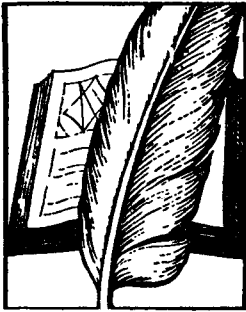
in them for new soil and new roots.

ONE DEMAND, in return, the imaginary museum will henceforth make on every artist. He will have to take the reader, listener or looker into his confidence. The poet will say to his reader, "This is how I propose to work—along these lines, starting from these premises and working out my freedom within these conventions." It will have to be a relationship of trust, of friendship even. The poet will not be ashamed to explain a little what he is doing, to give his reader the ground-rules; in the imaginary museum, no one knows where everything comes from and what it is conveying. There will have to be an element of invitation, with the poet saying to his reader, "Will you come with me? Shall we share this experience?"

Any such procedure, of course, would involve abandoning the convention of *épater le bourgeois*, the imperative to spit in the face of the public, to shock and wound. I believe this convention is as out of date, in any case, as the top hat and the hansom cab. There is no longer an entrenched conservative bourgeoisie of the kind that existed in 1910, and we shall get on better when we have ceased to make believe that there is.

THE EXPRESSION "ALTERNATIVE POETRY" has been coined just at the time when the thing itself has disappeared for ever. There can never again be an alternative poetry because there can never be, in the arts, a simple either/or. And along with the obsolescence of alternative poetry will go the obsolescence of its social offshoot, poetry conceived as a test of fitness to survive. (If you enjoy being bombarded with the right obscenities, applaud the right political catch-phrases and generally show solidarity, you are fit to live in the Cockaigne of radical chic in which all good things will be made easy, and if you don't you will be cast out.)

If poetry is to survive as an art—and there are many people among the readers of poetry, and even among the writers of it, who would like this to come about—the choice is now clear. Is the relationship of the poet and his audience to be that of St Patrick and Oisín, jangling and flying and seeking always to upstage and disconcert one another? Or is it to be that of St Patrick and Caolte, with the hearer delighted by the wonderful things that the poet has to tell, and his beautiful and memorable way of telling them? *Success and benediction attend thee.*



Column

THE EXTRACTS from the Freud/Jung correspondence which are printed in this issue of ENCOUNTER will convey, I hope, some idea of the relationship between these two remarkable men. But extracts alone cannot do

justice to the scope of the correspondence as a whole. Continued over seven years, and comprising some 360 letters (some of great length), it covers the vital period in which the two correspondents were struggling to secure public recognition of the value and validity of Freud's ideas. As such it is an essential document in the history of one of the greatest intellectual revolutions of our time.¹

When the correspondence began, in 1906, Freud was fifty, and living in Vienna in a state of what he himself described as "splendid isolation." He had already published *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1899), which he regarded as the rock on which his entire work was built, *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* (1901), and, in 1905, *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality*, which had provoked intense hostility and brought him into disrepute because of its insistence on the fundamental importance of sexuality in infancy and childhood. In 1902 he had been given the title of Professor by the University of Vienna; but he held no chair, and so far as his views were known at all they were regarded, outside a very limited circle, with ridicule, contempt, and abhorrence as a form of pseudo-scientific pornography.

For Freud, therefore, the discovery that in C. G. Jung he had a disciple who regarded his ideas with sympathy and understanding was an immense encouragement. Jung was not only young, gifted and energetic; he was also an assistant physician at the Burghölzli Mental Hospital in Zürich, which under the directorship first of Auguste Forel and then of Eugen Bleuler had acquired an international reputation as a centre of research into, and treatment of, mental disorders. To have secured a foothold in such an institution, and to learn that his ideas were, to some extent at least, shared not only by Jung but by Bleuler himself and his associates, was for Freud a major victory. Burghölzli provided him with a strategic base from which, with the aid of Jung, he could advance and propagate the cause

of psychoanalysis and achieve for his ideas the scientific acceptance which had previously been denied them. He quickly came to see in Jung a young knight in armour, *sans peur et sans reproche*, who would challenge the scientific and medical world to battle on his behalf. Even more, he came to look on him as a spiritual son and heir who would inherit and expand the kingdom he had founded, an Alexander to his Philip of Macedon, who would extend the psychoanalytic empire to the limits of the civilised world.

And what a kingdom it was! Populated by every spectre and demon which have ever haunted the human psyche, an underworld of fairy tale and fantasy, myth, delusion and madness, into which no one had ever penetrated before, unless as it were blindfold and by accident, but never armed, as Freud believed he was, with the flashing sword of scientific truth to liberate men and women from the primeval darkness in which they had hitherto lived. And not only men and women, but the human psyche itself, crippled, crazed and contorted by society's refusal to recognise the power of the dark forces of its own sexuality, the primal source not only of mankind's greatest misery but of its greatest splendour.

THE CORRESPONDENCE SHOWS HOW FAR, in the end, where Jung was concerned, Freud's hopes were cheated. Begun in trust and confidence on both sides it ends in the abrupt agreement to sever all personal relations. What surprises one most in the unfolding of this drama is that neither of the actors in it seems to have foreseen its predestined end. For what else is the story but a repetition of the ancient legend of Oedipus and his father, the king, and to whom was that legend more real, vivid, and alive than to Freud and Jung? Did Freud have no premonition of disaster when, in his letters, he proclaimed Jung his appointed son and successor or (sometimes) "the regent" who should rule in his place when Freud's absence demanded it—or Jung when he recognised in Freud the father figure to which, as a son, he owed filial piety and submission? Even to the naive, unversed in the mysteries of the psyche, the relationship of father and son, of teacher and pupil, of saint and disciple, is notoriously a dangerous and ambivalent one. Why was it not obvious to this remarkable pair who saw slain fathers and usurping sons in every family? Or did they think that their researches into the psyche, and the techniques of psychoanalysis, were a sufficient shield against the dangers to which other fathers and sons are exposed? If they did, then even the element of *hubris*, of the pride that goeth before the fall, is not lacking from the manner in which they played out their repetition of an ancient myth.

¹ *The Freud/Jung Letters*. Edited by WILLIAM MCGUIRE. Princeton University Press, \$17.50; The Hogarth Press and Routledge & Kegan Paul, £7.95.

FROM THIS POINT OF VIEW, the correspondence is the record of a strangely moving and touching tragedy, which is not concealed or disguised by the courtesies, the mutual deference, the care for each other's susceptibilities, which were maintained up to the very end. It is significant that, even when both Freud and Jung were sufficiently famous to become legitimate objects of historical and biographical research, neither was anxious for their correspondence to see the light of day. Jung's letters to Freud lay lost among his papers until long after Freud was dead; and Jung ordered that none of them should be published until at least twenty years after his own death. He affected to think that they were too "unimportant" to be of historical interest, and wrote about the correspondence:

"For me it is an unfortunately inexpugnable reminder of the incredible folly that filled the days of my youth. The journey from cloud-cuckoo land to reality lasted a long time. In my case Pilgrim's Progress consisted in my having to climb down a thousand ladders until I could reach out my hand to the little clod of earth that I am."

It was not until 1970 that the sons of the two correspondents, meeting like the diplomatic representatives of two ex-belligerent Great Powers, finally agreed that all the letters should be published and so made possible this admirable edition with its wealth of scholarly and informative annotation. And even then past hostilities, old hurts and pains, cast their shadows. Ernst Freud, agreeing to publication, wrote: "In order to guarantee impartiality, these letters will be printed like historical documents, that is to say without any comments whatsoever, and absolutely complete, unless discretion concerning former patients or colleagues makes omission unavoidable."

C. A. Meier, the director of the C. G. Jung Institute in Zürich, who was probably the first person to read both sides of the correspondence, wrote that "The first impression is really that of a shattering tragedy." But this is true only in a personal sense. On a public plane, the hopes which Freud invested in his collaboration with his young disciple were not misplaced. The years covered by the correspondence saw the foundation of the *Jahrbuch für psychoanalytische und psychopathologische Forschungen*, edited by Bleuler and Freud, and also of the International Psychoanalytic Association, with its annual congresses and the establishment of branches which eventually extended throughout Europe and the United States. It was the end of Freud's period of "splendid isolation", and there is little doubt that he was right in the hopes which he originally placed in Jung and in the operational bases which Jung provided for him at Burghölzli.

INDEED, A LARGE PART of the correspondence is devoted to the work of organisation which Jung, directed by Freud, conducted from Zürich. It is a record of the intrigues, the tactical alliances, the conspiracies and manoeuvres, the personal rivalries, mutual suspicions, and vendettas which seem to be inseparable from such activities.

Reading that record, one is irresistibly reminded of another famous correspondence, that between Marx and Engels, of which so much is devoted to what now seem trivial and petty details of the politics and organisation of the International Working Men's Association. In both series of letters one finds the same compulsive anxiety to preserve the true faith free from contamination, the same hopes of finding friends, allies, fellow travellers, the same almost morbid suspicion of possible traitors and deviationists, the same unmistakable odour of the sect, the secret society, the subversive organisation. In both cases, few people at the time took any notice of this feverish and obsessive activity. Yet in both cases it had results which shook the world, because it was the means by which a revolutionary doctrine was translated into a practical programme of action. Not ideas but organisation is the secret of revolution. In this respect at least the collaboration of Freud and Jung was not a tragedy but a triumph, and as a result men and women have never again been able to think of themselves quite as they did before.

THE DEATH OF RICHARD CROSSMAN will leave a large empty space in British political and journalistic life; and perhaps the best tribute one could pay him is to say that there is no one at present available who could succeed in filling it. He will be particularly missed at ENCOUNTER, to which he was a frequent and highly valued contributor.

What distinguished Crossman, both in politics and in journalism, was that he always remained an inveterate and unreconstructed intellectual, with an irrepressible interest in ideas for their sake. This made him a rare bird among both journalists and politicians, who for the most part regard ideas as dangerous things, best looked at, like bombs, from a safe distance.

Of course, in one sense it could be said that Crossman was only one among many others of his kind. The Labour governments in which he served were simply stuffed with intellectuals, if by that term is meant people who have had the benefit of a higher education. In the British working-class movement today there is no surer or easier way to Cabinet office than an Oxford degree. Oxford is to the Labour Party what Eton is to the Conservative, and in this respect it would be difficult to say which of the two parties depend

most on the privileged classes as a recruiting ground for their political leaders. But an Oxford degree does not necessarily make a man an intellectual; it may merely make him more conformist than he would otherwise have been.

Crossman was a non-conformist, in the sense that he always retained an open and questioning mind, which was ready to entertain any hypothesis, so long as it was an interesting one. What he did not like was the Bouvard-et-Pécuchet *idées reçues* which provided most of the mental stock-in-trade of his political colleagues. Politically, of course, this placed him at a disadvantage. People felt that there was no knowing where Crossman's enjoyment of ideas might lead him, and very often they were right. To some, this savoured of duplicity and disloyalty. Maurice Bowra's old joke about Double Crossman followed him all his life, so that, though he rose to Cabinet rank, he never really achieved the weight of authority in the Labour movement to which his abilities entitled him. The golden rule for a politician is never to have an idea which is obviously your own, and this was something to which Crossman could never resign himself.

What was a weakness in the politician was a strength in the writer. He was, I think, the best political journalist of his time. He wrote a forceful, workmanlike prose, free from the clichés and fashionable jargon of most political writers today, and it was an admirable medium for the ideas which he wished to expound and analyse. He could afford to dispense with decoration and embellishment because he genuinely had something to say, and what he wished to say was always stimulating, even if, sometimes, it was wildly wide of the mark. People said that he was brilliant, but it was not so much brilliance as the ability to follow an argument to its logical conclusion which was his distinguishing feature as a writer.

I have indeed always thought that writing was his real talent and that even as a Cabinet minister he was wasting time which might have been devoted to better things. After all, the supply of Cabinet ministers is inexhaustible, but there are very few people who can explain to us, or them, what they think they are doing. Only he needed space and time to develop his ideas; I think *The Times* misused his talents, because they exploited him as a personality, like Bernard Levin, rather than someone who was interested not in himself but in the real stuff of politics.

IT IS ALL THE Sadder that death should have come at a moment when he had retired from active politics and was in a position to devote himself exclusively to writing (though he might still have been seduced by television). Fortunately, how-

ever, we shall still be able to enjoy the political diaries which he was able to edit before his death. We shall, I feel, learn a great deal more from his account of the last Labour government than from Mr Wilson's book on the same subject, which succeeded in being both pedestrian and evasive. If the diaries are what one hopes, Crossman might become a kind of Goncourt of the political world.

Now that he is dead, however, I cannot help thinking of him as I knew him first, when we were both undergraduates at New College, though he was senior to me and already marked as the Wykhamist most likely to succeed. There used to be a good deal of speculation whether he or another contemporary at Winchester and New College was likely to make the most brilliant career. Sober men backed Crossman; at Winchester he had been Head of College, while John Sparrow had only edited *Donne*.

In those days, Crossman wrote poetry, in the manner of the early Auden, whom he greatly admired. He was also a philosopher, and immediately after taking his schools was elected to a fellowship in philosophy at New College. But philosophy was not his thing, though he was an excellent teacher. His thing was a passionate interest in politics when they are infused by ideas and are not merely a matter of good administration. He wanted both to practise such politics and to write about them. I do not think he ever quite succeeded in reconciling these two conflicting claims.

As an undergraduate he was impressive but also, like most undergraduates, slightly absurd. Reviewing a book of mine two years ago, he wrote that at Oxford he regarded me as a clever young man on the make while I regarded him as a Wykhamist prig. As for my view of him, there was some truth in what he said. I was abashed by his earnestness of purpose, his competence in everything he undertook, his formidable mental ability. Only in one respect did I regard myself as indubitably his superior. He was an enthusiastic member of the college Rugby team, and exasperated me because, having been brought up on the Winchester field game, he thought that the secret of Rugby lay in beef and brawn rather than brains; whereas I, coming from Wales, thought the opposite and knew that I was right. He was better at handling ideas than a Rugby ball, and after all that is more important. But into the play of ideas he injected the vigour and energy he misdirected on the football field and there was almost a superfluity of brains.

I am sorry indeed that ENCOUNTER will no longer have the privilege of publishing his admirable articles. There were over twenty years at least twenty masterful contributions. R

Peter Scupham

Life & Letters

A father, black-avised, takes the whip hand;
Hawthorn sways towards the scented dogcart.

Chambers of maiden thought: annunciations.
A white sail, caught by wind and sun.

The noble folio is dragged guilty home
In fine exchange—a supper for a song.

Catullus breaks his old bones into flowers;
The staggering pagans bare each marbled nerve,

And one impossible She, with silly fingers,
Turns down his crisp and undefeated pages.

Released from Daedalus' restraining hand,
Icarus could spin the sun into the sea.

II

London deploys her iron labyrinth;
A Minotaur bites Ariadne's thread.

The work drives counter; cut across the grain,
Coarsens to acclamation or neglect.

A siren chorus at the Mermaid Tavern
Proclaims who's in, who's out: court news.

The new wounds ache, though harshly cauterised.
His old friends break like promises.

Nature steals back her dumb replenishings,
Easing regretful lyrics, anodyne.

Unreasonable tears. Each midnight shows
The scales at their dark equipoise.

III

The silences become remarkable;
His long walks dwindle to a turn.

Glad, now, to pause for music in the Abbey,
Caught faintly by the sloped woodlands.

Regret gathers for that long estrangement,
The one he could have shared all with

Dead, exiled, or living unfrequented:
Some Chinese hermit with his scroll-work.

Time to arrange for the marmoreal fictions:
Truth some autumnal bonfire will consume.

A glacial and obsequious moonlight
Frosts out his hair, his favourite Cymbeline.

Peter Reading

Plague Graves

We knew nothing of their existence before
you showed us the other day five wrinkled
knobbly old and enormous fingers
tied down with heather roots tight to the moor;
and they, being buried three hundred years
ago, knew nothing about us, but neither
party's existence was any way less
for the other's ignorance of it.

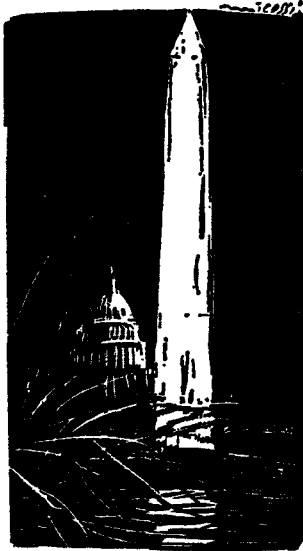
To see
the same future waiting and still to continue
seems our most noble attribute, though
I suppose we secretly hope for some permanent
monument left of us, some recognition
by those coming after. No chance. Sheep maul
beyond recognition alarmingly quickly
the sandwich-paper memorials left
by charabanc trippers, dissolving all tangible
trace of us.

When the world ends and space-age
picnickers freeze to flint or melt or
asphyxiate or simply, no longer able
to read the already eroding incision,
just think five slabs have rather aesthetically
fallen above Gorse Hill, the result will
undoubtedly be the same in the final
analysis—no one to know them, extol them
or give them permanence in the now prevalent
sense of fame; and their mark will be not
in palpable stone but that they were once,
walked here, and did wonderful things.

AMERICAN CHRONICLE

Bismarck & Kissinger

By James Chace



NO SERVANT had a better master than did Henry Kissinger in Richard Nixon. The policies they pursued surely derived from a marriage of true minds, so that it became hard to tell where one began and the other left off. Between the two of them, American foreign policy was turned upside down, and their diplomatic initiatives signalled the end of the post-war era.

The changes were stunning, ruthless in their execution. In moving from what President Nixon called in 1968 an "era of confrontation" to an "era of negotiation", his foreign affairs adviser, that gray eminence who was to become his Secretary of State four years later, boldly opened up relations with Mao's mainland China. It was a stroke that was both welcome and dismaying. To most Americans (and to our traditional allies in Europe and Japan) to establish relations with China was a move devoutly to be wished. But the manner in which it was carried out presaged a new diplomacy that has its analogue in the arcane manoeuvrings of Otto von Bismarck, the Prussian *Junker* who as Chancellor of the German Reich dominated European politics for almost half a century.

What was most disturbing in the opening to Peking was the fact that our principal allies were not informed prior to the announcement of

Kissinger's mission to Mao. Japan, in particular, had followed American policy towards Communist China less out of conviction than out of a desire to coordinate policy in the Pacific and East Asia. Suddenly, Japan's own policies were undermined by the *blitzkrieg* fashion in which the Peking connection was established. So, too, with Russia. Although the Europeans, and especially the French, had long urged *détente* with the Soviet Union, the Moscow summit in 1972, followed by party chief Leonid Brezhnev's visit to President Nixon at San Clemente in June 1973, hinted—at least in the imaginings of many Europeans—at the beginnings of a Soviet-American condominium. There were other shocks as well. Washington's unilateral imposition of a 10% surcharge on imports (in August 1971) not only raised the spectre of protectionism, but pushed Canada and Japan, America's main trading partners, into a further estrangement from U.S. policies.

All these moves in the first Nixon administration demonstrated that Kissinger's foreign policy was most effective in adversary relationships. Indeed, so conspicuous was the failure of Kissinger in his relations with America's traditional allies that Washington was forced to proclaim that 1973 would be "the Year of Europe," a somewhat patronising term meant to repair the damage done by the pursuit of the power-politics that had characterised the advent of Henry Kissinger and Richard Nixon as the copilots of the new American foreign policy. As it happened, the Year of Europe turned out to be the year of Watergate and the crisis diplomacy which was used to effect the Arab-Israeli ceasefire and negotiations. While Kissinger's peregrinations among adversary powers to seek reconciliation in the Middle East cannot be belittled, nonetheless, the methods that had so antagonised Washington's allies in the other major breakthroughs in U.S. policy were again evident. For when America, alarmed that Moscow might send troops into the Middle East, proclaimed a worldwide military alert, her European allies were neither consulted nor informed. Moreover, consultation seems to be a one-way street, for when the European Community presented Kissinger this past March with its own declaration on long-term technical and economic aid to the Arab countries, the Secretary of State objected violently over the "lack of consultation" Europe had accorded Washington.

POLICIES PURSUED by Henry Kissinger, however, have not been developed in a vacuum. The worldview that characterises U.S. foreign policy most closely resembles the classical 19th-century balance of power that aimed at equilibrium. But

it is balance of power on a global rather than a European scale. As President Nixon put it in 1972:

"We must remember the only time in the history of the world that we have had any extended periods of peace is when there has been a balance of power. It is when one nation becomes infinitely more powerful in relation to its potential that the danger of war arises. . . . I think it will be a safer world and a better world if we have a strong, healthy United States, Europe, Soviet Union, China, Japan, each balancing the other, not playing one against the other, an even balance." (*Time*, 3 January 1972)

Moreover when criticised over this notion—since only America and Russia are truly global powers—critics were rebutted by the President: "Those who scoff at 'balance of power diplomacy' on the world scene," he said, "should recognise that the only alternative to a balance of power is an imbalance of power—and history shows us that nothing so drastically escalates the danger of war as such an imbalance. It is precisely the fact that the elements of balance now exist that gives us a rare opportunity to create a system of stability that can maintain the peace not just for a decade, but for a generation—and we hope beyond" (*U.S. News & World Report*, 26 June 1972).

Kissinger, author of a book on Metternich and an essay on Bismarck, echoed these principles when writing on U.S. foreign policy just prior to Richard Nixon's victory in 1968. "Part of the reason for our difficulties," Kissinger declared, "is our reluctance to think in terms of power and equilibrium."¹

THERE IS, OF COURSE, as Kissinger would be the first to recognise, a grave difference between the balance of power sought in the 19th century and such an order in the contemporary

world. For, unlike the five great powers that gathered at the Congress of Vienna in 1815, the five major power centres today do not agree that such a global balance is even desirable. Metternich, Talleyrand, Castlereagh—those architects of the post-Napoleonic world—were, after all, men of the 18th century. They had learned to play the game of nations when the theory of the balance of power was actually being developed. And after twenty-five years of war, what they desired most was repose. To a man such as Metternich, without both domestic and foreign equilibrium there could be no repose, and repose was the essential pre-condition for the happiness of mankind.

The notion of balance of power also went through its own permutations between 1815 and 1914, just as its reappearance on the world arena in the 1970s must be seen in a still different guise. The Metternichian system, which might be said to have lasted about forty years, was essentially ideological in its bias. It was a static world, based on the sacred principle of legitimacy, that was sought. Disagreements mainly arose over the extent to which the five post-Napoleonic powers would act to impose their will upon nations infected with the French revolutionary virus that threatened to destroy

the established order. But the great fallacy of the political philosophy of Castlereagh and Metternich was that, as Harold Nicolson has put it in his book *The Congress of Vienna* (1946), "by exaggerating the general need for repose," they tried "to enforce static principles upon a dynamic world."

The policy of Henry Kissinger has not been, in this sense, Metternichian but, rather, Bismarckian. Metternich was an ideologue. Bismarck was not. Nor is Kissinger. In emphasising *détente* with the Soviet Union and *rapprochement* with China, Kissinger has made it evident that ideology is no longer the motive force of foreign



¹ Henry Kissinger, "Central Issues of American Foreign Policy", *Agenda for the Nation* (1968), p.610.

policy. This was also true of Bismarck. In an essay on Bismarck entitled "The White Revolutionary," Kissinger sketched out the motivations of the man whose methods, consciously or unconsciously, he was to emulate.

WHAT BISMARCK ACCOMPLISHED was, in fact, to strike at the very heart of the international system as it had been devised by those statesmen who had reiterated the pre-Napoleonic concept of the balance in order to remove any temptation for war or domination, especially by France. Bismarck, who was born in the year of Waterloo, felt under no constraints to maintain the equilibrium of the previous generation. For one thing the balance as it was set up after 1815 prevented any unification of Germany; and within a decade after Waterloo the Holy Alliance of Prussia, Austria, and Russia became an essentially ideological alliance designed, above all, to erase any traces of revolution, and to maintain the legitimacy of the monarchy, no matter what its behaviour. By the 1830s both France and England, the other members of the so-called Concert of Europe, were too ideologically liberal to support such a policy. But to Bismarck, ideology was absurd. Policy was "the art of the possible."

The notion that Prussia in the 1850s should separate herself from her ideological partner Austria, or even contemplate an alliance with the "revolutionary France" of Napoleon III was unthinkable to the mentors of Prince Otto von Bismarck. Indeed, for a *Junker* aristocrat like Bismarck, who showed no personal inclination towards liberalism, it took a truly revolutionary leap of the imagination to consider seriously reversals of alliances based on national advantage alone. Yet Bismarck urged a temporary rapprochement with France and a Prussian attack on Austria in 1866 solely in order to improve Prussia's position in Europe. When he was reproached by his ageing teacher Leopold von Gerlach, the young Bismarck could see no merit in the older generation's belief that Napoleon III was the natural enemy of Prussia. As far as Bismarck was concerned, whoever ruled France was a matter of total indifference—France was France no matter whether she was governed by the seemingly revolutionary nephew of the great Napoleon or by St Louis. Bismarck boasted to

his old friend and mentor that he was a child of different times but for all that as honest a man for his generation as Gerlach had been for his. Thus, the notion of an alliance with France in order to defeat Austria could give way four years later to a situation exactly the reverse.

"My ideal for foreign policy [Bismarck said] is freedom from prejudice, the independence of our decisions from impressions of dislike or affection for foreign states and their governments."²

Kissinger, in assaying Bismarck's philosophy, points out that "Bismarck represented a new age. Equilibrium was seen not as harmony and mechanical balance, but as a statistical balance of forces in flux."³

Just as Kissinger himself could write in 1973 that "the pursuit of peace must therefore begin with the pragmatic concept of existence—especially in a period of ideological conflict,"⁴ Bismarck could say a hundred years earlier: "I have no fixed opinions. I have never been a doctrinaire. . . . Liberal, reactionary, conservative—those I confess seem to me luxuries."

In short, the Bismarckian system became known as *Realpolitik*. But in the hands of a master such as Bismarck, it was realistic *not* to destroy openly the balance of power in Europe. Moderation was built into his policy even as he trumpeted "give me a strong German state." He was generous to Austria after defeating her in 1866, and he was reluctant to seize the French provinces of Alsace-Lorraine after the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71; had it not been for the insistence of the Prussian General Staff that France be required to give up this territory, Bismarck would most likely have concluded as moderate a peace with France as he had with Austria. Indeed, precisely because the acquisition of Alsace-Lorraine could never be accepted by the French, Bismarck was never able to re-establish close relations with France, however much he tried to do so.

Germany, as Bismarck created her out of the nucleus of Prussia, had no underlying philosophy. Neither German radicalism nor German liberalism was its driving force. Rather, Germany became a Great Power—great, and nothing more. To become great, Bismarck would play one power off against another; he would wage war if necessary, but he also became, after Prussia's victory in the Franco-Prussian War, a man who used all his skills to avoid more wars. As a British historian (L. C. B. Seaman) put it: "No man was more infinite in resources if only because, being quite without principles, no device was barred to him on the ground of past promises, personal convictions or political commitments. . . ."⁵

He made Germany a power with global ambi-

² A. J. P. Taylor, *Bismarck* (1967), p.40.

³ Henry Kissinger, "Bismarck: The White Revolutionary", *Daedalus* (Summer 1968), p.919.

⁴ Henry Kissinger, "Moral Purposes and Policy Choices", 8 October 1973, *Pacem in Terris* Conference, Department of State Bulletin, Vol LXIX, No. 1792 (29 October 1973).

⁵ L. C. B. Seaman, *From Vienna to Versailles* (1955), p. 128.

tions and then used all his wiles to keep those ambitions in check. But his methods—*Realpolitik* and the “lightning war”—were dangerous weapons in the hands of lesser men. For Bismarck and those who came after him, power provided its own legitimacy. However, as Kissinger stresses in his own study of Bismarck, “because of his magnificent grasp of the nuances of power relationships, Bismarck saw in his philosophy a doctrine of self-limitation.” Unfortunately, such a man as Bismarck could have no true successor. There was no ideological or conceptual structure on which to build. Kissinger rightly concludes that

“in the hands of others lacking his subtle touch, his methods led to the collapse of the 19th-century state system. The nemesis of power is that, except in the hands of a master, reliance on it is more likely to produce a contest of arms than of self-restraint.”

Thus, during the 19th century the balance of power operated within two very different frameworks. During the forty years of peace following Waterloo the great powers feared, above all, revolution; during the next forty years they were simply afraid of each other. After 1890, when Bismarck was forced from office by the grandson of Wilhelm I, the old emperor who had always supported him, his legacy to Europe was not balance but tension.

DESPITE THE CHANGING NATURE of 19th-century state relations, however, there was a concert of great powers that tried, first with general agreement, later within a system of tension and secret alliances, to maintain some form of equilibrium. The great global powers today are not, so far, capable of operating together; a balance of power will exist only in so far as the powers act together to constrain the overweening aspirations of any one power. And there is no guarantee that this will occur.

In his practice of balance-of-power politics in the latter half of the 20th century, Kissinger is aware of the dangers of constantly shifting alliances, as though nations were toys in the hands

of a master juggler. Yet can he resist the audience that such a juggler commands? Like Bismarck, despite their practice of power politics, Kissinger is a solitary man and a romantic. Bismarck, truly a child of his age, growing up when the Byronic myth was most pervasive, wept easily, and was both pious and aristocratic. And when he was contending with his sovereign in a conflict over policy, he would often retreat to his country estate in the Prussian forests, a solitary, brooding figure determined to get his own way. Kissinger, though apparently not given to tears, has said of himself: “I’ve always acted alone. Americans admire that enormously. Americans admire the cowboy leading the caravan alone. . . . This romantic, surprising character suits me because being alone has always been part of my style, or my technique, if you prefer.”⁶ However, the German-Jewish refugee boy who grew up in New York City’s Washington Heights, is well aware of the unique American experience, far removed from *Junker* Prussia, that would allow someone of his background to become Secretary of State.

History may come to view Kissinger like Metternich or Bismarck as the generation’s dominant diplomatic figure on the world’s stage. But history, even as it bestows accolades on the statesman as actor can condemn the tradition that lingers on after the curtain has fallen. It was the heritage of Bismarck—the very fact that Bismarck provided no stable structure of peace—that contributed to the breakdown of the European order and gave us a century of almost total war.

Kissinger is aware of the necessity to transcend what he has called “an excessively pragmatic policy . . . empty of vision and humanity.”⁷ The “stable structure” he seeks, which includes “a certain balance of power . . . a certain equilibrium between potential adversaries,”⁸ involves self-restraint, consensus, and shared responsibilities. But to achieve this, Kissinger must never become so obsessed with those adversary relationships he is so adept at handling that he comes to believe that the structure of peace he wishes to bequeath can be obtained only at the expense of those nations which share the liberal ideology of the West. It would be a tragic irony if, in his neo-Bismarckian practices, Kissinger should leave as his legacy his own warning that power in the hands of anyone less than a master is more likely to produce an economic or military contest rather than a protracted peace.

⁶ Henry Kissinger, interview with Oriana Fallaci, *The New Republic* (16 December 1972), p.21.

⁷ Henry Kissinger, “Moral Purposes and Policy Choices”, p.526.

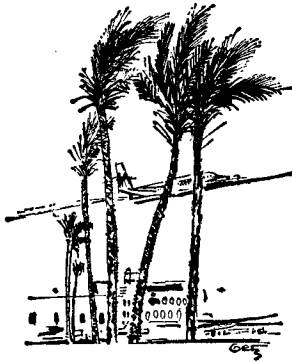
⁸ Kissinger interview with Marvin Kalb, *CBS News* (1 February 1973).

NOTES & TOPICS

Letter from Saudi Arabia

In the Name of Allah

By Peter Schmid



"No," I was told, "completely impossible! Not even the Rector can set foot in it." I was in the lecturers' common room at the University of Jiddah and had asked to meet some women students, having just heard that their "equal access to lectures" was

the latest progressive innovation. The scholarly ladies, it now turned out, in order to comply with the Koranic rule of sexual segregation, lived in a set of buildings of their own, protected from prying eyes by a high wall. They followed the professor's lectures on a television screen, and even in a *viva* there was no opportunity for blushful confusion to melt a hard examiner's heart; female candidates were kept quite hidden. "It's absurd," I couldn't help exclaiming. "Archaic tribal morality from fifteen hundred years ago enforced by modern electronics! Isn't there some sensible way round all this?" The lecturers in the room, all young and modern men, shook their heads silently. A sour-faced older man, with a carefully trimmed beard, spoke. He had been introduced to me as a lecturer in the history of Islam, and his manner was didactic: "The Prophet decreed," he pronounced, "that unmarried men and women should not share the same room."

"Rubbish!" exclaimed Cecile Roshdi, headmistress of the Al Hanan girls school, when I told her the story. "That's not what that verse of the Koran says at all. It says where a man and a woman are *alone* in the same room, the Devil is between them." And indeed, in that situation, one began to think that the Prophet might not have been altogether wrong. She sat behind her

desk, unveiled, no doubt already saved by her age from the worst of the Devil's wiles, but all the same the door behind us was closed. As though she had read my thoughts she went on, "Only a few years ago it would have been completely impossible for me to have seen you in my office. The school had much the same atmosphere as a convent, with the pupils pale, serious, and busy behind their books. The girls had blouses buttoned up to their throats. Even if they came from freer regions such as Egypt or Lebanon, they wore skirts down to their ankles, not so much 'maxis' as sacks, smothering the shape of hips and thighs with deliberate shapelessness."

"Oh, I realise that you, as a Westerner, find many of the customs in this country backward. We don't judge quite as quickly, even if we were educated in Egypt or America. Partly because when we compare the pluralistic freedom of your world with the archaic strictness of ours, you don't appear to be enjoying unmixed blessings. And then, too, if your freedom suddenly burst into the rigid structure of our national traditions, the results could only be disastrous. This is what most of our intellectuals think. As the country develops progress will come automatically, but we must let it take its time."

"Take the strict separation of the women students. It's obvious that it will be abolished in time. But if we went to the barricades today for 'co-education,' in our traditional society we would produce the exact opposite. The conservative intellectuals would thunder against 'promiscuity', and cautious parents—who today have no hesitation about giving their daughters a higher education—would keep them locked up at home! In other words, the transformation of society here can only be carried out in tiny steps. We can't jump from the middle ages to the atomic age in one day."

IT IS CERTAINLY TRUE that the people who count still belong to the old school which regards immutable divine commandments as more important than any progress or social change. Sheikh Mohammed Harkan, who holds the post of Minister of Justice in the capital, Riyadh, looks anything but a dyed-in-the-wool obscurantist. His rosy face, long white beard and worldly eyes make him look like the very embodiment of wisdom and goodness. Don't you believe it. Subject the divine law of Shariah to historical change? Out of the question, he says.

"Since God is the creator of the universe, his commandments are valid for all men on earth, in the past, present and future, in business, politics and all civil matters. Shariah is his eternal law, perfect and eternal." Behind him the circle of *ulema* nods approval. "All right," say I, "but to

modern ideas isn't this God cruel? When he has a poor thief's hand chopped off or an adulterous couple subjected to public stoning?... As a matter of interest, how many hands a year are judicially severed?" The Minister of Justice whispers to his colleagues for a few minutes. "Four or five in all in the last few years," he says at long last, and goes on to explain why the blood-letting has been so slight.

Allah does not just punish sinners severely, he says. The care with which he safeguards their rights and protects them against false accusations or mistakes would make even the Anglo-Saxons jealous. Only when the criminal is caught in the act, by two witnesses in the case of theft, by four in the case of adultery—and of course they must have seen the act of theft or copulation with their own eyes—or when they repeat their confessions (twice for a thief, four times for adulterers) is the offence regarded as proved. "Four witnesses, a well-placed keyhole, and a brightly-lit couple—it's almost impossible!"

Nor is that all, continues the Minister. If one of the four spies withdraws his statement, the other three prosecution witnesses are regarded as liars and flogged as perjurers. "So you see, bringing charges is a dangerous business." Allah also loves thieves. He commands that anyone who steals because of hunger shall be allowed to go free. There are warnings to give first and second offenders a chance to improve, and even the incorrigible can avoid the full penalty if they repent in time. The result is that the "dire punishments" that the world gets so excited about are in practice no longer imposed. It is true that murderers are publicly beheaded and drunkards publicly flogged—but usually they're not Saudis, but poor immigrant workers from the Yemen fleeing from the poverty of their mountains and doing jobs which their rich neighbours regard as beneath them. When one of these miscreant Yemenis gets a hiding, it's a free show for the whole town (Mondays and Thursdays at one o'clock in the main square). A policeman spreads the white cloth over the front of the man to be punished, and mercifully tucks a corner into his mouth so that he can endure the lash on his taut back and buttocks with only grimaces and not screams. Forty strokes for drunkenness, eighty for adultery. A dense crowd of gawpers strains to see, among them mothers bringing children for entertainment and edification.

But what happens when the offence is the product of a sick mind? My question freezes Sheikh Al Harkan's rosy features. "The purpose of punishment is to preserve society", he declares. "Sick members must be eliminated. *Halas!* Finished!" His hand cuts through the air like a knife.

C.S. LEWIS

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THIS OSSIFIED DIVINE ORDER, coming into increasing conflict with the realities and psychological changes of modern life, is less oppressive in practice than an outsider might imagine. It is this which makes life in their native country tolerable in spite of everything for the modern young Saudis who as students have experienced the freedom of the godless West. As in other societies dominated by an orthodoxy (such as Israel or India) dodges and double-talk are used to circumvent the divine laws and the social pressures they create.

"No other religion respects the imperfections of man in the same way as Islam", a Saudi colleague boasted. "There is no Christian sin in the heart, no Kantian imperative. Within your own walls you can whore and drink as much as you want. You just can't do it in public. The Law even forbids your fellow citizens to poke their noses into the sacred area of private life. We are the freest people in the world."

"True," I said, after a few moments, "so long as you have the money for a private life. It's all right if you can go off and have a good time in Cairo or Beirut. Those that can't are taught their lesson in public." My friend shrugged.

My friend was equally proficient in political trimming. There was no need for censorship, he maintained—for every newspaper knew perfectly well what the limits of freedom were. Not too much politics (or, even better, none) and lots of religion was the best mixture. As for the monarchy its absolutism is unquestionable. Not only has it no parliament to deal with; but all posts of any importance, ministries and even directorships of public services, are kept in the family, and filled by brothers, sons, and nephews of the King. Civil discipline appears to be quite ruthless. Since a group of innovative civilians and air-force officers tried to overthrow the divinely instituted order in 1960, a remarkably well-organised and well-informed police force has been vigilant in ensuring that imprudent critics disappear without attracting attention. According to the official propaganda, anyone who complains about the "lack of democracy" has failed to understand the profoundly democratic character of this "consultative" monarchy, which at the deepest level is much closer to the People than any anonymous parliamentary system. Royal decisions are not handed down from an absolutist isolation; the monarch discusses each of them in detail with the Wise and Holy men and the nobles of his people, in accordance with Allah's command to Mohammed to seek and take advice from his companions.

It is impossible to appreciate fully the peculiar greatness of Feisal, and his limitations, without keeping in mind this irrational and religious basis

of his power. It is not just the elaborate uniforms of his bodyguard which make his twice-weekly public audience an unforgettable sight. This master of the largest oil reserves (and consequently one of the mightiest of men) is accessible to the humblest member of the most distant tribe who wishes to be touched by a ray of royal favour during a visit to the capital. From the depths of the palace hall the visitors press forward in single file to perform that attractive Arab mime of greeting which looks as though it is meant to press a handshake right into the head and heart. For some this brief contact is enough. Others press petitions into Feisal's hand, or pour out the story of some injustice. The King listens with a half-interested expression, as though to show that he has far more important things to think about, which is true. "If the law is on your side," is his usual murmur of sympathy (with the implication, "if not, woe betide you for bothering me").

I don't quite know why, but during the audience my mind kept coming back to Titian's painting of the Emperor Charles V. The same expression of dignified suffering makes Feisal's face look somehow transparent. "By the grace of God": I felt I saw here something of what the expression might mean. Will absoluteness degenerate into arbitrariness (as with Feisal's predecessor Saud)? and isn't this the heart of the problem about power with no constitutional safeguards? But what if the absolute ruler feels himself just as absolutely subordinate to the law of *his* king, the highest power. . . . ?

THIS DEEP PIETY gives ordinary political considerations an extra dimension in many decisions of the Saudis. A few years ago they were one of the first OPEC countries to win the right to a holding in their oil company, ARAMCO. The 1972 agreement gave them 25%, which was to increase gradually to a controlling interest of 51% in 1982. Meanwhile more impatient states, Iraq, and Libya (and even Kuwait) speeded up the rate of de-colonisation, and the Saudis were forced to keep up, to safeguard their prestige if for no other reason. One has the impression of a certain discomfort in their attitude. Nationalisation is not a possibility, I was told by the King's son, Prince Saud Feisal, acting for oil minister Yamani. Technical collaboration with foreigners was highly valued and needed, "and the companies naturally work better when their own money is at stake than if we simply made a contract with them." That's a realistic enough calculation. But the mystery of why among the fever of emotions and prejudices that boils in the Arab world the Saudis keep their cool may have more to do with their Moslem sense of justice and a peculiar peace

of mind based on tradition than appears at first sight.

Now that the escalation of oil prices has made the exploited of yesterday the exploiters of today and tomorrow, their pious King does not gloat like Persia's Shah, but tries (though without success so far) to persuade his colleagues to agree to a compromise which will still leave the erstwhile master a generous allowance. Symbiosis with them is necessary, not only among the oil derricks, but also in the whole development explosion that has suddenly seized this desert land. Not only in the search for minerals by the state company PETROMIN, but also in the development of agriculture, which, with a careful use of water, could one day supply food for the whole Gulf. On the East coast, where natural gas provides an abundance of cheap power, young Saudi businessmen are daring to try the unaccustomed adventure of small industry (glass, paint, etc.), with European investors who cannot speak too highly of the newly-awakened appetites

of their Saudi partners. Engineers and skilled workers are now coming here in large numbers (mostly from Pakistan which can only offer them a tenth of the pay they get in this new El Dorado). The result is something like an international society, an effort of cooperation between many races, and it seems to be growing up with a startling unselfconsciousness.

But the Saudis' visions do not stop even here. "We cannot stop with the development of our own country," I was told (he was a "highly-placed prince") as we waited for the King in the audience chamber. "Our only security for the future lies in our ability, while the oil is still flowing, to use its profits to get a leading share in the future world energy supplies. . . ." What the sources of these will be, no one yet knows. For the mediaeval Saudi society, being ready for the unknown means performing a *salto mortale*. The somersault is from nationalism, via internationalism, to universalism. And always, of course, in the name of Allah.

Vladimir Maximov's Visa

An Interview in London

DID it come as a surprise when you were suddenly told you had a visa? Was it made plain to you that you had to accept this visa and get out?

MAXIMOV: In our circle it is usually considered that, if an invitation has been received through the post, that is already an indication that it is suggested that you should leave. But there was a rather strange story surrounding my own departure.

On 1 February we were categorically refused permission to leave, but a week later we were invited into the Visa Office and were given a visa for February 13. So on the 13th, which was the day Solzhenitsyn was expelled from the Soviet Union, we also received official permission to leave. These, in brief, are the circumstances of our departure.

—Do you think there is any coincidence about the fact that you received a visa to leave on the day that Solzhenitsyn was expelled?

MAXIMOV: It is very hard for me to work out what games the authorities are playing. It could be a simple coincidence. I can only think that this kind of departure has occurred before and is likely to occur again.

—Is there any link between the Jewish activist movement for exit visas to Israel and the general dissident movement which is, one presumes, for a change of the Soviet system as such?

MAXIMOV: There is indeed a parallel, and a very close parallel. The movement for Jewish emigration plays a most important part in the general dissident movement in the Soviet Union.

—How much importance do you attach to foreign broadcasts in Russia beamed at the Soviet audience? How much in your opinion do they shape public opinion in the Soviet Union?

MAXIMOV: The influence of the foreign press and foreign broadcasts is enormous. But there are signs of a certain opportunism in the attitude of the Western press towards events in the Soviet Union. This means that broadcasts in the Russian language, which are always transmitted with high professional standards, take on even greater importance than before.

—Would you tell us how long you were detained in a psychiatric institution, and what happened to you there?

MAXIMOV: I was first in a mental hospital in 1958 after a clash with the Party, and at that time was

forced to undergo a course of treatment. After that I was occasionally in hospital under "administrative circumstances", which means hospitals of an ordinary type. So I can't talk about what happens in psychiatric hospitals of a "special" type which is where most of the dissidents go. But I think that the facts which are quite well known about the use of Soviet mental hospitals need no further confirmation from me. I refer to the accounts of Natalya Gorbanevskaya, and Yesenin-Volpin, and many others, for what actually happens in the special type of Russian mental hospital.

—Was the course of treatment in the general hospital drugs or psychotherapy?

MAXIMOV: Purely psychotherapy.

—How do you define your own political position in the wide spectrum of dissidents in the Soviet Union?

MAXIMOV: In the dissident movement, which I would call a social movement, there have been certain divisions into different tendencies. There's the Jewish part of the movement, the democratic part, and the literary part. But it has become apparent recently that this division into tendencies is actually harmful to the movement as a whole. I must say that it is to the credit of our intellectuals that the three parts of the movement are working very fruitfully together.

—Were your novels and stories, as published in the USSR, seriously censored before publication or were they passed as written?

MAXIMOV: I never made any compromises with my conscience when I published work in the Soviet Union, and there was no censorship of it. As they like to say, each time an "individual decision" was taken. If they were going to allow publication at all, well then it would have to be the work published in full. In fact I made this condition because the most important thing for writers of my generation is not whether or not one is published, but whether or not one lives in peace with one's conscience.

—How did you feel, then, when you accepted the exit visa?

MAXIMOV: There comes a time for each of us when we know it is the moment of decision, when one must make a choice. The choice was whether to travel to the West or to the East. I do not consider that my decision to travel to the West was any kind of heroic action. But what's been done is done and can't be changed. My own application was made after there was an article in *Za Rubezhom*, which is a Soviet journal about the Western press. I was accused of violating the

Soviet Constitution and other laws, and I took this as a signal.

—What is the situation of the famous Russian dissident, Bukovsky, who was once your secretary?

MAXIMOV: Bukovsky was only in name my secretary. I was not rich enough to have a secretary. But this gave him a certain position and protected him to a certain extent. In the short time that I knew him, I became convinced that he was very brave and noble, a very great spirit in contemporary Russia, and I must say that he has always conducted himself accordingly. His situation is tragic because he has already spent nine years in imprisonment, and he is only thirty. His health is very weak. . . . It isn't easy to convey what the Vladimir prison is like, but I would refer you to Marchenko's book which describes it in some detail. I do not think that Vladimir Bukovsky can survive a second imprisonment in the Vladimir jail, and so I would like to request all journalists to do everything in their power to see to it that Bukovsky's lot is made a little easier.

—Do you expect to have your Soviet citizenship taken away from you, as has been the case with other dissidents? How will you fare in the West?

MAXIMOV: Once again I have to say that it is very hard for me to predict the games of the Soviet authorities. Each case is quite specific and particular, that's their operational psychology—but I expect it will happen. As for what I hope to do: first of all, I shall occupy myself with my main work which is writing. But a no less important part of my work is taking part in, or in some way sharing, the fate of the people who have been left behind. Those are my two central concerns for the coming years. We have not yet decided where we shall remain, but probably in the country which invited us, France.

—Why do you believe that the Soviet authorities are now giving people the choice of "going West" or "going East"?

MAXIMOV: I am sorry if this sounds banal or if I am repeating myself. I think the principal official reason is to secure some kind of propaganda effect abroad, to give an appearance of liberality. I think a second motive is to try and lower the very high ideological tension that is present in the Soviet Union. But there may be other reasons as well; it's hard for us to say.

—Are we not reaching a situation where, with people like you who go to the West "voluntarily", as it were, while others are expelled like Solzhenitsyn, and the hard cases go to Siberia,

are we not reaching a situation where the dissident movement, tiny as it is, is going to become tinier and tinier, that there will be no outstanding figures left there?

MAXIMOV: First of all, I must object to the suggestion that the dissident movement is very small. That is a false impression, and the idea that the movement is "tiny" is actually inspired in the Soviet Union. It is much greater than it appears at first sight. Of course, there is a danger that it will be completely liquidated and the picture that you have drawn could actually occur. In fact everything depends on the support that the movement receives from world opinion. If this support is steadfast and continues to be exerted in favour of the dissident movement, then it will be impossible to stop it. I do also believe that even if there is no support from the West, the movement cannot be stopped although it will be slowed down. One can't stop historical processes by official administrative measures.

—Isn't it right for journalists in the West to want to be careful so as not to harm you or people in Russia at the moment? Isn't it possible that Western activity could affect the progress of détente?

MAXIMOV: To the first question, I must say that Western writers and intellectuals can't harm anyone at all by their statements, but can only help. As regards the question of détente I can only say that a real détente can only rest on trust and on a genuine exchange of opinions and ideas. No kind of détente can take place if one of the sides is going to influence and control independent public opinion both at home and abroad. My own conclusion is that since neither of these objections has any foundation, I hope that the Western press will react much more strongly and incisively to events in the Soviet Union.

—Could you give us a résumé of what has happened to you in the last two months in Russia?

MAXIMOV: What in particular would you like to know? Nothing very much happened!

—The persecution, and the trouble with getting your work published. . . .

MAXIMOV: There were no "difficulties with publication"; it was simply impossible. As a result of this, the most commonly practised form of repression arises. In other words, a complete lack of any kind of means of material existence. As for "persecution", it was of a different kind. There were statements in the press against me, both in *Izvestia* and in *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, and elsewhere. And there was also a kind of hidden

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threat. This is very difficult for me to define, because there are no concrete examples that I can cite, but it was perfectly obvious to me and it could be felt all the time.

—*When was your last publication in the USSR?*
 MAXIMOV: In 1970.

—*Could you tell us what you think the force of Western opinion has so far achieved in helping so-called dissident writers in the Soviet Union? Do you think, for instance, that it probably helped to save Solzhenitsyn's life?*

MAXIMOV: First about Solzhenitsyn. Solzhenitsyn regarded being exiled as almost a physical punishment, not just a sort of civil punishment. For him it is a tragedy, not a salvation. When he was arrested, Solzhenitsyn was given the choice of either going into exile freely or being judged under the Soviet law having to do with "betraying one's country." Solzhenitsyn chose to stand trial. Faced with this decision, the Soviet authorities were obliged to throw him out, as it were, by force, and this is a clear enough demonstration of Solzhenitsyn's own personal attitude to exile. Now, of course, for those who know and love Solzhenitsyn, the fact that he has been exiled to the West is the best possible way out of the situation. As for some examples of how public opinion has helped inside the Soviet Union: first of all, in the case of Andrey Amalrik. General Grigorenko's position has been made a little easier than it was before. People as well known in the West as Andrey Sinyavsky (Abram Tertz), Karzhavin and Pavel Litvinov were all given permission to go abroad. I think that world opinion played a great part in the release of Alexander Borisov; Natalya Gorbanevskaya is another case; Yesenin-Volpin yet another. So I can talk about the influence of world opinion with plenty of facts as evidence, and this indicates the importance of the existence of such world opinion in Russian cultural affairs.

—*Are you planning to see Solzhenitsyn soon? What is your view of him?*

MAXIMOV: I can meet him whenever there is a reciprocal need for such a meeting. I would give Solzhenitsyn a leading position in both a moral and in a professional sense. I do not think there can be two opinions about that.

—*What did you intend to suggest by the title of your book "Seven Days of Creation"? In it you describe the total disenchantment of a worker's family who took a great part in the October Revolution and the subsequent "building of socialism." In your view, how many such ordinary families are there in Russia now who are totally and completely disenchanted?*

MAXIMOV: I chose for my book a symbolic title

to represent the creation of a new world which, however, came to nothing. I would say that about 90% of such families are disenchanted in one way or another. My protagonists were looking for a spiritual way out of the situation, but in the majority of cases it simply ends in cynicism and profound indifference, and this is the most tragic result of the social situation that has been created.

—*What do you think of the idea of setting up a committee of Russian writers or activists in exile, or some sort of body uniting those who are now living in the West?*

MAXIMOV: Unfortunately, our bitter experience somewhat puts us off organised activities, but nevertheless a spiritual centre of Russian life could be formed in the West, particularly now that Solzhenitsyn is in the West. This seems to me to be a very good moment for a reuniting of the two cultures. In the past there has been Soviet Russian culture and an émigré Russian culture, and I feel the situation is ripe for the two to become reunited into one Russian culture. But I cannot say what form or what sort of organisation may spring up to support this feeling.

—*As a Russian, do you feel morally bound to help the persecuted dissidents in the satellite countries under Soviet influence?*

MAXIMOV: I would like to say this—there is a very healthy sense of guilt in the Russian intelligentsia with regard to the countries which are at present under Soviet domination. We not only ought to—but we simply must—do what we can in their support.

—*Could it not in fact be the case that, far from it being Western pressure on the Kremlin that facilitated the emigration, shall we say, of Solzhenitsyn, yourself, Litvinov, and the others, the Soviet calculation is that when you arrive in the West you will be cut off from your sources of inspiration and that you will all become, as it were, writers who have been decapitated?*

MAXIMOV: On the question of "emigration" or of exiling dissidents to the West, I am quite convinced that the effect of world opinion is very important. But at the same time the reason that you have suggested is probably also taken into account. Of course, as you know, there have been in the past Russian writers who wrote well outside the boundaries of Russia. And as regards the matter of losing one's "roots in Russia", since the atmosphere is now right for the creation of a unified Russian culture, a writer who is exiled will not find himself without, as it were, air to breathe, but would in fact find enough spiritual nourishment for his work.

—Do you think there is any chance or hope for a movement of reform within the Soviet Communist Party?

MAXIMOV: I think such a movement in all probability exists. I do not think that it occupies any position of real power or authority within the Party. But, of course, in the distant future—I stress the word distant—this may well bear fruit.

—Why do you think Western countries should be interested in supporting dissidents in Russia? And what are they striving for?

MAXIMOV: This is the question of all questions. It is my view that what happens in Russia has the most direct effect on what happens in the West and on the future civilisation as a whole. If the West does not now support healthy tendencies in Russian life, then we may well all find ourselves obliged to continue this conversation in some new place somewhat further to the East.

As for our aims, this is the paradox of the whole East-West situation. The aims of the movement in Russia are so simple and innocent that it costs nothing whatever to support them. The dissidents in Russia—in contrast to dissidents in some other totalitarian countries—demand no more than that the State observe the laws that it has already laid down! That is, at any rate, the position at the present time.

—What do you make of Sakharov's latest appeal? And could you tell us something about Alexander Galich?

MAXIMOV: My own signature on Sakharov's recent Moscow appeal is, I think, a sufficient sign of how I regard this particular appeal. As for Galich's position, it is particularly difficult because he is a very sick man. He is also without any form of material support, no income of any kind. As far as I know, he has applied to leave through the channel of Jewish emigration. It seems to me that in his position it is the only possible way out for him. His name is not widely known, for his kind of poetry cannot be translated, in the same way that you cannot translate a bird's song; this is presumably the reason for his being relatively unknown abroad. He is a deeply national poet and also extremely modern. His poetry is full of slang and everyday expressions which one can only understand if one knows everyday life in Russia. But for all that, his significance for contemporary Russian letters is not diminished. He is one of the most important poets of the present day.

—There are a number of cases known about people who face physical liquidation. Is there

anything that can be done to save their lives? I am thinking of Skukina in Czechoslovakia or Grigorenko in the Soviet Union, and time is a vital factor.

MAXIMOV: As far as possible, and as widely as possible, make use of all forms of publicity. "Lies always fear broad daylight." And in fact for a great man such as Grigorenko it is probably the only way to save him. I am afraid all other ways have been tried.

—Could you briefly describe your own origins, where you come from, your education, and so on?

MAXIMOV: I was born in Moscow into a worker's family. They were Russian workers who were convinced Trotskyites, and in connection with this disappeared very quickly. I finished elementary school, that is our "four classes", and after that I went off on my travels. My Russian travels ended when I was 21 and I got a job on a newspaper. From that time I have been engaged in the "publishing business" i.e., writing for *Samizdat*. And now I am married and my wife is here. That's about all. . . . Yes, my wife is a writer, historian, a specialist in Bulgarian history. No, she is not Bulgarian, she is Russian.

—Which of your own works do you consider the best? How many have you written?

MAXIMOV: I have no favourite works among my own writings because as soon as I put the last full-stop I cease to like it. I began as a poet, a bad poet. I published two volumes of poetry and had five plays performed, inferior plays, and I consider that the beginning of my serious literary work began with my prose efforts. The first thing I wrote was in an anthology of writing edited by Konstantin Paustovsky in 1961 called *Pages from Tarusa*. Since then five not very long stories have been published and—abroad—two novels. I am at the beginning of a third, and that's about it. It is quite true that, like much of the modern *samizdat* writing in Russia, my work is influenced by religion. Not only *samizdat* but even some officially published works reflect the mood towards deeper exploration of religious values. Of course, the main contribution to this belongs to the late Boris Pasternak whose prose and poetry always give a feeling of the deep, philosophical, religious background of the author. Nowadays in Soviet Russia it has even become fashionable to refer to the holy scriptures in literary works, and this trend is especially strongly felt in the so-called rural or "peasant" literature of which there is plenty today. Some of these religious references may be sincere and deep-rooted, and some of them may not.

BOOKS & WRITERS

Hitler—for the Last Time?

On Joachim Fest's New Biography—By GOLO MANN



AFTER READING the first chapter of this book,¹ which had then just been set in type, the present reviewer wrote to the German publisher that it would be the definitive work on this repulsive subject, definitive, that is to say, for the next fifteen to twenty years. I see no reason to retract this statement. It will prove correct; if for no other reason than because, after these one thousand two hundred pages, after Fest's vast, comprehensive, well-documented labour of organisation and integration of the vast materials, it will be a long time before anyone feels the wish and the urge to repeat this drudgery. This book crowns and terminates the literary vogue for Hitler that has flourished during the last few years. Not that Fest is to blame for this vogue. He did not foresee it when, some six years ago, he set to work. It was *his* subject, chosen independently of the activities of Western publicity and film entrepreneurs.

The ambitious and definitive nature of the work placed a heavy responsibility on the author. Has he met it? My answer is yes—with reservations. To be more precise: my yes relates to the highly cultivated flow of the narrative. To several of Fest's concepts and ideas I must say no.

It was an extremely difficult task, not merely because so much has already been written about

Hitler and because most of what Fest presents here is substantially known. The insoluble difficulty lay in the nature of the hero. The biography does have a "hero"; the word is not chosen at random. But Adolf Hitler was both the most revolting and the most inferior villain in the many thousands of years of Europe's history—this "*offentliche Vorkommnis*", this "poor, even if fateful creature", as Thomas Mann called him in 1939—"this wicked man, this repository and embodiment of so many soul-destroying hatreds, this monstrous product of former wrong and shame," as Churchill put it, in very different and ringing terms in 1940. Those ten pages of Thomas Mann's *Ein Bruder*² still seem to me the most penetrating thing ever written on this disgusting subject.

In ten pages it was possible. In a hundred it was also possible—to wit in the chapter on Hitler in Fest's first book, *The Face of the Third Reich* (1970). In over a thousand pages dangers arise. Space to expand brings with it a certain complacency. The longer one devotes oneself to a "hero", with his origins, his motivations, his psychology, the more one is tempted to *understand*, from which, as we know, it is only a step to forgiveness—and then to admiration.

This time, in contradistinction to his first essay, Fest wished to write "without anger or affection", *sine ira et studio*, like the historians of the old school. He felt obliged not to shrink from any facts: for instance, from Hitler's adroitness, his "brilliant gifts", much as it irritated the author to admit them. Well and good, of course one ought not to shrink from such admissions (and by the way, Thomas Mann did not do so in his ten pages). What Fest discovered, scarcely to his surprise, was that Hitler was an "unpleasant person"; one of his strangely mild expressions, which are perhaps intended to be effective precisely because of their mildness. Only one single chapter out of twenty-eight deals with Hitler's personal life and activities. This chapter (which in old-fashioned biographies, would be headed "So-and-So as a Man") is here revealingly

¹ The original *Adolf Hitler* was first published by Propyläen Verlag (Berlin). It has just been published, in an English translation by Richard and Clara Winston, by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich (New York), at \$15; the British edition will be published on 18 July by Weidenfeld & Nicholson at £5.25. There are seven other editions among which are Gallimard (Paris), Rizzoli (Milan) and Kawade (Tokyo).

² "Bruder Hitler" (1938), in Thomas Mann, *Altes und Neues* (S. Fischer, 1953), pp. 622–29.

entitled "A Look at an Unperson". When the author set out to get a real grasp of the man, he clutched at an unappetising and at the same time totally uninteresting void. This experience is foreshadowed in the introductory discussion entitled "Hitler and Historical Greatness".

WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN added here, in my opinion, is a comparison with other "great men" of history. It is impossible (at least it is impossible for me) ever to grow tired of reading about Bismarck, Frederick the Great, even Napoleon; reading, that is, about the man and the life around him, quite independently of what he did. In the last analysis, Bismarck's historical achievement was not all that immense. But in his memoirs, in the diary notes and reports about him, in his conversations and his letters (including and especially the most private)—what originality is there, what forceful presentation, what humour, malice, profundity, warmth or coldness, in short what unfailing human interest! Some twenty-two thousand of Napoleon's letters have been published. Nothing (said the historian Lord Acton, who was an arch-moralist) could be more instructive, more refreshing to the mind than

their study. Hitler's letters will never be published; they are such wretched stuff. These are distinctions of rank, and nowadays they are glossed over because people no longer believe in rank at all. I recently read with displeasure a statement by a prominent German publicist to the effect that the French have also had to gain an historical understanding of their Napoleon with his "mad wars", the English of their Oliver Cromwell, so why should not the Germans come to understand their Hitler?³

NOW, JOACHIM FEST is precisely aware of the distinctions of rank. Quite obviously, he suffered from them while writing his book. On the other hand the hated name had to appear on almost every one of the thousand pages; partly because he was writing a biography; partly because for a decade Hitler was the "centre point of the world's movement" and left the world profoundly changed, which is the sole justification for writing the biography of such an individual. That is the crux. The character was so base, but its effects so historic.

Naturally, Fest is not the first to note the contradiction with astonishment. To quote Thomas Mann again, the suffering contemporary, which Fest to his good fortune was not: "... no

³ See K.-H. Janssen, "Hitler as Best-Seller", ENCOUNTER, January, pp 50-52.

GORONWY REES

Brief Encounters

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CHATTO & WINDUS

one is relieved of the need to deal with his murky figure—this arises from the crudely effective and intensifying (amplifying) nature of politics, that is to say, of the handicraft which he chose—and we know how much this choice was due precisely to the lack of capacity for any other. . . .” Similarly, another suffering contemporary, Hermann Rauschning, sought to understand how such a monstrous power that threatened the whole of humanity could have sprung “from such mediocre and contemptible origins.” This, too, was very well known to Fest. But no matter how well aware of the danger he was, no matter how courageously he defended himself against it, he did not really master it. He has made Hitler “greater” than he was. He has in places taken his theories, his “visions” and aims far too seriously. And he has made him less evil than he was.

The biography of a world-historical personality is the story, at one and the same time, of a personality and of world history. It begins as the former, then gradually expands until finally the whole of Europe, Russia, America and Japan are drawn into it; then it narrows down again. Concentration on the personal can only take place at the cost of the world-historical, for which a thousand pages would barely have sufficed if the personal aspect had been kept well in the background. But almost one-fifth of the book has already been used up by the time Hitler begins to enter politics, and then it is only Bavarian politics. Even during his rise, even when he is at his peak, the searchlight is often directed upon him alone, and this lies of course in the nature of a biography.

The result is that the world-historical aspect is often dealt with very summarily, even when it is Hitler who is making history, and what history! On the change from total unemployment to total employment after 1933: two pages. (Not that it was magic; but when the uninformed person reads a book like this he would like to know how and why everything suddenly functioned perfectly which previously had not functioned at all.) Later, on the horrors in Poland a single sentence. Is there even that on the German crimes in Holland, in Norway? On the “final solution of the Jewish question”: exactly two pages. On Japan, on Roosevelt and his America: a few dry sentences. The way the book was arranged, there was no room for these things. By the time Hitler seizes power in Germany we have read half the book; almost four-fifths before he unleashes war, that is to say, truly steps “into the centre of world events.” All this was unavoidable, once Fest had decided to deal more thor-

oughly with the personal phenomenon than he had ever dealt with it before.

Then the central questions—where did he come from? what was he like? where did he get stuck and where did he forge ahead? how could a man of this kind gain total power over a highly civilised nation?—do indeed become more important than the question of what he did with the power when he had it and the rest of what we know anyway. There remains the doubt which I have already expressed. In the case of this man, does not a character-study offer a more suitable approach than an epic narrative that has to include general history without being able to deal with it adequately? The more interesting the man, the more uninteresting the death agonies which he inflicted upon millions and millions of people.

AS FAR AS THE NARRATIVE is concerned, the first part (up to the seizure of power), is incomparably more lively, richer, more thorough, analytically more precise, fresher in its viewpoint, in a word, more successful, than the second. All in all, Hitler's youth—“An Aimless Life”—and the early “*Kampfzeit*” are masterfully portrayed, with regard to Hitler himself and to the environment as it helped to mould him and later either aided him or helplessly resisted him: Vienna 1909, Munich 1913, Bavaria 1919, the Weimar Republic 1931. How well Fest describes Hitler's tentative then gradually more confident oratorical art, at once instinctive and studied, infamous and captivating; and how well he describes his meetings.⁴ Anyone who was himself shudderingly present at them cannot help being amazed at the way in which someone who was *not* present can conjure them up before his inner eye and explain their effectiveness. The author goes into the crafty, clever tricks of the politician. He displayed a will of his own when he dared to exclude himself from the “*Einheitsfront*”, the resistance to the occupation of the Ruhr. No alliance with the *Berlin Republik*; fundamentally no alliance either with the reactionary bourgeoisie. Separation from everything in order to give the “Movement” its identity, and ultimately to dominate everyone.

Who would argue that something can come out of nothing? Who could deny that he possessed “a powerful but untamed intelligence”, as A. J. P. Taylor (not always the most reliable of authorities in matters concerning Hitler) put it? Fest insists on this; and no one will object. What we want to know is how he achieved such sweeping success. To intelligence was added energy, an unexampled explosion of energy. Thus in the penultimate sentence of the book: “. . . looking back, this life appears as one single deployment of enormous energy.” For precisely this reason,

⁴ See also Joachim Fest's essay on Hitler in *ENCOUNTER*, October 1973, p.29.

nothing remained as soon as Hitler was dead and gone. People had not followed a vision but only a force. I remember hearing Crown Prince Wilhelm (in an interview in 1932), calling Hitler "*einen grossen Lehrer der Energie* (a great teacher of energy)." He was on to something.

If the basic idea regarding energy is not new, certain supplementary thoughts are new enough to deserve mention. First: the energy was not natural to him, not a spring that flowed by itself, but the "violent act of a neurotic character", an act of violence perpetrated on himself and an overcoming of his own inner weakness. Second, radically newer and more remarkable: in the last analysis he drew his energy from *Angst*. In the depths of his soul he was a man afraid of life, afraid of decisions, with a tendency to flight and concealment. The bunker under the *Reichskanzlei* was the ultimate symbol of this. In arguing this thesis Fest occasionally admits that anxiety alone cannot entirely explain his forward-driving dynamism. But it was there inside him; it came from his homeland, old, oppressed Austria, gnawed by conflict and hate; it combined with the "Great Anxiety" of the epoch, to which Fest's first "interpolation" is devoted.

I WANT now to say a word or two about these interpolations. They represent Fest's

most personal contribution to the ideas contained in the book. Without discussing them it would be impossible to convey the story which he tells, and tells well, together with many well-chosen quotations, a sensitive selection of the subject's very own words, eyewitness reports and the verdicts of other authors.

The first interpolation, then, deals with the "*Grosse Angst*." In the context of bourgeois European culture one would call it "cultural pessimism." But its sources lie far deeper than any culture and its effect is far wider. It is the fear of transition—the transition, that is, to an industrial, scientific civilisation, which is felt to be a decline and threatening fall. It is the fear of new, unknown, incomprehensible forces; fear of the big cities and of being uprooted. After 1918, it was also the fear of Bolshevism; and here Fest stresses, with some reason, that there was something in it, in view of the way the Bolsheviks behaved and the pronouncements they made in the areas which they conquered or reconquered. To this were added material fears and they were all too well-founded. Who could look forward to the future after losing his savings down to the last penny in the inflation, and a few years later losing his small business or his job in the deflation? All these fears were deeply embedded in Hitler's own soul. He concentrated them upon

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Hamish Hamilton

"the Jew", first in his own mind, then in the minds of the masses which he gathered around him.

It might be objected that this insight is not exactly new either. Hitler as a *frightened conservative*—that is what Fest calls him. Hitler as a *raging reactionary*—that was his earliest reputation and the one that lasted the longest (and it is the view still held by the Marxist Left) until in his influential book Hermann Rauschnig dared to characterise him as the opposite of a conservative, as a nihilistic revolutionary out for nothing but power, dissolution, and destruction. At the time I immediately agreed with Rauschnig, and with a feeling of relief; for I had never believed that Hitler was an instrument of a capitalism worried about its survival, a mere puppet in the hands of "industry" or some other established power that was manipulating him.

Nor does Fest assume this. He argues and proves that up to and beyond 1932 "big capitalism" maintained an attitude of reserve and distrust towards Hitler and his party; that the financial support furnished by individual capitalists played no role in the party's budget, which was financed by its members; that the latter, the "old guard", the minor party stalwarts, selflessly served the cause with heavy sacrifices of time and money and often of blood. Not until the obscure underground party had progressed into a mass party, with by far the greatest number of members in the whole country, were the *Herren* in Düsseldorf and environs, for better or worse, compelled to take notice of it. Even then they gave less money to it than to the moribund *Volkspartei*, the "German People's Party." The bulk of "the capitalists" came over when almost everyone else came too: after the seizure of power, *Machtergreifung*. When, therefore, we speak of the backward-looking attitude, the anxiety, the essentially defensive posture of Hitler and the Nazi party, we cannot have in mind the interests of the capitalists or an outlook especially friendly towards them. On the contrary, industry, in so far as it was *die Industrie* and not the private dream of some industrialist or banker, formed part of the very complex that was feared, part of modernity, of what was coming, what was threatening.

So this is still not the solution to the riddle. Hitler, says Fest, catalysed and satisfied the irrational longings that were roaming Germany "like masterless dogs", the anti-modern, the romantic, those who pined for a lost wholeness, a vanished "*heile Welt*." Later, however, when he held power, he changed roles. The "illegitimate son of the bourgeois era" ruined, step by step, the conservative bourgeoisie whom he des-

pised. "He set people modern tasks in the evocative fancy-dress of the past. . . ."

TYPICAL OF THE FASCIST MOVEMENT as a whole and of Hitler in particular was "the state of mind of a vanguard that stood with its back to the future and acclimatised its folkloristic tendencies to the concrete jungle of a totalitarian state ruled by force." One aspect of this was its bold, unrestricted readiness to learn from its modern adversaries, the Marxists, especially in the sphere of applied mass psychology. Hitler felt infinitely superior to the temporary allies he quickly betrayed, the "corrupt conservatives" in the Hugenberg mould, because he considered himself a revolutionary, the only one who dared to break all the rules. And yet he was not really a true revolutionary. Was it possible in the second third of the 20th century for such profoundly anachronistic figures, men of the 19th century (as Hitler, according to Fest's frequently repeated observation, was and remained), to be revolutionaries? There are contradictions here, a multitude of them, though in the book itself, except where they form part of the interpretation, they do not fall as thick and fast as in a mere review.

THE ATTEMPT TO REDUCE Hitler to familiar political, historical, sociological concepts had to be made. It can't be avoided, and Fest undertakes it with every conceivable means of scholarship and intellectual ingenuity. But he was bound to fail, more emphatically than the author himself sometimes concedes. He fails *vis-à-vis* historical reality, because this reality is not made up simply of ideas. It can also be said of Napoleon or Bismarck that they were at once conservatives and revolutionaries; and that after this conceptual arithmetic has been completed an important remainder is left over. In the case of *this* man, the opportunistic nihilist, the problem is incomparably worse. How can a mere bundle of pathological energies be reduced to a series of concepts? If Fest (according to the advance publicity for his book) set out to discover quite a different Hitler, a frightened, conservative, defensive Hitler, contrary to Rauschnig's *Revolution of Nihilism*, he has not achieved his aim. There is (and had to be) far too much in the book that is true to the facts and that runs directly counter to this view. The frightened and defensive man clings to the powers of the old order: Monarchy, Aristocracy, the Generals, Bureaucracy, Law and Order, the Universities, the Church. Hitler, in any case a true unbeliever, despised them all and ruined them all, as thoroughly as possible within his short period of

power. Nor did he *fear* the Jews. Insane hatred is not the same as fear. In so far as Hitler's epoch was really the "Age of Anxiety"—and I would only grant this in part, because no age can be reduced to a single denominator—can it be said that Hitler was its most faithful mirror and that this was the basis for his success? To be an exploiter is one thing; to be a mirror, or an incarnation, is something quite different.

A SECOND "INTERPOLATION" bears the title "German Disaster or German Consistency." Disaster would be the tragic coincidence of all sorts of chance factors. Consistency would be Hitler as the logical culmination of a development that had gone on for many centuries: the "From-Luther-to-Hitler" theory. Fest, always cautious in his judgments, rejects both alternatives. The question is not as simple as the Anglo-Saxon accusers made it out to be; nor is it as comforting as German apologists sometimes like to consider it. Very likely there is something "typically German" about National Socialism: a tendency, a predisposition, a tradition or whatever, that may just as well find expression in virtues as in crimes. What is it? Is it the belief that *der Wille* can move mountains and that for the resolute man everything is possible, no matter what the circumstances?

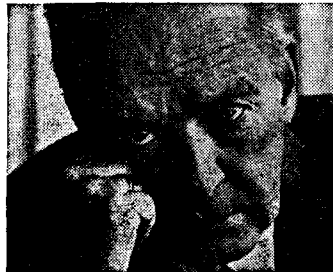
"In the way in which he set up an idea in direct opposition to reality, conceded it power *vis-à-vis* reality, he was truly German. . . ."

"He consistently thought the unthinkable; an element of extreme dauntlessness in the face of reality showed through all his utterances. . . ."

I find these sentences, in fact the whole analysis, displeasing. Let's forget about the Hitler of the "Great Anxiety." It is not the analyst's fault if reality itself is full of contradictions. But hasn't the very question of what is "German" been posed in a completely false, confusing, dangerous manner? Fest's answer calls up associations like "*Ritter, Tod und Teufel*" and it is only a step from there to specifically Nazi associations: "Victory is yours!", *the Triumph of the Will*, "Fight until five minutes past twelve." Joachim Fest accepts the picture which Hitler painted of himself. He almost seems to fall for it.

THE MATTER IS FURTHER CONFUSED by the motto that heads this particular discussion, to wit Hegel's: "*Die Idee ist nicht so ohnmächtig es nur zur Idee zu bringen*" (The idea is not so powerless that it cannot make itself into more than an idea)." Good God—that was not what Hegel meant. Nor was that what Heine meant by his prophecy of the tremendous German-pagan

Vladimir Nabokov



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revolution, from which another of Fest's mottoes is taken. Over the summary of Fest's earlier work, *The Face of the Third Reich*, stands a sentence from Tacitus which I envy him. I was unaware of it, but it hits the nail on the head as only the Romans can:

"Never were there better slaves, never worse masters."

Precisely. By contrast, the chapter headings in the new book are seething with "famous sayings" by Hitler: "Ha, I'll show these dogs how dead I am!", "They shall know that we have an historical vision of events", and so on and so forth. The remark about historical vision is something Joachim Fest believes. Altogether, he believes far too much, always in a well-meaning attempt to avoid writing a pamphlet, in order to achieve historical perspective. Far too often he sees the whole ghastly crew as they saw themselves, or wanted to be seen.

For example, in the moral sphere. The régime, contends Fest, was *not* typologically embodied in *die Schindernaturen*, the "executioners", the sadists with the whip. To be sure, it used criminals of this type, "above all in the initial phase" (yes, and above all in the middle phase, and above all in the final phase too). In reality, however, says Fest, the radicalism of National Socialism had little to do with the passions and the satisfaction of impulses and much more to do with a "perverted moral energy." Emotionless executives, cold, even stony attitudes, repudiation of all human feelings—all out of a misconceived morality.

But in reality none of this existed at all. This is a nonsensical ideal, which a few of the most strong-willed monsters (Heydrich, for example) believed they had approached. Not Himmler. He fainted when, on just one occasion, he caught a glimpse of one of his mass murders. This was the atmosphere of *Schundliteratur*, or literary trash, which one can spout verbally but can hardly realise in one's own life.

Elsewhere Fest writes incisively that the great vengeance after the 20th of July 1944, "in total contradiction to the régime's ideal of dispassionate, impartial execution", was characterised by "remarkable cruelty." "Remarkable (*bemerkenswert*)" is another of his strangely mild expressions; it occurs frequently.

As for Hitler himself, Fest tells us that during the days around 30 June 1934 he was more on edge, more sensitive than his top-level assistants, and he suffered over the murder of his friend Ernst Röhm. There may be something in this. Rauschning, who was an expert, also believed it. But what does it really prove and why waste words over it? Fest on the conduct of the war in

Russia: "Unmoved, Hitler pushed on with the actions of extermination. . . . Hitler's obvious satisfaction over graphic reports of cruelty went hand in hand with a relapse into the unconcealed vulgarity of his early years." Exactly. His nerves were not up to the reality of the executions following 20 July, the infamous details of which he had himself dictated. But they were quite strong enough for the film of them, which (according to Fest) he watched "to the last twitches of the delinquents." It was prettier on film. In the face of such facts (of which plenty are given in this book too), what is to be made of the controversial thesis that Hitler was "no dictator", much less a "tyrant"? What are we to make of the sympathetic examination of his highly-strung, artistic nature that shrank from crowds? The facts count here and not the subtlest psychoanalysis. Moreover, we have Hitler's own words that the masses were his "only bride." And elsewhere the author indicates pretty frankly that his hero behaved towards the masses like a bridegroom on the wedding night. He should have concentrated on such aspects of Hitler's character and not have repeatedly obscured them by tedious, over-subtle digressions containing a grain of truth but devoid, in my view, of all historical relevance.

What, further, are we to make of the conjecture that Hitler was fundamentally not destined to be a politician, but made for something "quite different", something artistic, mythical, removed from reality, and was driven into politics only because, incidentally, so to speak, he also possessed a powerful gift for them, and on top of that a "monstrous character"? This is surely undialectical thinking; and I cannot avoid using the overworked word, there is no other. Even if every man is a hotbed of contradictions, he is still whole; everything plays a part; the strongest impulse wins and is not weakened but rather reinforced by the others. A politician is a politician, a tyrant a tyrant, a sadist a sadist. And the fact that at one moment or another the sadist, *tieferührt*, fed a hungry little mouse in his lonely room is quite irrelevant.

HITLER, WE READ, possessed no "Utopia", but he did have a "vision." I am not quite clear as to the difference between the two, but there is frequent talk of the vision, already in connection with *Mein Kampf* and later. It has a constructive and a defensive side. The constructive side: Hitler wanted to overcome *selbstentfremdung*, the *self-alienation* of his fellow men: not to liberate them, but in the Wagnerian style to *redeem* them. Instead of the political state he wanted an aesthetic order. The defensive side:

in the face of Russia-Asia, and also in the face of America, Europe could continue to exist only in the form of a Greater German Reich stretching to the Urals, with secondary countries in the west. The visionary saw himself as the last chance of the *Abendland*, the saviour of Western Civilisation.

Once again there seems to me to be a grain of truth in the so-called constructive side. Fest describes very impressively how theatrically Hitler thought and felt, how to him music was merely an intensification of the theatrical, how he preferred the uniformed, well-ordered masses, the flags and the words of command under the cathedrals of light at the Nuremberg party rallies to the masses in the meeting halls. But behind the theatrical effects lay an entirely different reality. How could he have wished to "redeem" people when he so deeply despised them, always ascribed to them the basest motives, when people (as Fest writes) could never arouse his interest or his sympathy? When he only yawned on being shown plans for housing estates (Fest, quoting Albert Speer) and travelled through Germany's ravaged cities with the curtains of his railway car drawn, because he couldn't give a damn for all that misery? How could he have loved his Germans, when there was no love in him? How could he have saved the West, he who was destitute of any tradition, who

trampled on every aspect of European civilisation, sought to exterminate whole ancient European peoples or to reduce them to illiterate slaves?

Of course, Fest is aware of all these questions and should not have been at a loss for an answer. But it is missing in those places where it ought to have been given. Why does he take the "vision" so seriously and write pages upon pages about this revolting idiocy, pages that are not available for more important purposes? When it came to putting the Concept of the World Empire into practice, he comments, its "weaknesses" "could not be overlooked." We can only agree with him.

WHICH BRINGS US to the War. In a further "Interpolation" Joachim Fest asks how it came about that the man who, up to that moment, had determined the course of events almost exclusively, "contrary to all his plans, drifted into *this* war at *this* point in time"? In my view the question calls for a less complicated answer than Fest gives it. The author knows all about Hitler's "seemingly pig-headed fixation on the concept and idea of war" and has a wealth of material with which to demonstrate it. Now, the *concept* of war is precisely that: an abstraction, from which in its factual detail reality always differs.

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No objective considerations, no "vital interests" of the Nation he so revered compelled Hitler to start the war. He wanted it, wanted war as such, and that is why he started it, furious that the capitulation of the Western powers had prevented him from doing so the year before.

But War, once it is there, War between Great Powers, cannot be dominated and developed according to plan the way Hitler had dominated European politics during a few years of peace. Thus the word "*verfehlt*" or "abortive" seems to me without real meaning here. If we were to speculate and assume that Hitler had got *his* war—the war against Poland, and then against Russia, or in alliance with Poland against Russia—let us even suppose, impossible though it appears, that he had conquered and subjugated Russia as far as the Urals, and that all this time the Western Powers had remained neutral—what then? Would the man who begrudged the quarter-autonomy left to the Czechs after "Munich" have tolerated the autonomy of Britain and France, then of Japan, of the United States? Here no time of peace is conceivable. Fest quotes: "For wherever our success ends it will always be merely the jumping-off point for a new struggle." Exactly. Then why talk of an "abortive war", of an attempt that failed? Seriously speaking there was no attempt that failed to the regret of the attempter; there was only an insane enterprise that was *bound* to fail, that in the depths of the monster's consciousness was *intended* to fail.

"The Jews also once laughed at me. I don't know whether they are still laughing at me today, or whether the smile has been wiped off their faces."

This was uttered at the height of the murder of the Jews. He would not have rested so long as there was a single person left on earth who might have laughed at him. The new order that was to eliminate self-alienation, the aesthetic state with its cathedrals of light, its castles of noble élites and harvest festivals, all existed for war and again for war. All the rest was merely window dressing.

NATURALLY THE AUTHOR knows all this; it emerges in his book; he is far too knowledgeable and sensitive not to know it. But again and again it is obscured by rationalising reflections, as though the subject itself were a rational one. By accumulating motives from the most varied fields, Fest imagines he has got at the cause, the effective force. Hitler attacked Russia partly out of entirely rational calculation: time was working against him; while he did nothing Russia, like Britain and America, was growing stronger (etc., etc.). Partly in order to settle his Germans in the wide spaces of the East. Partly

out of a deeply personal psychic need. By assembling Hitler's attributes—conservative and revolutionary traits, explosions of energy, artistic nature, rejection of reality, "One of the greatest orators in history" (poor Cicero, poor Chatham, Pitt and Canning, poor Bismarck) further, his political gifts, vision, resentment, thirst for revenge, monstrous character, etc., etc., he believes he has reached the main substance. And it is here that I see the basic error of Fest's line of thinking. Because of it, he all too frequently forgets what he himself says at the beginning: ". . . for he was by nature bent on destruction. . . ." Because of it, he repeatedly loses himself in investigations that are always clever, but in their mutual counterbalance do not get to the heart of the matter and are confusing rather than enlightening. The flow of the narrative is well fed; the flow of thought is overfed.

This is also true of the concluding survey, which links up with the introductory discussion of "Hitler and Historical Greatness", as well as with the final chapter of the narrative. There we read that, although of course every nation must bear responsibility for its history, Hitler was not so much the man of one nation as the man of the century—a powerful trend of the age, a *Zeittendenz*, culminated in him. Wrong, again. Just as wrong as the concluding thesis that his goal was Europe's salvation and self-assertion. Where is this "trend of the age" to be seen in Roosevelt's America, in the Britain of Baldwin, Chamberlain and Churchill, in the France of Léon Blum, Flandin, and Daladier?

On the contrary, Hitler was only able to penetrate to the "centre of the world's movement" because he was so alien to the Western nations that their leaders simply could not understand him or his so-called trend of the age; because they considered a second European World War the insane anachronism it was; because, for this reason, they were willing to grant the German *Reich* everything to which it seemed to have any legal right whatever; because, as the provincial, short-sighted, but well-intentioned, peace-loving politicians they were, they all too easily allowed themselves to be deceived by Hitler's lies. Fest denies that he "lied." He would have done better not to deny it. During the War, however, after June 1940, after June and December 1941, it was all up with his lies. And then it emerged that Hitler's "*genial*" political skill, so highly rated by Fest, had been nothing but the good-natured weakness and blindness of those who ought, at the right time, to have been his adversaries and did not want to be, who at the right time could have polished him off.

Now the situation was suddenly quite different. As a sheer master of power politics Franklin

Roosevelt towered above Hitler. The way he promised his Americans he would never lead them into the European war (although he had decided upon this in June 1940); the way, apparently leaving Europe on one side, he provoked and tormented the Japanese with pinpricks until they fulfilled his dearest wish at Pearl Harbour, and then, apparently leaving Japan on one side in its turn, he concentrated the bulk of America's armed forces against Hitler's empire—this was masterful power politics, if we want to admire success in the field of power politics, which in this case we probably must—for where should we have been later without it? But Roosevelt is virtually forgotten. He did not stand in the "centre of the world's movement." Why not? Because no *Zeittendenz* "culminated" in him; because, for all his aristocratic gaiety, he was an old-fashioned Christian gentleman, a man whose psychological health was thoroughly stable, who meant well by his fellow men and was no bestial murderer of millions.

SINCE I think as an historian a little more simply than Joachim Fest, I shall try to conclude more simply.

Hitler was not *the* man of the century, but *a* man of the century; for unfortunately he lived in our century and, anachronism or not, cannot be separated from it. He was a German, not because there was anything in him (partly abominable, partly in its potentiality good) that was especially German, but simply because he was a German, even though he came from the borderland; because he settled in Germany and was able to subjugate Germany (thanks to the blind economic policy of *Reichskanzler* Brüning, without which his "movement" would never have carried him to the pinnacle of power); because the Germans then became the best slaves serving the worst masters, thereby making it possible for him to carry on his maniacal end-game for twelve years, until the wild dream ended in nightmare.

The end—with a "human wreck" munching cakes in the Berlin bunker—is splendidly portrayed in Fest's book.

The New Larkin—By CLIVE JAMES

Wolves of Memory

LARKIN COLLECTIONS come out at the rate of one per decade: *The North Ship*, 1945; *The Less Deceived*, 1955; *The Whitsun Weddings*, 1964; *High Windows*, 1974. Not exactly a torrent of creativity: just the best. In Italy the reading public is accustomed to cooling its heels for even longer. Their top man, Eugenio Montale, has similarly produced only four collections, and he got started a good deal earlier. But that, in both countries, is the price one has to pay. For both poets the parsimony is part of the fastidiousness. Neither writes an unconsidered line. It is piquant—and ruinous for pan-cultural optimism—to consider that Larkin would almost certainly hate visiting Italy as much as Montale is known to have hated visiting England. Nor is there the slightest point in trying to translate either man into the other's language. Each incarnates the principle that the poetry is the part you can't translate. They are the two master poets at present alive in Europe, but except in purity there is just no way that they connect. Purity, and the protracted tease-play between volumes.

Now that the latest Larkin is finally available,¹

it is something of a shock to find in it some poems one doesn't recognise. Clipping the poems out of magazines has failed to fill the bill—there were magazines one hadn't bargained for. As well as that, there is the surprise of finding that it all adds up even better than one had expected: the poems which one thought of as characteristic turn out to be more than that—or rather the *character* turns out to be more than that. Larkin has never liked the idea of an artist Developing. Nor has he himself done so. But he has managed to go on clarifying what he was sent to say. The total impression of *High Windows* is of despair made beautiful. Real despair and real beauty, with not a trace of posturing in either. The book is the peer of the previous two mature collections, and if they did not exist would be just as astonishing. But they do exist (most of us could recognise any line from either one) and can't help rendering many of the themes in this third book deceptively familiar.

I think that in most of the poems here collected Larkin's ideas are being reinforced or deepened rather than repeated. But from time to time a certain predictability of form indicates that a previous discovery is being unearthed all over again. Such instances aren't difficult to spot, and

¹ *High Windows*. By PHILIP LARKIN. Faber & Faber, £1.40.

it would be intemperate to betray delight at doing so. Larkin's "forgeries" (Auden's term for self-plagiarisms) are very few. He is more original from poem to poem than almost any modern poet one can think of. His limitations, such as they are, lie deeper than that. Here again, it is not wise to be happy about spotting them. Without the limitations there would be no Larkin—the beam cuts *because it's narrow*.

It has always seemed to me a great pity that Larkin's more intelligent critics should content themselves with finding his view of life circumscribed. It is, but it is also bodied forth as art to a remarkable degree. There is a connection between the circumscription and the poetic intensity, and it's no surprise that the critics who can't see the connection can't see the separation either. They seem to think that just because the poet is (self-admittedly) emotionally wounded, the poetry is wounded too. There is always the suggestion that Larkin might handle his talent better if he were a more well-rounded character. That Larkin's gift might be part and parcel of his own peculiar nature isn't a question they have felt called upon to deal with. The whole fumbling dereliction makes you wonder if perhaps the literati in this country haven't had things a bit easy. A crash-course in, say, art criticism could in most cases be recommended. Notions that Michelangelo would have painted more feminine-looking sibyls if he had been less bent, or that Toulouse-Lautrec might have been less obsessive about Jane Avril's dancing if his legs had been longer, would at least possess the merit of being self-evidently absurd. But the brain-wave about Larkin's quirky negativism, and the consequent trivialisation of his lyrical knack, is somehow able to go on sounding profound.

It ought to be obvious that Larkin is not a universal poet in the thematic sense—in fact, he is a self-proclaimed stranger to a good half, *the good half of life*. You wonder what a critic who complains of this imagines he is praising when he allows that Larkin is still pretty good anyway, perhaps even great. What's missing in Larkin doesn't just tend to be missing, it's glaringly, achingly, unarguably *missing*. But the poetry is all there. The consensus about his stature is consequently encouraging, even if accomplished at the cost of a majority of its adherents misunderstanding what is really going on. At least they've got the right man.

THE FIRST POEM in the book, "To the Sea", induces a fairly heavy effect of *déjà lu*. Aren't we long used to that massive four-stanza form, that conjectural opening ("To step over the low wall . . .") in the infinitive? Actually we aren't: he's never used them before. It's the tone that's reminiscent,

and the tactics. The opening takes us back to childhood and the lost chance of happiness, the shots that all fell wide—

The miniature gaiety of seashores.

In the familiar way, sudden brutalities of diction bite back a remembered sweetness—

A white steamer stuck in the afternoon.

Alienation is declared firmly as the memories build up—

Strange to it now, I watch the cloudless scene:

Details well up in the mind with Proustian specificity—

*. . . and then the cheap cigars,
The chocolate-papers, tea-leaves, and, between
The rocks, the rusting soup-tins . . .*

The mind, off guard, unmanned by recollection, lets slip the delicately expressed lyrical image—

*The white steamer has gone. Like breathed-on glass
The sunlight has turned milky.*

Whereupon, as in "Church-Going" or "The Whitsun Weddings", the poem winds up in a sententious coda.

*. . . If the worst
Of flawless weather is our falling short
It may be that through habit these do best,
Coming to water clumsily undressed
Yearly, teaching their children by a sort
Of clowning; helping the old, too, as they ought.*

The happiness we once thought we could have can't be had, but simple people who stick to time-honoured habits probably get the best approximation of it. Larkin once said that if he were called in to construct a religion he would make use of water. Well, here it is, lapping at the knobbled feet of unquestioning plebs. Such comfort as the poem offers the reader resides in the assurance that this old habit of going to the sea-side is "still going on", even if reader and writer no longer share it. A cold comfort, as always. Larkin tries, he has said, to preserve experience both for himself and for others, but his first responsibility is to the experience.

The next big poem is the famous three-part effort that appeared in the *Observer*, "Livings". A galley-proof of it is still folded into the back of my copy of *The Less Deceived*. I think it an uncanny piece of work. The proof is read to shreds, and I can still remember the day I picked it up in the office. Larkin had the idea—preserved, in concentrated form, in one of the poems in this volume, "Posterity"—that a young American Ph.D. student called Jake Balokowsky is all set to

wrap him up in an uncomprehending thesis.² The first part of "Livings" is full of stuff that Balokowsky is bound to get wrong. The minor businessman who annually books himself into "the — Hotel in — ton for three days" speaks a vocabulary as well-rubbed and subtly anonymous as an old leather couch. Balokowsky will latch on well enough to the idea that the poem's narrator is a slave to habit,

*wondering why
I keep on coming. It's not worth it. Father's dead:
He used to, but the business now is mine.
It's time for change, in nineteen twenty-nine.*

What Jake will probably miss, however, is the value placed on the innocuous local newspaper, the worn décor, the ritual chat, the non-challenging pictures and the ex-Army sheets. It's dependable, it's a living, and "living" is not a word Larkin tosses around lightly. Judging the narrator is the last thing Larkin is doing. On the contrary, he's looking for his secret. To be used to comfort is an enviable condition. Beer, whisky, cigars and silence—the privileges of the old mercantile civilisation which Larkin has been quietly celebrating most of his life, a civilisation in which a place like Leeds or Hull (see "Friday night in the Royal Station Hotel") counts as a capital city. There *is* another and bigger life, but Larkin doesn't underestimate this one for a minute.

In fact he conjures it up all over again in the third part of the poem. The setting this time is Oxford, probably in the late 17th century. The beverage is port instead of whisky, and the talk, instead of with wages, tariffs and stock, deals with advowsons, resurrections and regicide. Proofs of God's existence lie uncontested on dusty bookshelves. "The bells discuss the hour's gradations." Once again the feeling of indoor warmth is womb-like. Constellations sparkle over the roofs, matching the big sky draining down the estuary in Part I.

The central poem of the trio squirms like a cat

² But a small book on Larkin by David Timms (Oliver & Boyd, 75p.) can be strongly recommended. The scholarship is meticulous and the commentary is gratifyingly sane. Suitably expanded (the jazz criticism is the clearest expression of Larkin's aesthetic and would repay an extended discussion) this volume could become the Standard Critical Work that might help protect its understandably trepidatious subject from the computerised ministrations of Jake Balokowsky, whose name I am surprised to find absent from the special Larkin number of *Phoenix* (edited by Harry Chambers, 75p). Everybody else seems to be there. Already published but continuously useful articles by Christopher Ricks and Anthony Thwaite are handily collected, together with some fascinating (probably misleadingly fascinating) work-sheets of "At Grass."

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Paul M. Postal

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caught between two cushions. Its narrator is conducting a lone love-affair with the sea.

*Rocks writhe back to sight.
Mussels, limpets,
Husband their tenacity
In the freezing slither—
Creatures, I cherish you!*

The narrator's situation is not made perfectly clear. While wanting to be just the reverse, Larkin can on occasion be a difficult poet, and here, I think, is a case of over-refinement leading to obscurity. (Elsewhere in this volume "Sympathy in White Major" is another instance, and I have never been able to understand "Dry Point" in *The Less Deceived*.) My guess—and a guess is not as good as an intelligent deduction—is that the speaker is a lighthouse keeper. The way the snow "(O loose moth world)" swerves against the black water, and the line "Guarded by brilliance", seem somehow to suggest that: that, or something similar. Anyway, whoever he is, the narrator is right in among the elements, watching the exploding sea and the freezing slither from seventy feet up on a stormy night. But we see at the end that he, too, is safe indoors. On the radio he hears of elsewhere. He sets out his plate and spoon, cherishing his loneliness. In this central panel of his triptych, it seems to me, Larkin is saying that the civilisations described in the side-panels—one decaying, the other soon to lose its confidence—have an essence, and that this is it. The essence can be preserved in the soul of a man on his own. This is not to suggest that there is anything consolingly positive under Larkin's well-known negativism: the only consoling thing about Larkin is the quality of his art.

"HIGH WINDOWS", the next stand-out poem, shows an emotional progression Larkin has already made us used to.

*When I see a couple of kids
And guess he's fucking her and she's
Taking pills or wearing a diaphragm,
I know this is paradise. . . .*

Larkin is a master of language-levels and eminently qualified to use coarse language for shock effects. He never does, however. Strong language in Larkin is put in not to shock the reader but to define the narrator's personality. When Larkin's narrator in "A Study of Reading Habits" (in *The Whitsun Weddings*) said "Books are a load of crap" there were critics—some of them, incredibly, among his more appreciative—who allowed themselves to believe that Larkin was expressing his own opinion. (Kingsley Amis had the same kind of trouble, perhaps from the same kind of people, when he let Jim Dixon cast aspersions on

Mozart.) It should be obvious at long last, however, that the diction describes the speaker. When the speaker is close to representing Larkin himself, the diction defines which Larkin it is—what mood he is in. Larkin is no hypocrite and has expressed envy of young lovers too often to go back on it here. The word "fucking" is a conscious brutalism, a protective way of not conjuring up what's meant. However inevitable it might be that Jake Balokowsky will identify this opening sentiment as a Muggeridgean gesture of contempt, it is incumbent on us to realise that something more interesting is going on.

Everyone young is going down "the long slide" to happiness. The narrator argues that his own elders must have thought the same about him, who was granted freedom from the fear of Hell-fire in the same way that the kids are granted freedom from the fear of pregnancy. But (and here comes the clincher) attaining either freedom means no more than being lifted up to a high window, through which you see

*. . . the deep blue air, that shows
Nothing, and is nowhere, and is endless.*

There is no doubt that the narrator is calling the kids' sexual activities meaningless. What's open to doubt is whether the narrator believes what he is saying, or, given that he does, whether Larkin (wheels within wheels) believes the narrator. Later in the volume there is a poem called "Annus Mirabilis" which clearly contradicts the argument of "High Windows."

*Sexual intercourse began
In nineteen sixty-three
(Which was rather late for me)—
Between the end of the Chatterley ban
And the Beatles' first LP.*

Evincing an unexpected sensitivity to tone, Jake could well detect an ironic detachment here. To help him out, there is a suggestion, in the third stanza, that the new liberty was merely license.

*And every life became
A brilliant breaking of the bank,
A quite unlosable game.*

It all links up with the bleak view of "High Windows." What Jake might not spot, however, is that it contrasts more than it compares. "Annus Mirabilis" is a jealous poem—the fake-naïve rhythms are there for self-protection as much as for ironic detachment. Larkin can't help believing that sex and love ought by rights to have been easier things for his generation, and far easier for him personally. The feeling of having missed out on something is one of his preoccupations. The thing Balokowsky needs to grasp is that Larkin is not criticising modern society from a position of superiority. Over the range of his

poetry, if not always in individual poems, he is very careful to allow that these pleasures might very well be thought meaningful. That he himself finds them meaningless might have something to do with himself as well as the state of the world. To the reader who has Larkin's poetry by heart, no poet seems more open. Small wonder that he finds it simply incomprehensible when critics discuss his lack of emotion. Apart from an out-right yell for help, he has sent every distress signal a shy man can.

"THE OLD FOOLS"—even the ex-editor of the *Listener* blew his cool over that one, billing it as "marvellous" on the paper's mast-head. And marvellous it is, although very scary. There is a pronounced technical weakness in the first stanza. It is all right to rhyme "remember" with "September" if you make it quite clear why September can't be July. Does it mean that the Old Fools were in the Home Guard in September 1939? It's hard to know. Apart from that one point, though, the poem is utterly and distressingly explicit. Once again, the brutalism of the opening diction is a tip-off to the narrator's state of mind, which is, this time, fearful.

*What do they think has happened, the old fools,
To make them like this? Do they somehow suppose
It's more grown-up when your mouth hangs open and
drools. . . .*

Ill-suppressed anger. The crack about supposing "it's more grown-up" is a copybook example of Larkin's ability to compact his intelligibility without becoming ambiguous. Supposing something to be "more grown-up" is something children do: ergo, the Old Fools are like children—one of the poem's leading themes stated in a single locution.

Why aren't they screaming?

Leaving the reader to answer: because they don't know what's happening to them. The narrator's real fears—soon he switches to a personal "you"—are for himself. The second stanza opens with an exultant lyrical burst: stark terror never sounded lovelier.

*At death, you break up: the bits that were you
Start speeding away from each other for ever
With no one to see. It's only oblivion, true:
We had it before, but then it was going to end,
And was all the time merging with a unique endeavour
To bring to bloom the million-petalled flower
Of being here.*

The old, he goes on to suggest, probably live not in the here and now but "where all happened once." The idea takes some of its force from our awareness that that's largely where Larkin lives already—only his vision could lead to this death.

The death is terrifying, but we would have to be like Larkin to share the terror completely. The reader tends to find himself shut out, glad that Larkin can speak so beautifully in his desperation but sorry that he should see the end in terms of his peculiar loneliness. There is always the edifying possibility, however, that Larkin is seeing the whole truth and the reader's defence mechanisms are working full blast.

IF THEY ARE, "The Building" will quickly break them down. Here, I think, is the volume's masterpiece—an absolute chiller, which I find myself getting by heart despite a pronounced temperamental aversion. The Building is the house of death, a Dantesque hell-hole—one thinks particularly of *Inferno V*—where people "at that vague age that claims/The end of choice, the last of hope" are sent to "their appointed levels." The ambience is standard modernist hum-drum: paperbacks, tea, rows of steel chairs like an airport lounge. You can look down into the yard and see red brick, lagged pipes, traffic. But the smell is frightening. In time everyone will find a nurse beckoning to him. The dead lie in white rows somewhere above. This, says Larkin with an undeflected power unique even for him, is what it all really adds up to. Life is a dream and we awake to this reality.

*O world,
Your loves, your chances, are beyond the stretch
Of any hand from here! And so, unreal,
A touching dream to which we all are lulled
But wake from separately. In it, conceits
And self-protecting ignorance congeal
To carry life. . . .*

There is no point in disagreeing with the man if that's the way he feels, and he wouldn't write a poem like "The Building" if he didn't feel that way to the point of daemonic possession. He himself is well aware that there are happier ways of viewing life. It's just that he is incapable of sharing them, except for fleeting moments—and the fleeting moments do not accumulate, whereas the times in between them do. The narrator says that "nothing contravenes/The coming dark." It's an inherently less interesting proposition than its opposite, and a poet forced to devote his creative effort to embodying it has only a small amount of space to work in. Nor, within the space, is he free from the paradox that his poems will become part of life, not death. From that paradox, we gain. The desperation of "The Building" is like the desperation of Leopardi, disconsolate yet doomed to being beautiful. The advantage which accrues is one of purity—a hopeless affirmation is the only kind we really want to hear when we feel, as sooner or later everybody must, that life is a trap.

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There is no certain way of separating Larkin's attitude to society from his conception of himself, but to the extent that you can, he seems to be in two minds about what the world has come to. He thinks, on the one hand, that it's probably all up; and on the other hand that youth still has a chance. On the theme of modern life being an unmitigated and steadily intensifying catastrophe he reads like his admired Betjeman in a murderous mood—no banana blush or cheery telly teeth, just a tight-browed disdain and a toxic line of invective. "Going, Going" is particularly instructive here. In "How Distant" we hear about

... the departure of young men
*Down valleys, or watching
The green shore past the salt-white cordage
Rising and falling*

Between the "fraying cliffs of water" (always a good sign when there's a lot of water about) the young adventurers used to sail, in the time of what we might call *genuine newness*. Larkin's objections to modern innovation are centred on its lack of invention—it's all fatally predictable. Someone once called somebody nostalgic for the future. Larkin is anticipatory about the past. He longs for the time when youth meant the possibility of a new start.

*This is being young,
Assumption of the startled century
Like new store clothes,
The huge decisions printed out by feet
Inventing where they tread,
The random windows conjuring a street.*

The implication being that the time of adventure is long over. But in "Sad Steps", as the poet addresses the Moon, youth is allowed some hope.

*One shivers slightly, looking up there.
The hardness and the brightness and the plain
Far-reaching singleness of that wide stare
Is a reminder of the strength and pain
Of being young; that it can't come again,
But is for others undiminished somewhere.*

An elegantly cadenced admission that his own view of life might be neurotic, and excellent fuel for Jake's chapter on the dialectical element in Larkin, in which it is pointed out that his poems are judiciously disposed in order to illuminate one another, Yeats-style. The Sun and Moon, like Water, bring out Larkin's expansiveness, such as it is. It's there, but you couldn't call it a bear-hug. Time is running out, as we hear in the wonderfully funny *Vers de Société*:

*Only the young can be alone freely.
The time is shorter now for company,
And sitting by a lamp more often brings
Not peace, but other things.*

Visions of The Building, for example.

THE BOOK ENDS on an up-beat, with a poem

called "The Explosion", featuring the ghosts of miners walking from the sun towards their waiting wives. It is a superb thought superbly expressed, and Larkin almost believes in it, just as in "An Arundel Tomb" (the closing poem of *The Whitsun Weddings*) he almost believed in the survival of love. Almost believing is all right, once you've got believing out of it. But faith itself

is extinct. Larkin loves and inhabits tradition as much as Betjeman does, but artistically he had already let go of it when others were only just realising it was time to cling on. Larkin is the poet of the void. The one affirmation his work offers is the possibility that when we have lost everything the problem of beauty will still remain. It's enough.

Ivy Compton-Burnett—By P. N. FURBANK

Butlers & Beliefs

THE FIRST INTRIGUING revelation in Hilary Spurling's *Ivy When Young*¹ is that the novelist was not born a member of the landed gentry, nor brought up in some cedar-shaded ancestral mansion. On the contrary, she belonged to the *nouveaux riches* and in youth knew only brand-new suburban houses—though large ones, equipped with butlers. This should not surprise us and indeed should satisfy our sense of how art operates. There would seem little motive for preoccupying yourself with a mode of social life unless you stand outside it—have never known it, or have been jolted out of it. The novelists most concerned with English social niceties have mostly been *parvenus*, like Trollope, or "colonials", like Angela Thirkell. (I can't fit Jane Austen into this, but she seems the only exception.) A generation back, then, Ivy Compton-Burnett's family were shopkeepers, carriers and small farmers, and her father James, a very successful homeopathic doctor and medical author, began life as a penniless wanderer.

The second revelation is that the novelist, a great expert on domestic tyrants, proved, when it came to the text, just such a tyrant herself. Her father—who, it seems, was not a tyrant, though a combative, bouncing, ambitious man—died in 1901, leaving his five children by his first wife and six more, including Ivy, by his second, to the mercies of his widow, Katharine. Here certainly was a tyrant, in the Ivy Compton-Burnett manner: she victimised her stepchildren, threw hysterical rages, made an extravagant cult of mourning, and altogether ruled her court like some mad monarch, so that the children dared not invite their friends home. She died in 1911, and Ivy, the eldest of her children, stepped unquestioningly into her place. It was as if she had fallen in love with stagnation. She "discouraged

all attempts to soften the harsh daily routine"; she kept the family's accounts, arranged their education, dealt out their allowances and generally assumed rigid command. Her sisters took to music, but for Ivy music was "a pure debit", and eventually she forbade piano-playing under her roof. Further, to preserve her sister Primrose from "Bohemian" musical associates, she sent her to Cheltenham Ladies' College, bitterly against her will, and then, after two terms, took her away again, once more against her will. "Those were years in which Ivy wasn't master of herself", her sisters said later; "—something was mastering her, and it wasn't the best part of her."

At last, after four years of her régime, her sisters rebelled, announcing they would go to live in London. Ivy tried silence as a weapon and, this failing, proposed that she should join the household but this her sisters flatly refused—though, they said, she was welcome to come to tea. This was late in 1915; and in July 1916 her beloved brother Noel, a Fellow of King's College, was killed on the Somme. His death, coming at this moment, and reviving her grief at the death of a previous brother, "quite smashed her life up", or so she said later. According to her friend Arthur Waley, for years after Noel's death she did nothing but lie on the sofa eating chocolates. Meanwhile another blow, more extraordinary though less felt, lay in store for her. Her two youngest sisters, missing for a fortnight and believed on holiday, were found dead in their bedroom, apparently as the result of a suicide pact: a strange story, never fully explained. Ivy succumbed to Spanish 'flu in the following year, 1918, being found alone and near death in her London flat; and for many months afterwards she lay helpless, unable to read or write. (Though she liked being read to, instructing her sisters; "Read, but don't put any expression into it. Read in a dull monotonous voice.") At this point, one half of her life,

¹ *Ivy When Young: The Early Life of I. Compton-Burnett, 1884-1919*. By HILARY SPURLING. Gollancz, £3.80.

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the part she was to write about, seems to have come to a close. "After 1918", says her biographer, she drew a line beneath everything that had gone before, and drew it with a finality and force which had drastic repercussions in her life."

"... then my brain came back." This was her curt description of her resurrection. And what helped her brain to come back, it appears, was the reading of Samuel Butler's *Notebooks*. This is the third striking revelation, and great credit is due to Hilary Spurling for showing its significance. That she did read the *Notebooks*, in the 1918 edition, is clear, for she annotated her copy. And as soon as her name and Butler's are joined, much seems to click. Critics in the past have, on occasion, likened her to Jane Austen and her kindred—I mean, writers in the central tradition of the English novel. This is surely quite astray. Where she belongs is among the wits and *philosophes*, the company of Shaw and Wilde and their anti-Victorian school. One is not to look for "felt life" in her novels. She wrote, mainly, in order to practise a certain kind of wit, a specifically anti-Victorian kind, and the secret strategy of her novels was to provide as many occasions, and as wide a deployment, for this wit as possible. If you consider, for instance, her P. G. Wodehouse-like butlers, you will see that their sole *raison d'être*—a sufficient one—is not so much human as linguistic: it is the fact (or legend) that butlers speak in the third person. Her self-deluders have more serious human observation behind them, but even her self-deluders are chiefly there for the wit of her truth-seers to play on. And the themes of this wit are, as Hilary Spurling demonstrates, extremely close to Butler's. They share the same "immoralism", the habit of looking, in ethical matters, for what we actually believe, what our behaviour plainly shows us to believe, as opposed to what our lips proclaim—and greeting it with relief. They share, also, the love of blowing up and dusting down catch-phrases (of course, a feature of much post-Wildean wit). How Butlerian, *mutatis mutandis*, is this, from *Brothers and Sisters*:

"What a blank Christian Stace's death has left", said Sarah.

"You have the gift of saying these things, Sarah", said Julian. I often think it is fortunate that gifts are rare. I am not speaking to wound you. I don't mean to belittle blanks. I try to be a person to leave a blank. I quite dread to die, because of my blank, the poorness of it; and I know one ought not to dread to die. I know your blank will be better."

Hilary Spurling is very good in general on literary influence. She points out earlier that Ivy Compton-Burnett's first novel, *Dolores*, draws on George Eliot's "Amos Barton" and indeed may have paid conscious tribute to it. There is, I think,

no place for literary criticism in a biography, but there is one for literary history, as this illustrates. Ivy's salvation by Butler is biography and literary history all in one, and it makes a telling and satisfying climax to Hilary Spurling's first volume.

HOW GOOD IS THIS, in general, as a biography? Very, I would say, though with certain reservations. It is an absorbing book, and more absorbing as it goes on. Hilary Spurling does, however, break certain biographer's rules, or what I would like to regard as rules. For one thing, she goes in much for the vein of "One cannot help speculating", "One cannot help supposing." One cannot help "supposing" that Lowes Dickinson approved of Emily Herrick in *Pastors and Masters*, for her tolerance of misogyny. One cannot help "suspecting" that the conversation of the Stace children, when discussing their mother in *Brothers and Sisters*, echoes conversations in the Compton-Burnett nursery. There is a great deal of this latter sort of suspecting, the kind which uses the novels as evidence. And perhaps it is true, one *cannot* help it, but I think one should try—for the time-honoured reason that this is no way to read literature. We want to know about Fanny Brawne, but not to think of her when reading *The Eve of St Agnes*. Literature and biography, all too easily, can mingle in a kind of soup, where one cannot distinguish one thing from another. I do think this "suspecting" is a crime; though in this case it is a venial one, for, so it appears, Ivy Compton-Burnett left no personal documents whatever, nor did many people keep her letters. Thus her biographer is in a fix. She would have been in a greater one, had it not been for the novelist's sisters, who survived her and discussed her with great frankness and percipience.

There is, again, the "inheritance" bother. It is surely merely an old wives' tale that anyone ever "inherited" any mental quality—apart perhaps from his I.Q. Michelangelo did *not* inherit his artistic gifts from a great-aunt with a talent for sketching. Nor did Ivy Compton-Burnett inherit a "passionate regard for truth" and "considerable gifts as a storyteller" from her father. Perhaps, indeed, Hilary Spurling never suggested this, for her own phrase is "passed on." But how do you "pass on" a talent for story telling? If her father passed his on as a "gift", then that surely is inheritance—in which I don't believe? If on the other hand, and this seems more like life, she admired his storytelling and strove to emulate it, then we want a little evidence of the fact. All this would seem unfair, were it not that, early on in *Ivy When Young*, there is a rather odd passage discussing the claim that Bishop Burnet

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was an ancestor—a claim endorsed in the Compton-Burnett family and by their first biographer. “The Bishop’s robust prose style is informed by vast knowledge and an equally prodigious memory”, says Hilary Spurling; “his nature was fiery and furiously inquisitive; his contemporaries were divided between those who marvelled at his extraordinary personal magnetism and those who, like Swift, smarted under his reforming zeal . . . his vituperative pamphlets and ‘a boisterous vehement manner of expressing himself’ peculiarly exasperating to his enemies. On all these counts, and perhaps especially the last, one might well argue a close affinity between Bishop Burnet and his supposed descendant, James Compton Burnett.” And after all this, we learn, the Bishop won’t do, he must “unfortunately be discarded” as an ancestor! In all this there breathes a superstition about inheritance that biographers should cure themselves of. One’s resolutions dissolve, however, as Hilary Spurling’s book progresses. It is not that her task grows easier, for the material is always patchy. But the story, at last, reveals its full shape, a very strange one, and as it does it grows more and more compelling. Hilary Spurling marshals it with great intelligence and dramatic sense, and altogether her method, a leisurely one, is justified.

AS FOR SAMUEL BUTLER and Ivy Compton-Burnett, one’s thoughts linger on the likeness and contrast. To be Victorian, in Ivy Compton-Burnett’s vision of things, was to be full of beliefs and the energy brought by beliefs, and to be without any self-consciousness—with all the freedom for good and evil, for self-sacrifice and self-approval, that this implies. She spent her childhood among such believers, thunderous, self-delighted champions of Wesleyanism and homeopathy. Her father, whom she loved, was clearly a perfect model of self-persuaded crankiness. Here he is on the woman question:

Put broadly, up to the age of puberty, the girl, all other things being equal, beats the boy; with puberty the damsel throws away every month a vast amount of fluid power in the order of Nature. Let us call this *pelvic power*. Assuming the girl to be the superior of the boy up to the pelvic power stage—which, indeed, anyone can observe for himself, in his own sphere—but once arrived at the stage of pelvic power, and the girl is left behind in her lessons by her brother in the natural order of things, or else the girl’s brain saps the pelvis of its power . . .

By this criterion of Victorianism, Butler was still half a Victorian, for he emerged from his family hell with a whole bundle of beliefs—beliefs in the virtue of luck, the morality of health, etc. By contrast, Ivy Compton-Burnett, in her own early fight for survival, made a clearance of all beliefs and remained true to this. For her, from her

childhood days, intellectual life and saving one’s own soul were a matter purely and simply of self-consciousness or self-awareness. This for her was the truly liberating, anti-Victorian thing and the one by which, later on, she was able to gain detachment from herself, and to study that self—the prototype of so many fictional tyrants.

Her novels, when one comes to think of it, are almost entirely about self-consciousness, in a broader sense of the phrase. It is remarkable, in the first place, how few ways her characters have of expressing themselves. They can make descanting, self-praising and self-deluding orations, in a rhythm which hardly alters from novel to novel; or they can deflate, parody and demolish such orations, in an ironic echo of the same rhythm. The uniformity goes further, even; for, half the time, what characterises the speech of both self-deluders and truth-seers is the same thing. They are both saying about themselves what, strictly, only other people should say about them. This is what her bullies and fools are doing in their bragging, self-praising speeches; but it is equally what her truth-seers are doing, in their games with catch-phrases and concealed quotation-marks: for instance, when Aubrey, in *A Family and a Fortune*, remarks, “Mother’s hand looks lily-white in my brown boyish one.”

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS may bring freedom, but, as her novels remind us often, it does not bring much else—certainly not energy. This truth seems to apply to Ivy Compton-Burnett’s life. We guess, though Hilary Spurling has not told us, that nothing much at all happened to her after 1918. She invented and practised her art and, otherwise, remained a Kensington lady eating chocolates on a sofa. Those chocolates! There is a passage I like in Cicely Greig’s *Ivy Compton-Burnett: a Memoir*, describing Ivy finding a peppermint cream among her chocolates.

Ivy peered at the thing, as at an unidentifiable object, something she had never seen before, turning it this way and that, her expression blank with bewilderment. What was it doing there, the vulgar thing? After a full minute of concentrated examination she flung it on the fire.

A narrow field of action indeed, for so violent a spirit! But anything wider she had renounced, in renouncing belief as a motive for action. To give a further small illustration: it would, Hilary Spurling says, have been out of the question for her to do war-work, in either of the wars. One had one’s private life, and one did not do such things. Of course, though devoid of beliefs, she possessed views. In later years she would sometimes favour interviewers with them, and little could they make of them. Here is a characteristic one: “So many people nowadays do not take afternoon tea. I think that is very bad.”

AUTHORS & CRITICS

The Conservative Utopia

By Richard Lowenthal



IS OUR "MASS DEMOCRACY" based on equal suffrage ultimately compatible, under the conditions of modern industrial society and its complex network of organised interests, with the preservation of a guaranteed scope for individual freedom? Or does the growing mutual involvement of industrial society and democratic government by itself imply the degeneration of the latter into some form of totalitarian dictatorship?

This question, crucial for the fate of the open society, has been argued by a succession of thinkers, ranging from the liberal critics of the French Revolution to the analysts of Bolshevik and Fascist dictatorships in our century. Recently, Professor Helmut Schelsky revived it with regard to the German Federal Republic in his much-debated pamphlet *Mehr Demokratie oder*

IN HIS RECENT article Professor HELMUT SCHELSKY, the German sociologist, set forth the essential conflict that has gripped the entire political structure of Western Germany (and no reader will have failed to note its pertinence to developments elsewhere in Europe and in America). At its heart rages the battle for the abolition or maintenance of "the separation of powers" in its capacity as the constitutive principle governing free social systems and politics. It may well prove to be the fundamental issue for Western society which (in "The Economist's" dramatic formulation) may yet face the "Chilean" extremes of "Politburo or Junta."

In this Western debate between the Burkean "new Conservatives" and the Rooseveltian "radical liberals", Professor RICHARD LOWENTHAL, as a leading spokesman of the European socialist Left, offers a reply and an alternative analysis.

mehr Freiheit ("A German Dilemma," ENCOUNTER February 1974).

In a nutshell, Schelsky's thesis is that the liberal democracies of the West are based on two principles for the limitation of governmental power which complement one another but are also in a necessary state of mutual tension: the democratic principle of Popular Sovereignty and the liberal principle of the Separation of Powers. Now the extension of democracy both by greater mass participation in political activities and by encroachment on ever wider areas of social life is held to unleash a process of irrational politicisation and polarisation. This process, in turn, is said to threaten the scope for individual liberty, because it undermines the separation of powers and the autonomy of a variety of institutions intended to safeguard that scope for freedom.

According to Schelsky, such an excess of democracy has been initiated in West Germany by Chancellor Willy Brandt's appeal to "risk more democracy." He contends that this has triggered the polarisation of public life into two camps which regard all institutions as a legitimate battleground for their hostilities and are already confronting each other in a state of pre-totalitarian conflict—a latent civil war which may well become overt as soon as the relations of force seem to promise total victory to one side or the other. Even the opponents of "democratisation" are helpless in the face of this development because they fail to grasp the nature of the danger. Schelsky sees evidence of this in the fact that all parties have adopted the essentially anti-liberal concept of *Gesellschaftspolitik* ("a policy for society") without realising that it is a totalitarian concept to embark on the transformation of society as a whole by means of governmental measures.

SCHELSKY'S GERMAN CRITICS have largely concentrated on his concrete diagnosis of the present German situation, dismissing it as an unjustified dramatisation of marginal phenomena. But the clarity and consistency with which he expounds his position of principle call for the reasoned statement of an equally principled opposing view, and this is my present purpose. The core of my counter-thesis is that in the conditions of an advanced industrial society, the scope for the freedom of individuals and groups can be preserved only by extending democracy. Only thus will it be possible to compensate for the restriction of our freedom from public decisions, which is inevitable due to the growing mutual involvement of state and society, by a simultaneous extension of our freedom to share in shaping these decisions. An additional factor in West Germany is that the

peculiarly intense crisis of traditional authority in that country has created an urgent need for re-founding authority in many fields on a democratic basis.

Moreover, it is a general truth that in the interest of the members of an advanced industrial society, its dynamic forces can no more be left to their inherent automatism than they can be replaced wholesale by government-initiated plans. *The alternative to the totalitarian utopia of a completely planned social development is not the reactionary utopia of an apolitical self-development of society, but the humane correction of that development through democratic control in constant interaction between society and state.*

“Freedom From” and “Freedom To”¹

MY CRITICISM must start with Schelsky's account of the concept and function of democracy and the separation of powers. He sees them as two complementary answers to the question of how governmental power “can be so limited . . . that the individual's freedom to lead his own life is not impaired and that political authority pays due regard to the basic social convictions and requirements of the citizen.” However, the second of these goals is clearly concerned not only with the negative *limitation* of power in the sense of excluding arbitrary acts of government which flout the will of the governed, but also with the positive *direction* of government action in accordance with that will.

That the decisions of those who wield authority should be influenced by their dependence on elections in which they must answer for their stewardship and compete with alternative candidates is, indeed, the very core of democracy (not the—necessarily fictitious—“identity” of rulers and ruled). But Schelsky's misleading grouping of this goal of directing government action in accordance with the “basic social convictions and requirements of the governed” under the overriding category of checks on government power—of the *freedom to* shape policy decisions under the *freedom from* arbitrary rule—has the effect of excluding this active purpose of democracy from all further consideration. His decision to give “more freedom” priority over “more

democracy” does not spring from his analysis of current conditions in West Germany, as he believes—it is inherent in his theoretical starting point.

The separation of powers, on the other hand, is essentially a means of limiting governmental power—of limiting and controlling power by an independent counterweight (as Schelsky rightly stresses in accord with the liberal classics). In its absence no effective guarantees of freedom can exist. It distinguishes all liberal states from absolute rule founded on divine right on one side, from dictatorships based on the allegedly indivisible “general will” of the people, such as the “People's Democracies”, on the other. However, not all liberal states are democracies. While there can be no liberal democracy in the modern, Western sense without separation of powers, the latter has existed in countries which were *not* democracies—e.g. in the English parliamentary oligarchy of the 18th century, in the French parliamentary monarchy of Louis Philippe with its census-based suffrage, or in the “constitutional monarchy” of the Prusso-German empire.

This explains why as late as the first half of the 19th century, the terms “liberal” and “democrat” were predominantly used to describe opposing political attitudes. The liberals were content with forms of government without equal suffrage and sometimes without full government responsibility to parliament, if only they provided for separation of powers under the rule of law; whereas the radical democrats—e.g. in the French Revolution—not only insisted on a parliament based on equal suffrage but aimed to reduce the executive, without any genuine separation of powers, to a mere committee of that parliament.² Only with the advance of industrialisation and the corresponding growth of the economic and social functions of government did liberals come increasingly to accept equal suffrage, and democrats in advanced countries to recognise the importance of the separation of powers for safeguarding liberty, until finally modern forms of “liberal democracy” prevailed in all the leading nations of the West.

But Schelsky, having tacitly stripped democracy of its active, formative role, extends the concept of the separation of powers beyond the range of the legislative, executive, and judiciary powers of government to include every focus of social power. Analogous to the separation of spiritual and secular power in the Middle Ages, the mutual independence of political and economic power, or of political power and news media or educational institutions, is claimed to serve today to safeguard the individual's scope for freedom. From the old, liberal concept of the

¹The double meaning of freedom as “freedom from” and “freedom to” was first emphasised by Max Weber.

²For the early contrast between democracy and liberalism which greatly influenced the political thought of Karl Marx, see Arthur Rosenberg, *Democracy and Socialism* (1939), and J. L. Talmon, *The Origins of Totalitarian Democracy* (1952).

autonomy of the various spheres of social life on one side, from the principle of preventing, in the interest of the individuals, the cumulation of powers by their separation on the other, Schelsky thus comes to derive the demand that in a truly liberal order the independence from politics, say, of the economic or the educational system must be institutionally secured—not only in the sense of administrative autonomy but in the fundamental sense of being run exclusively according to their own immanent, “objective”, and therefore non-political criteria.

The Interpenetration of Society & State

SCHELSKY, THE SOCIOLOGIST, can only uphold this traditional liberal doctrine of the fundamental autonomy of all spheres of social life, because in this excursion into political theory he makes no use of his knowledge of the basic facts of industrial society. Wherever the independence of economics from politics has existed in industrial conditions, it has always been a one-way street. In the heyday of economic liberalism, no institutional barrier prevented the holders of economic power from wielding, through parliaments elected on limited suffrage, political power as well—whereas any economic intervention by holders of political power was held to violate liberal principles.

The defence of *this* type of autonomy amounts in practice not to limitation of power, but to an attempt to dismantle the kind of public control over private power that has been achieved in all Western industrial countries with the growth of democracy based on universal suffrage. In all these democracies, the public interest in economic development and the corresponding right of government to intervene in the autonomy of the economic system has long become a matter of course—whether it took the form of social policy “intervention” to end child labour, to limit working hours and to prevent accidents, or of protectionist “intervention” to encourage developing and support declining branches of industry against foreign competition.

Conversely, it is also an essential part of the political process in modern democracies, of practically uncontested legitimacy, that economic interest-groups should try to stabilise or improve their own position by their influence on the political institutions. Big industrialists and land-owners do this no less than associations of farmers, shopkeepers, and artisans or labour unions. In an industrial society, economic power *always* spells political power as well, and political power *always* influences the course of economic

development. However justifiably Schelsky may deplore the *forms* in which groups of businessmen or trade unions intervened in the latest German election campaign—the *fact* of such intervention is neither new nor deplorable, but normal.

Even apart from this intense interpenetration of politics and economics, however, it is a basic tendency of modern industrial society to extend the list of subjects recognised as of public concern. Protests voiced in the name of an outdated separation of spheres cannot reverse this trend. They can only raise obstacles to the democratic control of the use of public funds in these new fields. The classic example is the international evolution of educational systems under the influence of compulsory school attendance, of growing public responsibility for vocational training, of the expansion of university education with the increasing number and volume of the professions requiring scientific skills, and finally of modern society’s growing need for scientific research.

As it became recognised that education and training are essential components of the infrastructure of any modern society, and that scientific research is one of its decisive productive forces, the conclusion was drawn everywhere that these matters could no more be left predominantly or exclusively to private—or in education, to ecclesiastical—initiative than the public health system. But institutions which because of their public importance are maintained out of public resources (and in part backed by a public duty to attend) cannot, for certain fundamental matters, remain independent of decisions taken by democratically legitimised public bodies. A controlling public influence on the minimum requirements of school education and vocational and professional training and on priorities for research is inevitable in the nature of things.

The “objective” autonomy of the qualified experts in the teaching profession can only refer to internal organisation; to the *methods* of transmitting aptitudes and knowledge; and (in universities) to pure research, research methods, and the training and selection of future scholars. It cannot extend to decisions about what aptitudes and knowledge are necessary for school-leavers and for the various professions, nor to the priorities for applied research.

More generally, it can be stated that decisions concerned with conflicts and adjustments between different interests or the relative merits of different values are in their nature political, even if they have to be taken in fields not underlying direct state regulation, for instance by autonomous collective bargaining or in disputes on the

shopfloor. There, too, such decisions can be legitimised only “democratically”—by open advocacy of the different material interests or philosophies involved and by compromise between them. The notion that decisions between sectional interests or conflicting values are best taken “purely objectively” by experts is an anti-democratic ideology, rooted in the tradition of the Wilhelmian bureaucratic state and in the nostalgia felt by its erstwhile exponents during the Weimar Republic. It has no parallel in the older democracies.

I HAVE SHOWN THAT the attempt to proclaim the mutual independence of government policy and the various spheres of social life as an inalienable part of the separation of powers under the rule of law is in conflict with the basic modern tendencies towards a growing interpenetration of state and society. Yet this statement does not dispose of Schelsky's anxiety lest these same tendencies increasingly restrict the scope for the freedom of the individual, by making him indirectly dependent on the decisions of the same power-holders—in practice, of the same governing party of the moment—in various spheres of his life. Even the separation of governmental powers proper is, after all, weakened in a modern parliamentary democracy by the fact that executive and legislative are dominated by the same majority party or coalition, leaving the role of counterweight essentially to the opposition and the independent press. It may be added that even in states where the third power, the judiciary, has an independent head in the shape of a supreme constitutional court, the influence of changing political majorities on the composition of that court makes itself felt in the long run (by Senate-approved presidential appointment in the U.S.A., by parliamentary selection in the German Federal Republic) and is a major factor in the gradual modification of judicial attitudes.

The tendency towards “More democracy—Less freedom” criticised by Schelsky is thus actually inherent in the democratic welfare state of the West as it has internationally evolved under the impact of the growing interpenetration of state and society and of the extension of democratically legitimised public influence on social activities that were once completely autonomous. It is indeed inescapable in modern industrial conditions, but only as long as one defines freedom exclusively as “freedom from” the decisions of a unified power, while overlooking the simultaneous increase of the “freedom to” influence those decisions. But—and here I agree with Schelsky—even that compensation would lose its value if the tendency to restrict our “freedom

from” state decisions was *unlimited*, in the sense that ultimately *all* areas of life would become subject to politicisation. The totally harnessed individual would then be left with no real freedom of choice in his democratic exercise of influence. We should be faced with a truly totalitarian development.

In the actual evolution of the Western democracies, however, the tendency limiting the scope for individual freedom has been checked by effective institutional and traditional barriers. The individual's legally protected private sphere, his family life, and his religious beliefs are not open to government intervention. Neither is the legitimacy of the opposition as “counterweight” in dispute, nor are the formation and expression of opinion and the unfolding of intellectual life subject to increasing state control, let alone monopoly. Even where public radio and television corporations do not have to compete with private enterprise, they are in general subject to politically-balanced organs of supervision capable of preventing their abuse as instruments of governmental power and of ensuring a large measure of editorial independence and variety.

It is these guarantees of freedom laid down in the constitutional rights of the citizen and rooted in public opinion which assure the basis of a genuine freedom of choice for the democratic right to share in decision-making. Only where these constitutional rights are threatened or infringed, can the charge be seriously made that the liberal element in modern democracy is in jeopardy.

Politicisation & Polarisation

THE DANGER TO THE FREEDOM of the individual which Professor Schelsky perceives in an expansion of democracy does not, however, derive from its extension to new fields of social life alone. The mobilisation of ever wider strata of voters, though welcomed by other commentators, also arouses his concern. He sees it as compelling all parties to simplify, emotionalise and personalise their arguments, and therefore necessarily linked to a loss of rationality in political decision-making and to an intensification of conflicts to the point of total polarisation. The 1972 election campaign, under whose immediate impression he wrote, has convinced him that “more democracy”—in the sense of greater political interest and electoral participation—could only be bought at that price, and that a higher degree of sceptical indifference would favour a healthier climate for democratic decision-making.

The first thing that strikes the reader here is the repetition of the classic arguments furnished by

"mass psychology" and "mass sociology" against the introduction of universal and equal suffrage. Here, too, Schelsky falls back on the position of traditional liberalism before its adjustment to the needs of an industrial society. Here, too, he goes astray not in his description of the phenomena that worry him, but in failing to understand their degree of inevitability and ubiquity and in making forecasts that neglect the wealth of experience now available. The emotionalisation and personalisation of election campaigns is, in fact, as old as "mass democracy"—particularly in countries with an approximate or complete two-party system such as Britain and the United States. But it has never threatened the stability of those democracies. Even in Germany, it is familiar by no means only from Hitler's election campaigns. We also know it, for instance, from Hindenburg's first presidential election of 1925 (*"Deutsche! Den oder den?"* asked an election poster contrasting an outsize portrait of the Field Marshal with the small and darkly shadowed figure of his chief democratic opponent, Centre Party leader Wilhelm Marx); or from Adenauer's campaigns against his Social-Democratic opponent Kurt Schumacher as *"Abkanzler."*

In fact, the charge of a "loss of political rationality" misses its point if only because major political decisions cannot be rational in the strict meaning of the word. Rational decisions are possible about the adequacy of alternative means for a given end—e.g. in technology, economics, administration or strategy. Rational discussion is possible also in politics on whether a given objective is attainable at all, what resources it would require and what consequences its pursuit would entail. But once the alternatives have been clarified to that point, the real political decision between them concerns the priority to be given to one among several objectives, the order of preference among different values or interests—and that decision can *never* be "rational."

Hence the mobilisation of emotions, which appeals to every citizen to support *this* interest or *that* set of values which matter more to him than their alternatives, is not only inevitable in electoral practice—it is legitimate according to the meaning of democracy. Whoever fails to recognise that repeats the mistake of applying idealised and inadequate standards which Carl Schmitt committed in his time, when he based his critique of the "degeneration" of modern parliamentarianism on the fiction that parliamentarians of the "classic" (i.e. oligarchic) age had been

concerned to convince their opponents in rational discussion and not to struggle for crude interests.³

YET THIS NECESSARY "IRRATIONALITY" of political conflict does not by any means tend towards polarisation all the time. Nor do the periods of polarisation typically end in crises of the democratic system. Rather, the experience of the major democracies tends to show that periods of political fervour and polarisation always occur when a country reaches a turning-point in its development at which vital decisions have to be taken. Once the decisions have been definitely made and gradually come to be accepted even by their erstwhile opponents during a period of consolidation, the common ground between the big parties is emphasised again, and calm or even boredom characterises political life.

As examples of such periods of dramatic polarisation, we may think of the struggle for the introduction of progressive income tax under Lloyd George before World War I, or of that for the nationalisation of some key industries and the simultaneous dismantling of Britain's colonial empire under Attlee after World War II. The social transformation of the United States by President Roosevelt's New Deal in the 1930s, coupled with the gradual turning away from isolationism, marked a similar period. Finally, the formative years of the German Federal Republic under Dr Adenauer with their bitterly contested decisions for a market economy and West European integration were certainly years of polarisation and intense emotional participation by the electorate.

Yet none of these phases of decision has led to a constitutional crisis in the democracies concerned. All of them were succeeded by phases of consolidation, during which the main parties emphasised the common elements in their respective policies. Such is the nature of the pluralistic democracies of the West which are based on a *consensus* of the overwhelming majority, and hence of all major parties, *about the basic values* of the community, but also on *disagreement* among the parties *about the order of precedence* among these values, which leads to manifest conflict in times of major decisions.

THE NOTION THAT a phase of polarisation *must* lead to a crisis of democracy ignores the broad, historical experience of the great and enduring democracies in favour of a nightmare memory of the Weimar Republic. Even the collapse of Weimar Germany was due far more to the paralysis and fragmentation among its democrats (and to the key role of conservative anti-democrats) at a time of crisis than to genuine polarisation. That notion thus expresses a parochial limitation of the political horizon on

³ Carl Schmitt, *Die geistesgeschichtliche Lage des heutigen Parlamentarismus* (Berlin 1923).

the Right, comparable to the equally parochial fear on the Left that any phase of rapprochement among the main parties (or even of a Grand Coalition) must inevitably lead, *via* the "aligned society", to an authoritarian if not totalitarian system of government—or to the more general left-wing dogma that "bourgeois democracy" must necessarily transform itself into fascism in times of crisis. That dogma, too, ignores the simple fact that whereas all "bourgeois democracies" have repeatedly experienced severe economic crises, no advanced industrial country but Germany has ever known a fascist dictatorship.

These arguments are not intended to assert the converse claim that a crisis of democracy *could not* result from certain forms of polarisation—only that it does not develop automatically, as it were, from the democratic mobilisation of the electorate for major decisions. Dangerous forms of polarisation occur, above all, where one or more of the major political forces of a country entrench themselves in a doctrinaire position of total hostility to their opponents which makes them incapable of compromise in principle. For no liberal democracy, founded on the separation of powers and safeguards for minorities, can be governed without compromise for any length of time.

Doctrinaire ideas of this kind, for instance, prevented in the early 1920s the main faction of the Italian Socialists—the so-called "Maximalists"—from joining the democratic coalition governments, and thus contributed indirectly to the paralysis of the democratic system and ultimately to the fascist seizure of power. A decade later, similar ideas caused the Austrian Socialists to refuse compromise until the confrontation ended with their bloody suppression by the Dollfuss *coup d'état* in 1934. In present-day Chile, too, the late President Allende and his government, while determined to keep within the limits of the democratic constitution, attempted to pursue their objectives without compromise despite their lack of a parliamentary majority. The consequence was a steady exacerbation of conflict and the gradual involvement of the—originally neutral—armed forces in the decision-making process—until the *coup* by an anti-democratic military junta and its terror put a provisional end to the crisis.

In West Germany, none of the major political forces has ever adopted this type of uncompromising doctrinaire position—even in periods of polarisation—and none is doing so today. Political opponents have never ceased to participate in the detailed routine of parliamentary legislation. The very charges of tolerating anti-democratic,

extremist currents in their ranks which Coalition and Opposition are raising against each other are indirect confirmation of the continuing fundamental consensus between the leaders of both sides on the need to defend pluralistic democracy.

"Democratisation" & the Crisis of Authority

AND YET—could I not be accused of using an account of the general and long-term tendencies of democratic development to evade the concrete and topical West German problem which caused Schelsky's reflections? In his view, after all, the two phenomena which he criticises—the extension of democracy to new fields of social life, and the polarisation of conflict between the parties—are interacting components of a single danger. He sees that central danger to freedom in the fact that the party-political struggle is introduced into the internal workings of autonomous institutions under the pretext of "democratising" them.

In fact, the tendency to politicise autonomous institutions by their "internal democratisation", which in recent years has gained ground in Western Germany and to a lesser extent also in other Western democracies, is *not* a logical consequence of the extension of public responsibility to further fields of social action. On the contrary, such internal democratisation may easily become an obstacle to an effective control of the institutions concerned by the legitimate organs of democratic government. Nor is this tendency, as Schelsky suggests, primarily an effect of party-political polarisation. It was not initiated by the major parties, in particular not by Willy Brandt's call for "more democracy." It began years before that call, when there was as yet no sign of polarisation between the parties, as a movement from below *against* the established party system and against every form of established authority. For the demand for "more democracy" in *this* sense is the expression not of some specific failure in the political mechanism, but of a profound social and cultural crisis affecting all traditional forms of authority.

This is not the place to discuss the world-wide roots of that crisis. These are primarily to be found, in my view, in the ever accelerating transformation of the conditions of life, and the consequent growing difficulty for the older generation to advise the younger one on how to shape their lives. Nor can I take up here the concrete international events which determined the moment when the crisis took the visible form of a revolt of the young intelligentsia.⁴ But

⁴ See my article "Unreason and Revolution", in *ENCOUNTER*, November 1969.

something must be said about the specific circumstances which gave the crisis of authority its specific intensity and duration in West Germany.

Here the nihilism of the Third Reich and its ultimate collapse had shattered traditional life styles and beliefs more radically than anywhere else. But due to the craving for order and "belonging" which followed the catastrophe of 1945, traditional authority was initially "restored" in the bureaucracy and judiciary, in the Churches and educational institutions—with less readiness for continuous innovation than in those Western countries where the continuity of development had been interrupted less radically.

Because this traditionalism remained essentially superficial and increasingly lost touch with real life, the anti-authoritarian revolt, when it finally came with the change-over of generations, was here particularly explosive and lasting. The questioning of any merely "given" authority by a kind of "radical enlightenment" was followed by a temporary denial of *all* authority, which no movement can sustain indefinitely, and finally by the notion that in all institutions only that authority should be recognised that was "democratically" legitimised, *i.e.* elected by those immediately concerned. At the same time, the bureaucratic alienation of representative democracy and its political parties from the individual voter became the object of an equally radical criticism, which wanted to accept only "direct" (*i.e.* plebiscitary) democracy and naïvely identified such a system with an end of domination by men over men. It failed to notice that it was precisely the forms of "direct" democracy which, by removing all safeguards for minorities, were bound to open the road for a dictatorship by tightly-organised élites.

AFTER THIS CRISIS, there can be no road back to traditional authority. Only if all conceivable means are used to improve the access of responsible citizens to the decision-making process—through genuine "citizens' initiatives" and other voluntary organisations, by closer contact between the parties and their voters' wishes—will liberal, representative democracy regain the measure of public trust expressed in the German record poll of 1972 combined with an extreme weakness of the extremist vote. Only if every office-holder who has to decide on the relative merits of different values and interests is able to legitimate his authority democratically—deriving it, according to the nature of the task, from the organs of the democratic state or from the confidence of those concerned at his working place—only then can true expert authority over

decisions of practical expediency regain increasing acceptance.

In that sense, "more democracy" is today the only road towards more genuine, recognised authority. Brandt's call to "risk more democracy," far from having unleashed the crisis of authority, was—among other things—an attempt at a constructive response to it. In the meantime he has used the occasion of the SPD congress at Hanover (in April 1973) to defend it against misunderstandings—above all to stress the continued indispensable role of expert and professional authority legitimised by achievement.

Active Democracy & Passive Freedom

SO FAR I HAVE SPOKEN of the evolution of democracy and freedom in the past and of their perils in West Germany today. But the heart of any such discussion concerns the future. The future of democracy and freedom, however, will be determined by the further development of the relationship between state and society—in other words, by the basic question which Schelsky has raised in his concluding critique of the term *Gesellschaftspolitik* (policy for society).

Schelsky calls it "a term drawn from the crypto-totalitarian vocabulary of sociological provenance", arguing that it is a totalitarian idea to "wish to engulf 'society' as a whole, in the maw of public policy and to subject it to systematic change." In fact, most of those who use the term are referring to nothing more than the wealth of uncoordinated government actions in favour of one or another sectional interest (*e.g.* in the fields of social, wages or fiscal policy) that have become accepted routine for more than a hundred years. But there exists indeed also a new meaning referring to measures aimed at influencing the process of social development as a whole. Schelsky's attack is directed at this comprehensive meaning. The success of any reply to his critique thus depends on the possibility of establishing a distinction of principle between a democratic policy for society in this comprehensive sense and totalitarian social engineering.

Let me begin with the familiar totalitarian phenomenon. The Communist régimes have embarked on the planned transformation of the structure of the societies they rule in accordance with an ideological blueprint. They justify their extraordinary, long-term concentration of power in the name of this extraordinary long-term task. This task explains why they cannot be satisfied with smashing the power of the former ruling classes once and for all in the course of the original revolution. Even after the expro-

priation of landowners and capitalists, the spontaneous forces of social development continue to militate for social differentiation, in a direction leading away from the goal, so that repeated "revolutions from above" prove necessary to combat this tendency.

This conflict between the spontaneous, individualistic impulses inherent in society and the utopian goal of the single-party state is crucial for the dynamics of the process. Ultimately, the totalitarian régime must try to *replace* these "natural" impulses of social development by artificial impulses, determined by ideology and imposed on society by political power. As long as this attempt is continued with temporary success, it necessarily requires the massive use of terrorist measures. If at a higher level of industrial development, mass terrorism is abandoned as incompatible with the requirements of a steady growth of production, the attempt at total planning of social development meets with mounting obstacles—and results in growing tendencies toward stagnation.⁵ (Of course this applies *a fortiori* for the attempt of a racist dictatorship to plan the biological development of the nation it rules—only the Nazis had to discontinue this attempt at an early stage owing to the failure of their simultaneous drive for military expansion.)

Democratic policy for society sets itself no utopian goals which would require totalitarian coercion for their attainment. It aims not to suppress and replace the spontaneous forces of social development, but to harness them—yet at the same time to foresee and *correct* their inherent dangers. One classical example for this is, for all its imperfections, the Keynesian policy of full employment and steady economic growth, which has overcome the former uncontrolled cycle of prosperity and crises and thus laid the foundation of contemporary mass affluence without changing the basic forces of the market economy. This policy is something different in kind from partial measures of government intervention in favour of particular social groups. It is planned government action to change the economic process as a whole, and thus "policy for society" in its comprehensive sense. But in its nature, it did not (and does not) require a totalitarian concentration of power or terrorism.

The next major problems facing a democratic policy for society today concern the protection of our environment, humane urban planning and the timely adjustment of production to the limits

of growth. The solution of these problems will have to be achieved in the face of stronger opposition from sectional interests than met the transition to full employment policies. However, it too can succeed in correcting the spontaneous tendencies of social development only by changing the data and the institutional framework within which its natural impulses operate—not by the forcible suppression and replacement of those impulses. But to achieve this by democratic means, a broadly-based movement will be needed, strong enough to overcome the resistance of sectional interests—and such a movement cannot consist of a mere coalition of other interests, but must be based on community values and insights appealing to all.

AT THIS POINT, our discussion of the problems a policy for society merges once more with the general inquiry into the future of democracy and freedom. A democracy can tackle such problems of influencing social development only if it is more than an agglomeration of organised interests—if its citizens do not become active merely to defend their respective sectional interests or individual rights, but in order to safeguard the future of the whole community.

One of the reasons why the Weimar democracy foundered in the world economic crisis was the fragmented character of its party system. One of the reasons why the United States overcame the same crisis democratically was its two-party system. At the head of a broadly-based democratic party Franklin Roosevelt concentrated on himself the hopes which in Germany found their focus only in Hitler. An active democracy with broadly-based popular parties, even at the price of temporary polarisation, is not the road to dictatorship. It may be, in time of great decisions, its only alternative.

In our present social and cultural crisis, such a democracy is also the true remedy for the tendencies toward an anarchic decay of society, whether they take the form of anti-authoritarian violence or of uncontrolled "self-management" in functional institutions created to serve society as a whole. At the heart of the cult of self-management (for even the smallest units in the course of the youth revolt) was a longing for freedom of an active and creative kind. It turned into anarchic explosions because the road to active participation in the great democratic community seemed to be blocked. In an industrial world which, by the complexity of its division of labour and by its interlocking institutions, cannot but restrict the scope for passive individual freedom, we must extend the active freedom to share in the control and shaping of social development—by activating democracy.

⁵ For a fuller statement of this view of the dynamics of Communist one-party states, see Richard Lowenthal, "Utopia vs. Development", in Chalmers Johnson (ed.), *Change in Communist Systems* (Stanford, 1970).

EAST & WEST

All “Orwellian Pigs”?

By Alexander Dallin

KAREL VAN HET REVE is such a good man, and the sentiments he expresses in his article on “Unofficial Russia” [February] are so decent, that I hesitate to quarrel with them. But the issues he raises are too important and the thrust of his comments is, in my conviction, too misleading to let them stand unchallenged.

I have never doubted that an “Unofficial Russia” existed and exists. In fact, I am sure that it is more extensive than we know, and that it includes many of the morally purest, most principled and admirable citizens of that great land—along with some scoundrels, bigots and informers. But even then, it comprises only a tiny fraction of the Soviet population.

For better or for worse, virtually all of the Soviet Union’s intellectuals, engineers, academics, and scientists—regardless of their political orientation—are by definition a part of the Soviet system. Soviet university students, tomorrow’s élite, grow up as part of it. There can be no institutional or associational autonomy. Whether we like it or not, what van het Reve calls “semi-official Russia” is a far more sizeable and influential category—and no more homogeneous in outlook—than “Unofficial Russia.” He inveighs against the foolishness of Western “liberals” who misperceive Soviet reality (he is probably right on some, but not all, of his charges), but his own image of Soviet society is no less a caricature, which, I am persuaded, does a serious disservice to “them” and to “us” alike.

ALEXANDER DALLIN is Professor of Russian History at Stanford University and a Fellow at the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution & Peace. Among his books are “German Rule in Russia, 1941–1945” (1957) and “Political Terror in Communist Systems” (1970).

It is, after all, only Stalinism in reverse to say that he who is not with the dissenters is against them; that “objectively” semi-official Russia is serving the interests of the Kremlin establishment; and that the Westerners who deal with it turn into some variant of “Orwellian pigs.” I confess that I find highly objectionable the effort to impute to this vast group the collective charge of deviously doing the work of Soviet *agitprop* when its members utter partial truths or voice mild reservations in dealing with foreigners at home or abroad. By the very nature of the system some of the deeply-held reservations about Soviet policy and behaviour are bound to remain bottled up within individuals or among small groups of close friends. To name names of some in this “semi-official Russia” who appear to harbour genuine and sincere misgivings about their régime would be to jeopardise them. Suffice it then to point to those who, since the ouster of Solzhenitsyn, have spoken out against his ouster and the latest Party line on Stalin, forced labour, and dissent; or to refer to the well-authenticated reports of the resistance of prominent academicians to the treatment, last year, of Andrei Sakharov by the Soviet Neanderthals. One may safely assume that for every such instance we hear of there are hundreds more we ignore.

We must go one step further. Even among those who never publicly speak out, even in the very upper reaches of Soviet officialdom, there are people who (with varying degrees of subtlety, dedication, and success) press divergent views, offer alternative estimates, slowly seek to educate their colleagues, comrades, and students, in ways which may seem devious, foolish, or unprincipled, but which in the long run may be crucial to an *aggiornamento* of the Soviet régime. To write off all these influences, to dismiss their efforts because they are often invisible, to dump these men and women on to the ash-can of history because they “compromise” or “collaborate” with the régime, is to adopt a standard which is (I hope van het Reve will forgive me) both counter-productive and morally unwarranted. Soviet citizens are indeed human, and adaptation is bound to be far more widespread than heroism.

HERE I FIND van het Reve’s analogy with the Nazi occupation of the Netherlands sadly inappropriate. The overwhelming majority of Soviet citizens have never known any other system than the one they are living under. With the possible exception of some ethnic minorities, such as in the Baltic States, there is no sense of living under foreign occupation. Even among those who dislike some features of the system—and there are no doubt many of these—there is a general

sense of pride in their country and its achievements, in its international might and influence, in its scientific and technological development, its economic and cultural accomplishments, such as they are. Shortages, shortcomings, shortfalls? Of course. Hypocrisy, doublethink, deception, and abuse? To be sure (and Soviet citizens know it better than we do). But all this gives us no grounds for accusing a Soviet scientist devoted to his research in a laboratory in Novosibirsk of acting as a "collaborator" (in fact, the Party press accuse him of "bourgeois apoliticism"), or of considering a peasant boy who makes it into a polytechnical institute a stooge of the régime, let alone a traitor trafficking with the enemy.

Such a judgment, and the ancillary one regarding Western "pigs", must in fact be most welcome to those segments of Soviet bureaucracy and police who favour a return to a sharp polarisation between friends and foes, and who fear the effects of ambiguity that result from the increased contact between Soviet citizens and the outside world.

For Soviet officialdom it has been an axiom that interaction with the world abroad must not be permitted to breed "ideological coexistence" or to promote any weakening of the political fibre. Hence Moscow sees itself committed to opposing all Western "bridge-building" that it considers politically intrusive. It is bound to reject all attempts at free communication as violative of Soviet sovereignty and controls. But there are evidently serious differences in the Soviet élite over the comparative advantage anticipated from greater economic, technological, and cultural interaction, and over the risks the Soviet authorities are likely to run in the process. The Brezhnev profess confidence that they can have the best of both worlds. While deriving maximum benefit from engaging the David Rockefellers and Armand Hammers—and the Fords and Fiats and Krupps—they count on minimising both scope and incidence of infection and defection by applying more pressure at home and thus limiting foreign intrusion to the Soviet reception of Pepsi-Cola and its cultural equivalents.

But there are those in the Soviet bureaucracy who worry about (just as some naively "over-optimistic" Westerners exaggerate) the price that this revisionist calculus of their leadership is bound to exact from the system. The range of current views is well suggested by the recent attack of the Moscow Party Secretary on both "*dogmatic negativism*" (opposing contacts) and "*opportunist illusions*" (seeking to use *détente* to promote tolerance of nonconformity). It is not unlikely that some Party, police, and perhaps army brass are alarmed by the naivety of their colleagues in choosing to ignore the irreversible

effects of cohabitation with the West on Communist virginity. Some of them may worry about the prospects of thousands of Japanese, American, and West German specialists and workers roaming Siberia in joint development enterprises. Some fear the anticipated effects of listening to foreign broadcasts, using foreign goods, meeting Western advocates of pacificism or "pot", hailing foreign achievements in science, tolerating limited emigration from their own society. It may well amount to a totality of inputs likely to destabilise and challenge the routine of Soviet officialdom, breed a sense of alternatives, and raise the ghost of spontaneity to confront the incumbents' primitive patriotism, Victorianism, and authoritarianism.

THE MAJORITY OF THE SOVIET LEADERSHIP has clearly staked its success on increased interaction—not out of desperation, nor out of sympathy for the West, but as the best strategy it can devise. Yet the muted dialogue among spokesmen for divergent Soviet views of peaceful coexistence is bound to go on. It is naïve to expect any early, dramatic, or profound changes in Soviet outlook, let alone their explicit acknowledgment from above. In fact, Western policy does not set itself the aim of changing the Soviet system. In the long run, however, the multiplication of contacts and exposure, over both bread and circuses, cannot but yield a slow, almost imperceptible cumulation of new attitudes, perspectives, and assumptions, an unwitting process of borrowing and learning (as well as irritation and frustration). Among other things, it may promote among the next generation of "official" and "semi-official" Russia a greater sense that it is to their own advantage to get along with the outside world. It is bound to make, however slowly, for more open and healthy human relations, whose ultimate political expression remains moot but can only be welcome. Once again, these are bound to be unintended but inescapable consequences of the Soviet system, by-products of its development.

I am not prepared to advocate sacrificing these prospects and perspectives—however tenuous or distant—for a heroic posture of moral integrity on behalf of "Unofficial Russia", whose own cause will be best served by an end to militant and enforced conformism in the Soviet Union and whose interests are harmed by a return to a political atmosphere where all deviation from official mouthings smacks of treason and where foreign well-wishers can legitimately do no more than wring their hands.

Unofficial Russia must indeed not be forgotten. Nor must it become the overriding target or touchstone of Western efforts directed at the USSR.

Official Britain & Unofficial Russia

By Duncan Wilson

AS A FORMER British Ambassador in Moscow, I would like to consider particularly the disturbing conclusion of Karel van het Reve's brilliant article, and examine my conscience about the formation and execution of official policy. How far has the policy of sponsored contacts been against the interests of unofficial Russia? I am all the more interested in this question in that for over ten years my wife and I have been close friends of the Rostropovich family; but it has much more than a personal significance. To answer it, one must first analyse what *détente* has been about.

It is paradoxically easier to speak for the Soviet side than for the Western. The Soviet authorities have wanted to achieve a sort of Peace Treaty situation in Europe, formally endorsing the political boundary between East and West and thus eliminating one potential source of conflict and establishing one of the preconditions for some agreed limitation of armaments. They want also to acquire all that they can of Western commercial and technical skills, and they hope that *détente* will weaken the Western alliance. But they are also aware that it may involve dangers for their own type of régime. Their fear is that the "licensed contacts"—those who need to know at first hand about certain Western achievements—will learn about the Western way of life in general, and pass the knowledge on to those who in their view have no need for it. In other words, the Soviet authorities try to confine the taste of the fruit of the tree of life to one bite only.

The Western—less explicit—philosophy of *détente* can be deduced from the above. The formal division between East and West, already established *de facto*, may serve as a possible basis for the reduction of military burdens and an increase in trade. The pursuit of contacts with the Soviet and other East European régimes may gradually soften some of the rigidities of Soviet totalitarian society—not by deliberate Western action but simply in the nature of things. Anyhow, what alternative policy can be pursued by the West towards the East, short of a *cordon*

sanitaire and the hope that Soviet society will collapse?

On the British side, the policy of *détente* has not been pursued with blind hopes. The British Government has rather sulkily followed the Germans and others to the European Conference table. The freeze in Anglo-Soviet relations after the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 and the deeper freeze following the expulsion of Soviet officials from London in 1971 have prevented us from being anything but realistic in doing business with the Soviet régime.

Perhaps, however, though we have not been enthusiastic in search of East-West contacts, we have been to some extent blinded to more important realities by the process of concluding technical and cultural agreements. The sound of those tired official toasts, the sight of those deliberately ambiguous texts, the thought of partly bogus rapprochements, may well nauseate the devoted intellectual on either side. Yet I think that this framework of Governmental agreements has, up till now, represented all that could sensibly be done on the official level for unofficial Russia.

The reasons for this are implied in Karel van het Reve's article. The official framework provides many unofficial Russians with some chances of contact with the West. The agreements provide something also for more people than are included in Karel van het Reve's categories of unofficial Russians. I believe that those who profit from the official agreements include very many unheroic senior officials or politically "idiotic" Russians, whose apathy and scepticism is admitted by Karel van het Reve to constitute a considerable change in Russian history of the last twenty years. It also represents at least a growing inertia which any Soviet Government has to overcome. I have little doubt that, if one could reckon up the secondary effects of cultural exchanges, the West has had much the better of the bargain. Who bothers on this side now about the potentially subversive effect of Soviet exchange visitors?

THIS STILL DOES NOT MEET the main points of the Russian intellectual critics, that we could now afford to raise our price for official exchanges, at least commercial and technical, and allow them *only* in exchange for Soviet guarantees about individual rights and freedoms within the Soviet Union.

This is the crucial point of the argument, and here with great respect to the great Sakharov, I believe that the Medvedevs (only a little less heroic) are more nearly right. I think that we can and should bargain for more satisfactory framework agreements about exchanges—I expect that

SIR DUNCAN WILSON is Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. He was British Ambassador to the Soviet Union from 1968–1971.

we are already doing so at the European Conference in Geneva. I doubt, however, whether an attempt to enlarge the bargain as suggested—no machine tools, for example, without free travel abroad for Soviet citizens—could be successful. In the first place, however great the technical needs of the present régime, I cannot see them accepting openly any such bargain. (Whether more can be done “under the counter” is another matter; but probably not much.) I believe that the present generation of Soviet leaders (whose *Westpolitik* surely has many opponents) would rather scrap it than pursue it under such conditions. A new generation of leaders, less tainted by the guilt of the Stalinist period, may be more willing to relax internal pressures, but (again) probably not under open pressure from the West. Further, even if a bargain of internal freedoms for technical aid were concluded, could any guarantee be envisaged to ensure that it was properly executed? The worst of all worlds might be a new technical/cultural deal understood in different ways by each side; this is indeed one serious danger of the whole Geneva operation.

Such a result would be almost as unhappy for unofficial (and sub-official) Russia as an abandonment of the Soviet *Westpolitik* and renewed Soviet self-isolation.

What more then can we do than at present for unofficial Russia? First, we must distinguish between Governmental and non-Governmental activity in the West. Governmentally, we must stick to the existing framework, drive better bargains within it and be realistic about its limitations. Individually, we must encourage the continuance of full publicity in favour of unofficial Russia. Such publicity has its effect on Government policy. The Soviet authorities also treat it as “government-inspired,” and it has some effect on their behaviour. It remains of vital importance for unofficial Russia.

Having put the case for this double policy, I admit that those who pursue the official side of it will look to unofficial Russians rather like “Orwellian pigs.” It will, however, be more dangerous for unofficial Russia if the officials abandon their occupational role and start trying to behave like heroes.

In the Crypt at Bourges, the Effigy of Jean Duc de Berry

You rest, your neat slippers rest
On your fast asleep bear in this
Grey crypt down here where they tomb
Every straw-seated grey collapsed chair.

Risbec, Meurice, hundreds more
Have incised their names up
And down in the soft grey
Polished stone of your gown.

Your eyes too are closed like
Your bear's, your mouth at last
Is turned down, the tip of
Your snub nose has gone.

Grey alabaster duke, down here
Is not one gay item of day.
Grey have become your tender rich
Hours, without flowers.

Geoffrey Grigson

PRESS

Letter from Cairo

The Rise & Fall of Muhammad Heikal

By Desmond Stewart



IN REMOVING Muhammad Hasnain Heikal from the Editor's chair at *al-Ahram* President Sadat ended the third phase of a career which uniquely combined journalistic flair with political influence.

Heikal's fall (announced on 2 February 1974), closely followed the release, under presidential clemency, of Mustafa Amin, a sexagenarian journalist convicted under Nasser for "passing information to the American embassy." At the same time Mustafa's twin, Ali, returned from exile. To everyone's surprise Sadat appointed Ali to Heikal's position as editor-in-chief while to replace him as overlord of a publishing empire he chose Dr Abdel Kader Hatem, an overworked deputy prime minister and the founder of Egyptian TV. These upheavals induced anguish in the editorial staff. Apparently all of them—ages ranged from the twenties to the seventies, opinions encompassed extremes from Maoist Left to Islamic Right—had reason to regard Heikal as a protector. In the dark days of the *dowlat al-mukhabarat* ("the Intelligence state"—a Heikal coinage) he had shielded them from inquisitors or, when that failed, sent his own car to fetch them from detention. Even those who opposed his ideas admired his courage. They thus approached their new boss with apprehension. Those with memories of the unaustere pre-Nasser days noticed how Ali Amin had put on weight in London and Beirut, and how he retained the courteous manner typical of the *ancien régime*. His first words were:

"I started a revolution in the press when in 1944 I founded *Akhbar al-Yom*. . . . Heikal carried this on. . . . Now a new revolution is required: away from the *fatafeet* [crumbs or titbits] of my generation and away from the political meddling of the recent past . . . to responsibility and free comment."

"You mean," an editor boldly asked, "we need no longer look over our shoulders? . . ." After all, every Egyptian newspaper had a carpeted office, its door labelled *Censor*.

"I have myself seen the President's decree abolishing censorship. Except for military matters, we may henceforth publish what we choose."

"Some of us, Ali Bey," intervened another, "have prepared a brief tribute to the man who built, not this building only, but its spirit, making of *al-Ahram* an island of differing opinions and free discussion in a uniform sea." It was shorter than the editorial praising Heikal in the *London Times*. "Have we your permission to publish it tomorrow?"

Amin's smile faded. "I shall have to ask. . . ."

No tribute to Heikal was published in *al-Ahram*. The *Censor's* door acquired a new label: *Office of Press Freedom*. The censorship remained.

ON THE LAST DAY of February, a fracas between soldiers and police developed into a riot, breaking glass, smashing cars, shuttering shops and darkening whole streets in a swathe of central Cairo. Perhaps because of its minatory character the news agencies could telegraph no more than an incomplete official communiqué.

The cult of personality appeared to remain automatic. On the day set aside to honour the heroes of the October War, *al-Ahram* carried twelve photographs of Sadat. *Al-Gomhouriya* which the President had edited in the mid-1950s, carried thirteen. (On the same day pictures of Nasser were removed from many public offices.)

Yet the Egyptian sense of humour also persisted. A current joke had a worried group consulting the Sphinx. "We have awful problems and there you sit silent for three thousand years. Please tell us what to do!" "But if I open my mouth," the Sphinx replies, "they'll take *al-Ahram* from me." In Arabic *al-Ahram* is the name for the pyramids.

LIKE THE PYRAMIDS, Heikal started small, though his birthdate, 23 September 1923, can be fixed, unlike theirs. He has described himself as "British-trained." This refers to a stint on Cairo's English-language *Egyptian Gazette* around 1942. Two years of commercial high school in Zaher, a lower middle-class area north of Cairo station, and private study helped him to acquire a better than average English. The *Egyptian*

Gazette, then edited by Harold Earle, was staffed by non-Egyptians. The sole Arab in the typesetting dungeon, Saad al-Arabi, acquired his surname through his uniqueness (and al-Arabi still works as a typesetter on the *Gazette*). A burly, affable man in his fifties, he remembers Heikal bringing down copy, grouching at his salary of £18 a month (high for those days) and staying for less than a year. I looked for but found no trace of Heikal in the bound copies of the paper. Much of Fleet Street was then in Cairo, and General Montgomery's advances were recorded by expatriate, not native journalists. I found a poem by Phyllis Talaat (the surname is Egyptian) which evokes a climate unpropitious for an Arab nationalist:

*Hurow, lads hurow!
Jerry's on the run,
Tommy, Pat and
Sandy
All join in the fun.
The hunt is up, away
lads
Every mother's son.
Come follow, follow
on lads
Till Victory is won!*

Heikal took from Harold Earle a letter of recommendation to what was known as the "vernacular press."

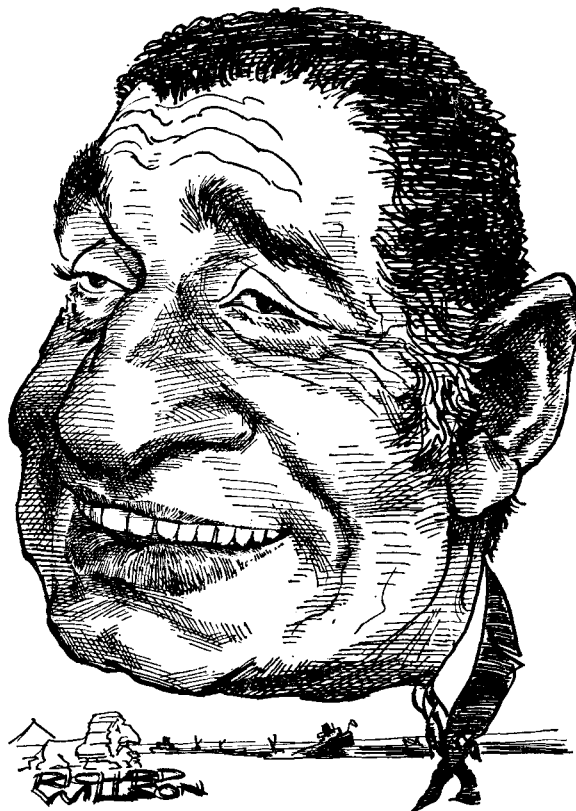
Two Arabic weeklies then claimed the attention of Egyptian readers. The first, *Rose el-Yussef*, had been founded in 1925 by the country's leading dramatic actress. She gave the 16-page journal her own name and a romantic cover.

Although her interests were theatrical, she attracted the leading writers of the day whose preoccupations gave to the magazine a political slant. Her son, Ihsan Abdul Qaddous, wrote an exciting novel about student resistance to Farouk, but was to suffer under Farouk's successor. In 1949 *Rose el-Yussef's* circulation soared to 70,000 when it uncovered a scandal about the provision of faulty arms to the Egyptian army. The second weekly, *Akher Saa* (or "Stop Press"), had been founded by Muhammad Tabei, a writer from *Rose el-Yussef's* ensemble, in 1939.

Heikal worked as lay-out man and apprentice

reporter for both these papers. *Akhbar al-Yom*, the Saturday paper which Mustafa and Ali Amin founded in 1944, supported the Palace against the nationalist *Wafd* and grew rich doing so—in this it was no more venal than its rivals. It was customary for newsmen to augment their wages by puffing or attacking—or selling an undertaking not to attack. By 1947 *Akhbar al-Yom* had bought *Akher Saa*, retaining Heikal. As a change from gossip about *artistes*—in an early signed piece he asks Badiiaa Sadek, a famous local belly-dancer, about her "favourite authors"—he now ran an unsigned column, *Crime of the Week*. His

tone could be frivolous in the manner of the day—for what would he have liked to be, if not a journalist?—"An international crook."



THE FIRST ARAB-Israeli war was as important for Heikal's career as for the Middle East. The summer of 1948 found him reporting from Transjordan. It was his first taste of abroad. After rather unmemorable interviews with King Abdullah and others he intrudes a name destined to affect Egyptian history. In *The Wounded Who Wrote With their Blood the Story of Faloujah* he describes the siege of the small Negeb fort held by Egyptians against superior Israeli forces until the Armistice of 1949.

Faloujah, where Nasser was wounded, was to prove the seed-bed of Egyptian revolution.

While the seeds sprouted, Heikal extended his knowledge of the outside world. The spring of 1949 found him in Turkey and Greece. One of his pieces carried the title, *A People Who Worship God and a Government which Worships Truman*, but it contained no criticism of Turkey's pro-Western régime. Heikal seemed more interested in the reactions of young Turkish women to the beauty of Princess Fowzia, the Shah's first wife and King Farouk's sister. In the same month he accompanied Queen Frederika of Greece on a

visit to a concentration camp for repentant communists. "The Queen," Heikal was told by a U.S. official, "represents the eternal miracle of which love is capable. . . ."

The young Heikal was evidently unaffected by Left ideas. "The whole picture of the United States at that time was a glamorous one."¹ For him the glamour antedated the epoch of John Foster Dulles to which this quotation applies. In 1951 the State Department subsidised his visit to America, and he arranged his ticket so as to return *via* Korea (a few hours' visit was later inflated into an impression of weeks). Two years later he was reporting from Iran; he implicitly condemned the anti-Western movement of Mosaddek for its dependence on Russian support.

But between these journeys a *coup d'état* had taken place in Egypt. Shortly after it Heikal arranged for a gifted contemporary, Fathi Ghanem, more *littérateur* than reporter, also to get a job working for the brothers Amin. That night, in the euphoria of this success, Heikal walked with Ghanem for hours through the leafy streets near Kasr el-Eini, Heikal's revelation of himself was so sharp that it has stayed word for word in Ghanem's mind: "I intend to put myself close to the new man in power. He must be made to recognise his need for the services of a professional journalist."

Heikal's ambition drew on classic sources: among others, his shortness of stature, his background of poverty. When Ghanem first visited him in the 1940s he lived in a *beledi* district, away from the Italianate palazzi which Khedive Ismail had put up on reclaimed land between his Opera and the Nile. One took a tram from Ataba and got off at the second stop, winding one's way down various lanes till one reached one of those tenements whose stairwells seem a dump for refuse. A separate entrance (lest male visitors set eyes on the women of the household) led to Heikal's uncurtained room. An iron bedstead, a cheap desk, two shelves of books, nails to hang up pyjamas and spare clothes—these were its furnishings. Yet outside, in Gropis, at the Gezira Club, Heikal was already fastidious in his tastes for the material best. Heikal and the world in which he operated, "between Monarchy and Republic, between poverty and riches," were to fascinate Ghanem. In his novel about Cairo, *The Man Who Lost His Shadow*, he offers a portrait of "Yusif", a pushing young editor. The figure is precisely delineated through the eyes of Mabruka, his

father's maid and second wife; of the modish Samia, whom he deserts to cover a Syrian coup;² and those of the ageing, pleasure-loving Muhammad Nagi, the editor whom Yusif thrusts under heel. The portrait of Yusif—who sums himself up as "a child with infantile needs"—is no more a transcription of Heikal than it is of Ghanem himself (who later edited *al-Gomhouriya* and now edits *Rose el-Yussef*). Yusif as a character certainly lacks the dimensions which success was to add to Heikal. Yet it says much for Heikal's unpetty spirit that after the publication of the novel—some of whose details fitted his own career—he merely greeted the author as "the man who lost his mind."

A vindictive Heikal might have obstructed Ghanem's career. By the time the novel appeared his ambition had been copiously fulfilled, and he was well into the second political phase of his career. The young officers—as wary of the lively, venal press as the journalists of them—needed to communicate. While Sadat was already something of a writer, the dominant conspirator, the studious Nasser, had abandoned a schoolboy novel after six banal chapters. Nasser needed the help which Heikal was ready to extend. Nasser's *Philosophy of the Revolution* (1954), a highly personal manifesto, resulted from conversations between the two men, and it bears the impress of Heikal's style. The same influence marks the speeches with which Nasser first bored, then electrified, the Egyptian and Arab masses. From 1957 Heikal had his own platform in *al-Ahram*, the prestigious daily founded in 1875 by Lebanese exiles from the Ottoman Levant. When the press was "reorganised" in 1960—a euphemism for nationalisation—Heikal was made chairman of the board of *al-Ahram* as well as being confirmed as its Editor-in-Chief.

HEIKAL'S EDITORIALS—which served as secular equivalents of the traditional mosque-sermon—appeared on Fridays, the Muslim day of rest. They were read for both intrinsic and extrinsic reasons. In a period of feverish political interest Heikal ignored the sensationalising influence of the *Daily Express* or *Mirror* (perceptible to this day on Ali Amin) and gave detailed, serious attention to burning issues. His editorials were long. He spoke with the earnestness of a college lecturer. Somebody remarked to me that perhaps the fact that *heikal* means skeleton, or structure, made him unusually attentive to the thematic sequence of what he wrote. Subdivision within subdivision became a feature of his style. But these intrinsic virtues would not have won Heikal his pre-eminence, nor would a normal newspaper, however highbrow, have encouraged

¹ Mohammed Heikal, *Nasser: the Cairo Documents*; New English Library (1973) p.42.

² In March 1949 Heikal covered the Husni Zaim *coup d'état*; which Mr Miles Copeland, in his *Game of Nations*, has claimed as the first C.I.A. achievement in the region.

him to start regularly on page one and go on to occupy pages two and three. It was known to all that Heikal enjoyed immediate access to Nasser. (I remember being shooed from his editorial office in the midst of a conversation: "The President is on the line . . .") On Nasser's official instructions he was given copies of all documents of state and access to every file in the centralised bureau of Sami Sheraf, the president's secretary. Heikal's editorials were broadcast on the evening of their publication. They appeared on the following day in French and English. What he wrote was scrutinised like a religious text for hidden phrases. For despite their weekly title—*Bi Sarahah* or "In Candour"—the editorials were often more Byzantine than candid. Veiled nuances, hidden pivots, could reverse the apparent line of argument. Probably only so could Heikal have escaped, as he always did, the personal attention of the secret police and insinuate as much of his own personal opinions as he managed to do. Heikal now stresses the audacity with which he first denounced the "visitors of dawn" (the secret police) and his demand after 1967 (which had an angry Nasser on the telephone) that "the régime must change, or be changed."

Yet he also undoubtedly reflected Nasser's thinking. Since this could be erratic and emotional, Heikal's pen was involved in issues he might not himself have chosen. To give one example. Nasser had an obsessive hatred for the pan-Arab Baath Party. When in the summer of 1963 two branches of this party seized power in Damascus and Baghdad, Heikal was asserting: "It is easy to prove that the Baath is not a revolutionary party, that it has no place in the Arab future, that it is merely a relic of the past. . . ." Yet ten years later Baathist governments in Syria and Iraq were Egypt's most militant allies in the October War. Heikal's prediction that the Baath was about to be willingly embraced by the "imperialist octopus" has also not been fulfilled.³

Prior access to Nasser's views and news was not Heikal's only advantage over other journalists—he was also Nasser's companion and adviser. In the summer of 1958 Heikal and his wife (from the wealthy Taimur family, famed for its mango groves) joined Nasser and his wife on the former royal yacht. The first Iraqi revolution took place

on the 14th of July and Nasser, Fawzi (the foreign minister), and Heikal took a plane *via* Yugoslavia to Moscow. As Heikal writes: "The talks that day went on for eight hours. For the first two, Nasser and Khrushchev talked alone—except for the interpreter. Then Fawzi and I joined in the discussions. They were mainly concerned with assessing America's intentions. . . ."⁴

If Heikal had disappeared with Nasser in 1970, he would have been remembered as an Arab Northcliffe rather than a man with a viewpoint of his own. His ideas would have been valued or devalued with those of the leader. "Nasser loved me and trusted me," Heikal says today. This fact made him unloved and distrusted by his Egyptian confrères. His limited "blows for freedom" (sometimes on their behalf) made little impression. "His privileged position," one journalist told me, "made it possible for him to have spoken out far more strongly. If I had said what little he said, I would have ended up in an oasis, in chains. . . ." But another such opponent had to admit: "Once when I wrote on modern French novelists for Ali Amin, he inserted a frivolously 'Parisian' ending. Heikal would not have done that." And one glowing tribute might well have stood: "Heikal was Egypt's foremost champion of the Palestinian cause, and as an editor, the chief publicist of our Resistance. . . ."⁵

But Heikal, living on, left Nasser's deathbed to launch a brief campaign to support Zakaria Muhyeddin in the struggle for the succession. This failed, and in the presidency of Anwar Sadat he was to find first a challenge to his established role, then in its erosion and final loss the at least temporary end of his meteoric career.

AT FIRST, in a shared vulnerability, the new President and the orphaned favourite needed each other. In their struggle against Leftist "centres of power"—Heikal's phrase against Ali Sabri, Sami Sheraf, and police minister Shaarawi Gumaa—they were as one. The façade of unity impressed outsiders. As late as December 1973 the American columnist Joseph Kraft could actually write that Heikal "has now gained with President Sadat the kind of unofficial adviser's role he used to have with Sadat's predecessor, President Gamal Abdel Nasser. . . ." (*New Yorker*, 17 December 1973). This was very far from being the case. The new president denied him access to documents and secret files. Nor did Sadat conceal his personal preference for Ihsan Abdul Qaddous, now editor of *Akhbar al-Yom*. The practice of broadcasting Heikal's editorials was interrupted. During the dramatic struggle of the writers against censorship,⁶ Heikal refused to cooperate with Sadat's strategy of condign punishment followed by forgiveness later. (The banned writers were, in

³ Heikal probably shared Nasser's ignorance of Iraq. In a revised edition of his book, Heikal still writes of "Karkuk, the capital of Mosul", while slyly generalising about the violence inherent in the Iraqi character (*Nasser: the Cairo Documents*, p.130).

⁴ *Nasser*, p.126.

⁵ Dr Muhammad al-Farra, Assistant Secretary-General of the Arab League for Palestinian Affairs: to the author.

⁶ See the author's "Letter from Cairo", *ENCOUNTER*, August 1973.

fact, restored to their desks on the eve of the October War). Heikal left for a visit to China in January 1973 sensing that his fall was imminent (his articles on China were to contain several digs at the Egyptian régime). His close links with Colonel Qadafi did him no harm so long as Sadat contemplated union with Libya; but they became an added danger after Qadafi's "children's crusade" attempted to force union on Egypt. Sadat blocked (non-violently) the one access road

from Libya—and privately decided to dismiss at a convenient moment the man whom the world regarded wrongly, as his trusted spokesman. But Sadat was then preparing the military action which was to prove him "one of the shrewdest statesmen of the century"; it was not the moment for a journalistic upset.⁷ Heikal knew that his reprieve would be short. In the light of this knowledge he published, after the October War, a series of editorials which both made his fall certain and also radically changed his reputation with Arab readers.

⁷ Michael Howard, *Sunday Times*, 3 March 1973.

Cairo Crusader

Cairo

THE NEW MAN at the top of the newspaper "Al-Ahram" is wholly different from the man who used to be there. Ali Amin succeeded Mohammed Hassanein Heikal, confidant of the late President Gamal Abdel Nasser and, until February, considered the unofficial spokesman for President Anwar Sadat.

Mr Heikal, 49, usually devoted his weekly 5,000-word column "Frankly Speaking," to international politics. Dressed impeccably, he worked in one of the most spacious offices in Cairo and rarely met visitors, although he was editor of the most quoted newspaper in the Arab world. Mr Amin, 60, devotes his daily column, "An Idea," largely to the internal problems of Egypt, crusading for greater personal freedoms and less government red tape.

Ali and his twin brother Mustafa, founded the second largest newspaper in Egypt, "Al Akhbar," in 1944 and ran it together until the 1960s. Ali went into exile nine years ago when his brother, a graduate of Washington's Georgetown University, was jailed in 1965 as an alleged spy for the United States. He divided his exile between London and Beirut.

"When Anwar Sadat became President, I wrote him twice, saying I'd like to come back. The letters were never answered. . . . He told me later he had never received them," Ali said.

Before the October war with Israel, Mustafa, suffering from an enlarged spleen, diabetes, a heart condition, eye trouble and gout, wrote from a hospital that he would like to see Ali. Warned that he might be arrested upon his return, Ali took the precaution of getting assurances from Mr. Sadat before returning to Egypt on January 8. Eighteen days later, Mr. Sadat released Mustafa from prison and on February 2 Ali was appointed to replace Mr. Heikal at Al Ahram.

WHAT WAS IT LIKE in solitary confinement for eight years?

"It was hell," Mustafa said, explaining that his cell was 10 feet by 5 feet and furnished with pot and toilet bucket. He was permitted half an hour outside the cell each day to wash or walk in a little exercise yard. His daughters were allowed to visit once a month for 15 minutes.

Pencil and paper were forbidden, but the jail telegraph worked beautifully, Mustafa said, adding that he managed to write each evening as fellow prisoners smuggled paper and pencils into his cell, and took them away again before morning. Mustafa's writings were sent to London, where his brother Ali admits to censoring them to "reduce the political temperature a little bit."

Mustafa's writings—serialised romantic political novels dated 50 years back but carefully identifying people of Nasser's government—appeared weekly in a Beirut movie magazine, "Shabaka," under the byline "Mr X, the great Egyptian writer."

"The air of freedom was too much for me; I caught pneumonia right after I was released and spent three weeks in bed."

He has an office at "Al Akhbar," his old paper, and said that he had been offered the leadership of the publishing house but really wanted only to write.

ALI SAID there was a rumour while Mustafa was in prison that Ali would go to prison for him every other month, giving his identical twin brother a breath of freedom.

"I always felt half of me was free in England," Mustafa said.

"And I always felt half of me was in prison," Ali added.

Under Ali, "Al Ahram" columns have recently criticised the government's food rationing and distribution procedures, interministerial haggling that has led to a 14-year delay in completion of a major new Cairo hotel and government red tape in general. He has pleaded for greater individual freedoms, the release of all political prisoners and "human treatment after they are released."

"I believe that freedom is not limited to people expressing their views. It also means a press free to draw attention and criticise waste. Billions of pounds have been lost through inefficiency . . . money that could have built thousands of homes and many factories. . . . I'm fed up with government committees and sub-committees. . . . Change won't come all at once, it must come bit by bit and not wait until everything is studied and restudied."

ASSOCIATED PRESS

THE FIRST ARTICLE, an interview with General (three weeks later Marshal) Ahmed Ismail, concealed (among fascinating military revelations) a troubling question: Had the invasion of Sinai been planned, not as a war of liberation, but as a limited operation with a political purpose?

Heikal had previously been accused of "pro-American" sympathies; he had, during the indecisive years argued the desirability of "neutralising America." He now questioned Egyptian reliance on the American initiative for peace. In questioning whether Dr Kissinger either could, or would, deliver a satisfactory settlement, Heikal was openly needling Sadat, who had publicly referred to the Secretary of State as his "friend and brother." Two of his editorials in particular—well-argued, un-Byzantine, candid—showed Heikal at the height of his polemical powers. Selling in editions of three-quarters-of-a-million, they were very widely discussed. In "The Israeli Style of

Negotiation" (18 January) Heikal argued that whatever Dr Kissinger might personally intend, the Zionist influence in America combined with the internal complexities in Israel ensured that Kissinger could never produce a solution satisfactory to the Arabs. As an example of the way in which the Israelis insisted on a concession for each movement of their own—which cast a gloomy light on the long panorama of mile-by-mile withdrawal—he quoted Kissinger's declaration that he had had to promise an advance of \$2,300 millions to get them to accept the cease-fire. The unspoken question was: after promising to recognise Israel, after returning the Israeli prisoners, after lifting the Red Sea blockade, after agreeing to resume diplomatic relations with America, what had Sadat still to offer in a system of negotiation depending on a *quid* for every *quo*?

Heikal's final editorial appeared on February 1st. "The Shadows . . . and the Glitter" of its title

Nasser Re-evaluated

Beirut

THE LONG-AWAITED ERA of active "denasserization" has been launched in Egypt. Encouraged by his own popularity after the October war, President Sadat has lifted the veil on the subject which has been taboo—the debit side of the Nasser record. Egyptian newspapers have carried articles attacking not only the Nasser police apparatus but the socialism that was the very foundation of his régime.

Indeed, events have moved so quickly of late that Egyptians could be forgiven for thinking the political wheel had turned full circle. There have been calls for the public rehabilitation of the late Nahas Pasha, the Wafdist leader, and even a defence of the positive side of the monarchy in Egypt. It is now expected that the question of restoring the multi-party system will soon be raised.

Clearly President Sadat is paving the way for his so-called new era of hope. While Egyptian newspapers have begun to chip away at the Nasser edifice, President Sadat has taken his liberalization campaign a step farther. This week the Cabinet took steps to encourage the private sector, a lame duck under Nasser's socialism. Under the measures, Egyptian investors will be given the same guarantees as foreign investors with freedom from confiscation, sequestration and nationalisation.

Although the personality of Nasser has been spared public attack, it faces a trial by association. In one of the most outspoken articles, Dr Demerdash Ahmed, an Egyptian writer, declared that the socialist excesses of the Nasser era were no less damaging than the police state.

"The centres of power at the time launched a campaign of terror, degradation and humiliation that transformed Egypt into a gloomy world of need and distress that had never been witnessed even in the Middle Ages",

he wrote in Al Ahram,

"This nightmare has continued until the present day. The sequestration measures during this era were nothing more than highway robbery in disguise. . . ."

A similar theme was adopted by Mr Salah Gawdat, the editor of the weekly Al Mussawar. While praising the achievements of the Nasser era he declared that its "deviations" could not be overlooked.

"This era was full of oppression and torture at the hands of the visitors at dawn (the secret police). It muzzled freedom of expression and suppressed public liberties and committed the greatest crime in the history of Egyptian justice by the mass dismissal of the judiciary."

Mr Gawdat also accused the Nasser régime of creating what he called "innocent wards" in Egyptian prisons. These, he said, were to keep those who had been found innocent by the courts. He also declared that the legitimacy of the Nasser era ended with the 1967 defeat of the Arabs by the Israelis. "After that we lived in an illegitimate period until President Sadat established a new legitimacy different in quality, morals and practices."

The all-clear for the press campaign came when President Sadat dismissed Mr Muhammad Hassanein Heikal as editor of the authoritative Al Ahram and restored the Amin brothers. Mr Heikal was the last pillar of the Nasser régime and the guardian of Nasserism. His dismissal was followed by the decision to lift censorship on the Egyptian press. It was then that the officially sponsored "freedom" theme took on a more personal note.

THE TIMES (London)

referred respectively to the troubles of President Nixon and the charisma of his Secretary of State. Could such personal and transient factors seriously modify the fundamental aims of American policy towards the Arab World? I follow Heikal's own methods of numbering American aims as he saw them, with his post-October assessments.

1. *Safeguarding the security of Israel.* After an initial delay, due to a conviction of Israeli invincibility, the U.S. had intervened with a massive airlift of aid to Israel, including military specialists. The U.S. had used European airfields and ports without consulting their owners.

2. *Ensuring a free flow of oil at acceptable prices.* Heikal claimed to have reliable information to the effect that the U.S. had prepared contingency plans to occupy Abu Dhabi; the U.S. had encouraged the rise in oil prices (bringing huge new profits to the U.S. oil companies and raising the value of the dollar) while using every effort to get the embargo lifted.

3. *The expulsion of Soviet influence.* Heikal cited Nixon's childish pretext for a nuclear alert—its purpose being to demonstrate that only the U.S. would go to the brink to impose its will.

4. *To regain—if possible make paramount—U.S. influence in the Middle East.* Heikal here cited the way in which both the Europeans and the Russians were being elbowed out of the peace-making process.

5. *To prevent the emergence of a strong Arab power centred on Egypt, and to divide the Arabs.* Here Heikal used a characteristic compliment with a sting. "Disengagement—had it not been for President Sadat's exhausting journey of explanation to the various Arab countries—would of itself have sufficed to disintegrate Arab unity forever."

Heikal concluded that neither President Nixon's need for a foreign triumph nor Dr Kissinger's unrelenting drive for success would affect these fundamentals. "We need the help neither of Nixon's shadows nor Kissinger's glitter if we have the spirit of October 6th—and the will."

Late that night Heikal learnt of his dismissal.

WHEN I VISITED HIM later in the month he had still not given his reply to Sadat's invitation to become his "press adviser." He and his wife occupy one apartment, and their three Jesuit-educated sons another, on the same floor of a tower behind the Sheraton Hotel. Tanned from a sun-lamp (it had been a dingy winter) he looked as ebullient as ever. He had come in from his country estate near the pyramids where he was busying himself with writing projects. Generally undefensive, he was anxious to rebut the charge, made by Ahmed Anis, the official spokesman, that *al-Ahram* had become a

"centre of power." He evidently resented the application of his own barbed phrase to himself. "I used the term to describe uninstitutionalised power, the species of power, for example, that one man could exert through his control of the Youth Movement, or another through his influence on the Police. A newspaper, however good, is only a newspaper. Its power is limited to its ability to persuade, either through its columns, or its editors' contacts with those in power. . . ."

When I asked what he thought of the increasing tide of articles criticising Nasser in the now "revisionist" press, he said crisply: "There can be no de-Nasserisation without de-Sadatation. Sadat was with Nasser all the way from 1952 to 1970. . . ."

My dominant impression was that his dismissal had come as a relief—though no fall can be painless. "I have been able at last to demonstrate that what I wrote in the past I wrote from conviction. The legend has been killed that I was a spokesman for America—or anyone else." And aware that he is now in agreement with the Left he adds: "I cannot imagine a nationalist movement in a developing country which is not of the Left. About the degree, there may be debate. About the direction, there must be unanimity."

THE EGYPTIAN LEFT, with less overt power than at any time in the last twenty years, has two views on its surprising convert. A suspicious minority believe that Heikal's rift with Sadat represents a dispute between two pro-American factions and that, in writing his latest articles, Heikal was trying to disinfect himself to gain new allies. More, however, see in Heikal's defiance the proof that he is basically *watani*, or nationalist. "There are now two nations in Egypt, and they can be distinguished by their attitude to 6 October. Our foreign minister, Ismail Fahmy, and his like, see in the victory an opportunity to bargain with America for a convenient place under the U.S. umbrella. The ordinary Egyptian—*Misri Effendi*—sees it as a milestone in the complete emancipation of the Arab World, with Egypt as its centre. . . ." In the context of this analysis by one of Heikal's former opponents, Muhammad Auda, another journalist with Leftist credentials, sees Heikal as "symbolising Egyptian radical nationalism in its most contemporary form."

Whether Heikal's already remarkable career will have a fourth phase and what that will be, must depend on whether his estimate of American intentions and capabilities—or Sadat's—is proved correct. And that is a calculation, or gamble, in which more is involved than the personal ambitions of two middle-aged Egyptians, circling as they must around "centres of power."

LETTERS

Auden & Violence

MR HENRY SUMMERFIELD believes [ENCOUNTER, May] he can disprove any claim that W. H. Auden served in the Spanish Civil War. No doubt, though that is not an assertion to be found in my article, to which he refers ["Were the Intellectuals Duped?", December 1973], or a view I have ever held. My own contention was that Auden publicly supported the Popular Front cause in journalism written in Spain, and I emphasised that this does not demonstrate him to have been a member of any political party at that time, though it plainly and finally disposes of the myth of his political detachment in the 1930s. That myth is so tenacious, as it now seems, and so obstinate in the face of evidence, that I can only suppose it is based on a deep pre-conception that poetry and practical politics, at least in England, can never meet.

Your correspondent also doubts that "necessary murder", in Auden's 1937 poem "Spain", refers to anything more than killing in battle, and claims that Auden's contribution to *I Believe* (New York, August 1939) supports this interpretation. I suppose this means the following passage in Auden's article: "It is always wrong in an absolute sense to kill, but all killing is not equally bad; it does matter who is killed." That hardly makes the required point that Auden was only ready to justify killing in battle. Nor does his famous and much-contested stanza from "Spain":

*Today the deliberate increase in the chances of death,
The conscious acceptance of guilt in the necessary murder;
Today the expending of powers
On the flat ephemeral pamphlet and the boring meeting.*

I continue to think that "murder" means just that.

My article on the "dupes" of the Thirties was not principally about Auden; but perhaps I could now expand on the matter. Auden's contribution to *I Believe*, which was written and revised in 1938-9, is a highly Marxist article; though (like his latter day Christianity) it includes plenty of idiosyncratic touches. It is not possible, on this evidence, to believe that he ceased to be a Marxist during or soon after his time in Spain early in 1937. Consider the following extracts:

"The individual is the product of social life. . . . On the whole, Marx seems to be correct in his view that physical conditions and the forms of economic production have dictated the forms of communities." (p.19)

"Again, Marx seems to me correct in saying that sovereignty or government . . . has always been assumed by those people in society who owned the instruments of production." (p.20)

"Man is an animal, and until his immediate material and economic needs are satisfied, he cannot develop further." (p.24)

"In practice, the majority is always ruled by a minority, a certain number of individuals who decide what a law shall be, and who command enough force to see that the majority obeys them." (p.27)

Towards the end of the article, Auden concedes that more than one political party should be allowed to exist. But in modern conditions there can only be two political sides, and everybody must join one or the other ("the division is a fact; no policy of isolation is possible", p. 31). The two sides are called Socialist and Fascist, and each would behave rationally in forbidding the other to exist: "I cannot see how a Socialist country could tolerate the existence of a Fascist party, any more than a Fascist country could tolerate the existence of a Socialist party" (p. 30). In other words, Auden towards the end of his Marxist period, in 1938-9, wanted something rather like Poland today: a state where more than one political party is permitted to exist, provided it accepts the leadership of the Communist Party.

Mr Summerfield calls all this "the violence of self-defence" against Fascism. But then self-defence, too, is part of the rhetoric of the Popular Front. The bourgeoisie attacks; the proletariat, under the international leadership of Moscow, defends itself righteously and heroically; and when it comes to exterminate the bourgeoisie, as it must, that is simply in defence of its own just cause. In the legerdemain of Marxist argument, self-defence *is* extermination.

IS IT NOT PLAINLY CONTRARY to the spirit of Auden's genius to try, as some of his admirers perversely do, to soften the hammer-blows of his utterances in the 1930s? How, in that case, are Auden's later omissions and ideological revisions to be understood? It is notorious that he would not allow poems like "Spain" to be reprinted in his later years, unless with the printed qualification that he considered such poems "trash which he is ashamed to have written" (*Poetry of the Thirties*, edited by Robin Skelton, 1964, p. 41.)

A poet has the fullest right to defend himself against accusation, as surely as any man in the dock, and I am among those who are glad that Auden changed his mind about Stalin. But the future biographer of Auden would be wise to recognise that to suppose there was no accusation worth answering would make Auden's suppressions look silly. A man does not defend himself so ardently against the charge of self-defence.

GEORGE WATSON

*St John's College
Cambridge*

Zachner's "Evil"

I SHOULD LIKE to comment on the article "The Wickedness of Evil" by R. C. Zachner in your April issue, which seems to me to be based on an intellectual analysis of the contents of such Eastern scriptures as the *Bhagavad-Gita* rather than on a deep understanding of what they are all about.

Professor Zachner would do well to read the recent Penguin translation and commentary on the *Bhagavad-*

Gita by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi,¹ which attempts to correct the misimpressions created by similar analyses in the past (which misimpressions may well have been the inspiration of Manson and his followers). He will then realise that the real meaning of the statement that in the state of cosmic consciousness there is no right or wrong is that in this state it is physically impossible for a person to do any wrong action, so that it is then unnecessary for him to concern himself as to whether his actions are wrong or right. In Maharishi's words, "Cosmic consciousness offers an absolute basis for right action." It is clear that whatever state Manson and his followers reached with the aid of LSD and other techniques it was not that one, although the subjective experience may well have been very similar. The other conclusions concerning the *Bhagavad-Gita* into which Professor Zaehner drifts by impeccable logical arguments are best refuted by reference to the commentary given with the translation already mentioned.

As Professor Zaehner mentions, Transcendental Meditation offers an "easy way" to attain states of increased awareness and eventually reach cosmic consciousness. However, it seems necessary to correct some misimpressions about it which may have been created. In the first place, it must be stressed that the primary object of Transcendental Meditation is not to obtain pleasant experiences, but to improve both oneself and one's relationships with other people. Quite apart from the subjective accounts of meditators, there is now plenty of scientific evidence to show that *TM* does this.² Secondly, while *TM* almost certainly has been practised by a number of people on various occasions in the past, it is completely different from any other form of meditation available today, including Zen and those advocated by "other well-advertised gurus", some bearing names strikingly similar to Maharishi's. For these other forms of meditation there is little evidence that anything is achieved other than an increased sense of freedom and awareness for the person practising it. Also, these other forms of meditation sometimes lead to their practitioners dropping out of society, whereas cases of which I have personal knowledge suggest that practising *TM* tends to have the reverse effect.

In short, it does not seem to me that any of the arguments advanced by Professor Zaehner provide any reason why anyone should be discouraged from learning to do Transcendental Meditation.

B. D. JOSEPHSON

Department of Physics
Cambridge University

I HOPE THAT I did not give the impression that I am against Transcendental Meditation as such. I have had no experience of *TM* myself, but I am well aware that those who have successfully practised it claim that so far from causing you to drop out of

society it tends to enable you to do your own job better—even if your own job happens to be making money on a very big scale (this was confided to me by a *TM* practitioner in California). Whether this is a "moral" activity is a matter of opinion. When the Maharishi says that "Cosmic Consciousness offers an absolute basis for right action," I think he must mean Cosmic Consciousness as conferred and directed by himself. If it is totally undirected and if, as Dr Josephson concedes, Manson's experience may have been subjectively very similar, then the consequences can be disturbing; for the experience may very well persuade you that all action must be right action and that "Justice is strife" as Heraclitus said.

As to the *Bhagavad-Gita* Dr Josephson may like to look at my commentary on that supremely important text (Clarendon Press, paperback). I do not think I substantially disagree with either the Maharishi or Bhaktivedanta Swami, but perhaps I do. If so, which of these two Gurus speaks with the more authentic voice? And how is the layman to decide?

The Scriptures of all religions have awkward texts which the devout *must* try to explain away. If they do not, they will find that they may have to face the awkward fact that God *must* be ultimately responsible for evil. On that subject perhaps, Kabīr with his concept of God as the lovable Thug has the last word.

R. C. ZAEHNER

All Souls College
Oxford



CONFRONTATION

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¹ The verses referred to by Professor Zaehner are nos. 18, 19, 26, 27 and presumably 71 of Chapter II.

² These findings are summarised in a booklet "Scientific Research into Transcendental Meditation", available from the national *TM* headquarters (32 Cranbourn Street, London WC2).

Natalie Herzen

I AM AFRAID that an error crept into the selection of Natalie Herzen letters which you published in the April ENCOUNTER, based on my book *Daughter of a Revolutionary*. The final excerpt should not have been dated "[1870s]" but rather 1931, the actual year in which Natalie Herzen recorded her reminiscences of the last incidents involving Nechayev in the early 1870s and her meetings with Lopatin.

MICHAEL CONFINO

Tel Aviv University
Israel

"Bourgeois Ideology"

IT MUST be obvious to all your readers that Mr Klaus Mehnert is being coy to the point of irresponsibility [ENCOUNTER, "Letters", May, p. 90]. Blue-jeans, indeed! It is of very small point to be able to see what young people may be wearing on the streets of Moscow and Leningrad, and not to have the faintest idea of what has been going on in the hearts and minds of the Russian people. No land of cultural aspiration and libertarian yearning—and this has been true since Pushkin—can reconcile itself to the disgraceful blinkers, gags, and ear-plugs with which the Bolshevik censors have tried to keep Russia deaf, dumb, and blind.

The cries for liberty from the Pasternaks and the Solzhenitsyns are, as I tried to point out in my original letter (March, p. 92), nothing more and nothing less than the classic demands for cultural freedom which were put forward (and realised!) in the early modern era of the English, French, and American revolutions. Call it "middle-class democracy", if you will; or think of it, if you must, as "bourgeois ideology." The essential point of it—may I repeat it?—was formulated by John Milton in 1644 in his *Areopagitica: for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*. What is the whole movement of *Samizdat* in contemporary Russia all about if not this? Or, in Milton's words in his translation from Euripides—and that's how reactionary Mr Mehnert's fearless, self-confident Bolsheviks are: turning the clock back thousands of years to pre-Euripidean times!...

*This is true liberty when freeborn men
Having to advise the public may speak free,
Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise,
Who neither can nor will, may hold his peace;
What can be juster in a state than this?*

(Poems of John Milton, ed. Bateson, p. 288)

J. L. B. PHILLIPS

Oxford

You're Welcome, in Excelsis

DEAR BOOK REVIEW EDITOR: I am a one-priest team and would deeply appreciate any kind of apostolic push you could give to my humorous-spiritual wares. Enclosed are a couple of my Jesuit Books.

Big Thanks in Domino,
FR. WM. ARMSTRONG, S.J.

Jesuit Books
Seattle University

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AUTHORS

Renzo Rosso was born in Trieste in 1927, and now lives in Rome. A collection of his stories, *The Bait*, was published in English translation in 1962, followed by a novel, *The Hard Thorn* (Alan Ross, 1966)....

John Wain is Oxford Professor of Poetry. His recent critical work, *Samuel Johnson*, is published by Macmillan....

James Chace is Managing Editor of the American quarterly, *Foreign Affairs*, and for a number of years helped Anthony Hartley to edit the magazine *Interplay*. He is a Lecturer in Political Science at Yale University, and author of *A World Elsewhere: The New American Foreign Policy* (Scribner's, 1973)....

ADMIRERS of **Goronwy Rees's** "Column", which appears regularly in ENCOUNTER under his pseudonym, R, will be delighted to learn that a collection of these articles, called *Brief Encounters*, has just been published (Chatto & Windus, £3.25)....

Golo Mann is the author of numerous books, including *The History of Germany Since 1789* (Chatto & Windus, 1968). Among his articles in ENCOUNTER are "Napoleon" (December 1969), "The History Lesson" (August 1972), and a personal memoir of W. H. Auden (January 1974)....

Clive James is TV critic for *The Observer*. A collection of his literary criticism, *The Metropolitan Critic*, has just been published by Faber....

P. N. Furbank is the author of *Reflections on the Word "Image"* (Secker & Warburg, 1970), and is writing the official biography of E. M. Forster. His article on "Mendacity in Mrs Gaskell" appeared in the June 1973 ENCOUNTER....

Richard Lowenthal is Professor of International Relations at the Free University in West Berlin. His numerous articles in ENCOUNTER include "What Prospects for Socialism?" (February 1973), "A World Adrift" (February 1972), and "Unreason and Revolution" (November 1969)....

Desmond Stewart, who contributed an article on "Egypt's Embattled Writers" to the August 1973 issue of ENCOUNTER, is the author, among other books, of *The Middle East: Temple of Janus* (1972). His biography, *Theodor Herzl*, has just appeared in the U.S. (Doubleday), and will be published by Hamish Hamilton later this year....

THE contributions in this issue by **Sir Duncan Wilson** and Professor **Alexander Dallin** are based on remarks made at the Salzburg Seminar on East-West Relations, organised by Mr Abraham Brumberg, at which Professor Karel van het Reve's paper, "Unofficial Russia" (ENCOUNTER, February) was originally delivered.

Gravesend

WAILING WALL: Children at a secondary school in the Gravesend area of Kent have the blessing of their headmaster to scrawl four-letter words, slogans and obscenities on one of the walls of their building. The wall has been "specially set aside" by the head for graffiti.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

London

SUCH LANGUAGE: The three wild nights with a smiling stranger in a Manchester hotel room recounted with such zest by the Duchess of Bedford would seem to have improved in the telling since she last revealed the story in print 12 years ago. The story is of the occasion in 1946 when a man she did not know pushed his way into her hotel room and kept her there.

In 1962, the Duchess wrote in the "Sunday Pictorial" under her own name: "My ordeal lasted for 36 hours. My captor never spoke. When I came out of a nightmare-ridden sleep he was gone."

However, in her book "Nicole Nobody", published by W. H. Allen yesterday, not only was she in the room for twice as long (three days), but the "nightmare-ridden sleep" had become something much more exciting.

"He was a superb lover. I was introduced to a kind of sensuous animal loving that I did not know existed. I am not ashamed. It was an awakening that every woman should experience" is the 1974 version.

"Later when I told them the story, my friends refused to believe it," said the Duchess in the "Pictorial" story by Bernard McElwaine.

"The book's account was very interesting as her memory has changed considerably over the years. She was very coy then about how this man kept her captive. I asked her about toilet facilities, did she yell for help, was the tap water fit for drinking, did she check the hotel register afterwards? She never answered me satisfactorily," said McElwaine today.

One last interesting difference: in 1962, the man's smile was described by the Duchess as "terrible, intense and icy."

In the book, it has mellowed to "a gentle-giant smile."

EVENING STANDARD

Dallas

TEAT FOR TAT: Re our sign at the recent Nefta-Gaz Exposition in Moscow [writes the Technical Translator of the Otis Engineering Corp of Dallas]. The Russian for "completion" does indeed mean "orgasm" in street language. But we are nevertheless stuck with the term, as any copy of the Soviet-published "English-Russian Oil Trade Dictionary" will readily attest. In trade jargon like ours, which is fraught with such unpedigreed English phrases as "mating parts," "male and female threads," "bastard connections" and "no-go nipples," per-

haps your comment on our display (which received a merit award from the Soviets) was only teat for tat.

TIME MAGAZINE

London

LADY AND GENT: A suggestion that a new street in Eastwood, England, near the birthplace of D. H. Lawrence, should be named Chatterley Mews after the woman in Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover," has some folks up in arms. Eastwood's housing committee chairman Margaret Coe said: "I am not standing for a name like that. Why must the people of Eastwood always be classed with this type of filthy literature? Lawrence was a great author, but as far as 'Lady Chatterley's Lover' is concerned, he was a dirty old man and a peeping tom." As a name, Miss Coe would prefer Lawrence Court.

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

Phoenix

WILD WESTERN: Five people have been jailed at Phoenix, Arizona in the past six months, and 133 arrested, for failing to return overdue library books or pay the fines incurred.

EVENING STANDARD

London

MOVING THE ACCENT: On changes in pronunciation, the tendency in contemporary speech is to move the accent as near as possible to the first syllable of a word. Most of us now habitually pronounce the word "adult" with the stress on the first syllable: we didn't 50 years ago.

The tendency, if it exists there, is less obvious in America. There "advertisement" is normally pronounced with the accent on the third syllable. In Britain, this is considered vulgar, meaning by that that it is a pronunciation used by the relatively uneducated. But sometimes the British tendency is overridden by American example. Take the words "harass/harassment." We put the stress on the first syllable, Americans on the second. I notice that BBC reporters increasingly use the American pronunciation.

Again, in some instances the British tendency is reinforced by American usage. Outside the ancient universities, it seems to me that every scholar in this country under the age of 60 puts the stress in "research" on the first syllable.

This is the accepted American pronunciation, and in the United States they go in for research. But it is also in line with the British tendency. I shall go on pronouncing [writes Walter Allen] "research" in the old-fashioned English way till my dying day: not, I hope, out of snobbery or anti-Americanism, but because I obscurely feel that the new pronunciation of the word to some degree distorts the meaning.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

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